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THE LITERARY WOMEN OF WASHINGTON.

BY ETTA RAMSDELL GOODWIN.

WASHINGTON does not worship genius as it used to in the days when it was young and unsophisticated and when every writer, poet, scientist, and artist was a personage, when to be a statesman was enough without being a millionaire, and when there was no such thing as a "smart set." But even now in its worldly days, while there are other things that weigh heavier in the balance of its favor than merit of intellect, Washington is having the fame of some of its women-kind thrust upon it so persistently by the outside world that it has come to realize that it is time to show pride in the fact that some of the literary work that is

there is enough material to make a literary atmosphere, and mostly woman-made, too.

There is Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth to take us back to the past, for the present generation, with all its aggressiveness, has a little to do with the life of this once popular

writer. She is seventy years old and feeble, and her life is one of seclusion. She lives where she lived fifty years ago, in Georgetown, on the edge of the bluff overlooking the canal, and with a view of Arlington across the river. Powerhouses, electric cars, and what business there is in Georgetown have made confusion about the placid old house, but it has not put on a single touch of newness, there is no visible compro-



JENNIE GOULD LINCOLN.

misgiving with the spirit of the times. Leaving what has been for what will be, there is everything to expect from a writer who is still a child, Margaret, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Mauro, of Washing-

ing world is being done, to quote one of the city's own writers, "within sight of the goddess." Taking the representatives of what has been, what is, and what will be,



MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

ton. She is not yet fourteen but she has been writing for publication since she was nine, when "The Owl" and "The Song of the Winds" appeared. She is a gentle, fascinating creature, seeming younger than she really is, rather delicate looking, and with quantities of pale yellow hair. She has an absorbing fondness for animals and a hearty dislike for mathematics. In her recent poems the child has disappeared and the ripening of unmistakable genius is shown in "My Looking Glass" and in "The Sea Nymph."

Filled with the spirit of the now, the vital present, a splendid company of women is sending out from Washington novels, plays, short stories, historical sketches, poems, and reviews. The play-writing mania is raging. Several Washington women have been the authors of successful plays and

nearly all of the writers are trying their hands in that sort of work. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett maintains that "An ecstasy of satisfaction comes to the author with the success of a play that the good fortune of a book does not bring. You can see the success of a play; you have your judges before you; as each line is spoken you can read the verdict in a thousand faces, and if it is favorable, the writer feels such an accumulation of thrills as only a playwright can know." Something beside "thrills" has come to Mrs. Burnett in the profession of play-writing. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" brought her \$94,000, "A Lady of Quality" has succeeded, and the author will probably prosper with the dramatization of "His Grace of Osmond," the production of which is causing her stay in England now. As her popularity increases

her time in Washington diminishes. It is her friends, who used to know her when inconvenient to come; London and New York are business headquarters for her, and her publishers and the theatrical managers will only allow her scraps of time to give to the home life she finds so attractive in her sons were little boys, the original Lord Fauntleroy, make a queen of her. She is known as the "Mascot." The word has become a verb in her set and success is assured for any enterprise mascotted by



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Washington. "No one works from will in Washington," she says, "the place is made to rest in." So she keeps her great house on Massachusetts Avenue and it is open for perhaps two months in every year, and Mrs. Burnett. She is a firm believer in her good fairy powers; she is proud of this and of her gift in winning the confidence of children and animals. She says her method in the latter field is successful because she

treats both children and animals with respect: "I do not presume to dash into familiarity with little people and with animals. I wait until they have found that I am to be trusted and then they come to me."

Hard mental work has not left marks with Mrs. Burnett, she is as rosy and as young looking as she was fifteen years ago, with the same tawney hair and the same big baby-like eyes. In her house is the luxury that she loves. The hall has settees of English oak, the staircase is tapestry-hung, there are countless old prints and fine etchings, and the hangings are warm in color. Mrs. Burnett's den is in the top of the house, an enchanting place, the pink of the sea-shell in its tints, and books everywhere. She has a house in Portland Place, London, and has just taken a beautiful country seat in Devonshire with over a hundred acres of hunting-grounds, and the house has thirty-two sleeping-rooms. Young Vivian Burnett, who was graduated from Harvard this year, is like his mother in temperament, and inherits considerable talent for play-writing. He wrote "A Fool's Goal" for his college society last year and took the principal part himself.

Now and then in Washington, in the midst of a society which every day is becoming more and more cosmopolitan, one finds a home which preserves what might be called its "southern accent." The atmosphere about such a place is warm with hospitality and the women are apt to be charming. Molly Elliot Seawell, the author of "The Story of Lady Betty Stair" and other delightful stories and several successful plays, has such an establishment. Her high-bred face tells what her tastes are sure to be, and from a look into her attractive house one would know that the fine old mahogany furniture, bookcases full of volumes, many of which are marked with dates a century old, and pieces of china worthy an art-collector's notice, had stories to tell of ancestors who helped to make the history of the country. Miss Seawell's great-grandfather was the father of President John Tyler and was the first

governor of Virginia. Thomas Nelson Page and other persons of whom Virginia is proud are related to her. She cannot remember the time when the library of "The Shelter," the old country place in Virginia, was not dearer to her than her playroom. She was a very young girl when she began to write, going into it with an audacity that she speaks of with amusement now.

The off-hand fashion she has of speaking of her work and of herself is one of her most fascinating characteristics. She refuses to be serious with herself. She professed to be overwhelmed with pleasure when she read the other day in a western newspaper, "Miss Seawell is not brilliant but she is industrious." "I have not genius," she has often said. "There is always something uncanny about genius. It is a despot and rules like a despot. Talent is different. One can be the master of one's talents, and all the mere talent in the world does not set one apart from one's fellow creatures as much as a single spark of genius." Concerning her methods of work she says simply: "I work hard and I work systematically. One ought to be as systematic in resting as in working. I am enough of a southern woman to know how to rest. I take an hour for it every afternoon, and the servants have orders that I am not to be disturbed unless there is a fire, and then the engines are to be called first." Miss Seawell is uncompromisingly opposed to new-womanism. She agrees with Hannah Moore who declared that "when she was old she had all the liberty she knew what to do with and that when she was young she had a great deal more than was good for her." Miss Seawell never belonged to a club in her life, she does not play golf, she does not ride a bicycle, and she never intends to, and she professes to believe that men are intellectually superior to women. She is prominent in the social life of the city and she finds Washington enchanting, too attractive in one way. She says: "To work here is like trying to work in a summer resort. There is so much that is captivating to encroach

upon one's time." The home circle is made complete by the mother of the author and her sister, and every one who knows their Sunday afternoons and their delightful little dinners knows the charm of the family as hostesses. Miss Seawell has been remarkably successful with her plays. "Maid Marian" was played by Rosina Vokes and a dramatization of "The Sprightly Romance of Marsaac," Miss Seawell's three-thousand-dollar prize story, has been brought out recently.

in Washington or anywhere else shows itself in everything that Grace Denio Litchfield writes. It is interesting to know, by the way, that the second word in her name is pronounced with a long *i* and with the accent on the second syllable. To meet this writer before reading her books is to think: "What beauty there must be in any production of hers!" and after the reading her personality still throbs in the memory. In her presence one feels as one might before an ideal father confessor, if

One of the sweetest natures ever known the father confessor could be a woman.



GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.



HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

She is young and very fair, and in her manner there is a calmness that does not seem to belong to the present, although no one lives more in the full life of the present. The years of physical suffering that were hers gave bravery and no bitterness, and now that happily she no longer calls herself an invalid Washington is able to see something of her. The house Miss Litchfield has built on Massachusetts Avenue is next to the one owned by Mrs. James G. Blaine and occupied by Mrs. Westinghouse. It is of great size and an admirable sort of house, very plain but built to stand for ages and with the back and sides as slightly as the front. In her last book, "In the Crucible," Miss Litchfield has treated Washington life delightfully, and what she thinks of the place itself she tells in its

pages: "It is so bright, so clean, so noiseless, so airy, so happy; a city without manufactures or business; a city of luxury, leisure, and delight. Added to these traits is, naturally, its primary attraction as the seat of government. The city's very life is built up around that central fact, yet as the heart of the whirlpool is seemingly the point of greatest quiet, so it is here." The writer could not have described Washington so well if she had not known it well. She says that one of her characteristics as a writer is the inability to write about things of which she has had no experience. The chapter in the same book which tells about the earthquake in Mentone is thrillingly dramatic because she is telling what she was there to see. No writer was ever more modest, and she calls her poems verses.

She began to write when she was a very young girl and much of her work has been done while she was on a bed of illness. given and not to me, for you are what I only seem."

Her first pieces were three poems, which she sent out to three of the leading magazines. They all came back. They were sent out again and to the same set of magazines, but changed about. Again they were returned. The third trial was more successful and two of the poems were accepted. With what they brought the young writer started a little fund to place a memorial window to her mother in Grace Church, Brooklyn, the daughter feeling that the gift had a deeper meaning because "Only what one has earned is one's very own." One fancies that the proceeds of "Criss-Cross," "The Knight of the Black Forest," "Mimosa Leaves," and other books may have been used as unselfishly. Miss Litchfield's sister, Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, of Baltimore, a woman of great social prominence, is the author of "Val Maria" and several other books.

Jennie Gould Lincoln, whose first book, "Dorothy's Quest," published when she was a child, would have kept her famous for the twenty years that have passed since, and whose last work, "An Unwilling Maid," has been dramatized and will be presented next season, is the wife of Dr. Lincoln, of Washington. She is a woman successful in a hundred fields. She is a member of the inner circle of the fashionable set in Washington, and for her "Mondays" there is a line of carriages almost as long as if the affairs were official. She is the first woman appealed to when an entertainment for charity is planned, and for the concert for the benefit of the *Maine* sufferers she sold the whole lower floor of the National Theater herself, this being the seventh time she has accomplished this labor for charity. She is musical, she has dramatic talent, and she is an ideal mother, idolizing her daughter, a pretty girl of sixteen, and her big athletic son, who will enter Yale next year. She speaks to her husband when she says in her dedication to "A Genuine Girl," "To you, therefore, whatever there be of merit the lids between, the praise be
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Her method of working is astounding. There really is no method in it. She writes no longer than half an hour at a time and sometimes that is snatched while she is dressing for dinner, or after she has her wraps on and is waiting for her carriage, or perhaps in the afternoon of her day at home before visitors arrive. She writes rapidly and seldom corrects what she has written, except sometimes when she has ended a book or story unhappily her husband "begs off" for some of the characters and she treats them more mercifully. She always chooses a title before there is any thought of the story itself. In the same way she sits down and writes a set of headings for chapters, doing it absolutely at random as they suggest themselves. She began to write when she was eight years old but in secret, as her father, Judge Gould, of the Court of Appeals of New York, did not believe in encouraging precocity. But of that father she says: "We were glorious comrades." She has told of Washington life in her novel "Her Washington Season." The scene of "An Unwilling Maid" is laid in the famous Tracy house in Litchfield, Conn., Mrs. Lincoln being a descendant of "Beautiful Sally Tracy." Two years ago Mrs. Lincoln brought out a woman's edition of the *Washington Times*, the only publication of its kind that ever received editorial notice in the New York papers.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford does not call Washington her headquarters. Newburyport in Massachusetts is home to her now, but fourteen years of her life were passed at the seat of the government and she still comes for two months in the winter to the Sixteenth Street house of her sister, who is the wife of E. A. Moseley, secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission. She says that it is worth coming from New England to see Washington by moonlight. Much of her writing was done here, although it is to rest that she comes now. When she does work it is often in the midst of her family in a room ringing with conversation. Home life means so much to her that even

when she is writing she does not demand seclusion. No more domestic woman ever existed, and no woman ever existed who believed more thoroughly in what are called the rights of women. She says that conversion came to her when, many years ago, she was obliged to endure the sight of the poverty of a woman who, at her marriage, had brought to her husband what was a little fortune, and who on his death saw his property, which had been hers, go to his relatives. They were able to set up a carriage and to live in a good style, while she, poor thing, took in plain sewing. Since that time Mrs. Spofford's ideas about the property rights of women have been rigid.

The strongest treatment of the pathetic side of office life and office seeking in Washington has been the work of Julia Schayer. It has been the theme of many of her stories, and the first book of the author will probably find its plot in the same atmosphere. "The Major's Appointment," perhaps her best piece of work and the one she likes best, is an example of the tragic side Washington life sometimes has, the side that appeals to Mrs. Schayer's talent much more strongly than the frivolous, superficial life of the capital. "Brooks," a story of the civil service, would have been sadder than it is if the writer had not yielded to the wishes of her publishers and changed the ending from the tragedy she had planned into something more happy.

Play-writing has been the work of her life for two years, and surely the drama that will come from her pen will be splendidly intense, well constructed, and artistic. The writer breathes an artistic air. Her daughter, Mrs. Howland, who lives in Paris now, used to be the Leonora Von Stosch whose violin made her famous. Another daughter is an artist and married to a Washington artist, Hobart Nichols. Mrs.

Schayer herself gave her young life to music and sings now in an excellent contralto voice. She has a house in the suburbs of Washington, for to be near the country, to have a garden which she can fill with flowers, is happiness for her. Among the interesting things in her drawing-room are the original Gibson illustrations for "The Major's Appointment."

Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren, whose death recently occurred, was well known as the widow of Admiral Dahlgren and as the author of his biography, "A Washington Winter," "The Secret Directory," books on etiquette, and articles against woman suffrage. She was a woman of much prominence in the social life of the capital, but for six months before her death was obliged to narrow her life to what happened within the walls of her own home. She refused all invitations and was almost a recluse, as her illness brought suffering from which she was free for only a small part of each day. She made her summer home at South Mountain, where she was the "Lady Bountiful" of the neighborhood, where she has sixty godchildren, and where she had accumulated about her everything she loved. "For when I love anything very much," she said, "I send it to the country." Mrs. Dahlgren's daughter and her husband, Josiah Pierce, who is a professor in the Catholic University, live with her. Three of her grandsons, the children of Baron von Overbeck, are in Germany, two of them in the army and one an artist.

Caroline Healey Dall has a house in Washington, Mrs. Harriet Riddle Davis, who wrote "Within Sight of the Goddess," is the wife of the United States district attorney and is popular in Washington, and Miss Scidmore often takes some time from the travels that she writes so charmingly about to be in Washington in season.

DISTRIBUTION OF MANUFACTURING IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

THE distribution of our industrial enterprises, whose total product far exceeds that of any other nation, has been largely controlled by natural causes which always apply and are easy to understand. Sparsely peopled regions having no easy and cheap communications with other parts of the world can develop manufactures only on the most limited scale. Products of the factory and forge require many men to make and many to consume them; otherwise these products are few in quantity and variety. In our early days manufactures, of course, developed only along the sea border, where our fathers chiefly had their homes; and as they gradually pushed inland along the watercourses, dotted little towns along the wagon roads which they built, trooped in ever-growing numbers to the new settlements on the banks of their canal between tide-water and the lakes, and fringed the long lake shores with their pioneer enterprises, these lines of development were of course coincident with the lines of industrial penetration of the land, which followed in good time; and so, as population became more dense in the Northeast, agriculture and grazing were driven further afield, as is always the case in highly civilized countries, and industrial pursuits began to predominate.

New England, which, in some lines, is one of the greatest industrial centers in the world, has no natural advantages for manufacturing excepting water-power and the ocean highway to foreign markets, but she has scores of thousands to work in her mills and the sea at her feet and hundreds of railroad connections to bring raw material to her and carry the finished product to market. Just as soon as any part of our country has obtained sufficient population to man mills and workshops and supply a large local demand for manufactured

articles, with communications also with other markets and sources of supply for raw materials, industrial enterprises have sprung up and absorbed an ever-growing part of our activity. This is natural for several reasons that will appear in this brief article; and the basal reason is that, almost invariably, there is a larger ratio of profit in the production of manufactured articles than in the production of the materials from which they are made.

As a rule, no branch of manufacturing is confined to any particular locality if raw material and markets are easily accessible. Some of the largest rolling-mills in the country are near Chicago, though iron ore is not mined within some hundreds of miles of that place; but lake freights on ore and pig iron are very cheap, the raw stuff is easily procured, and the market for the finished article extends for a long distance from the place of manufacture. Our Atlantic and Middle States turn out many thousands of carriages and wagons, and a number of eastern towns are famous for these products; but the West makes most of its own road vehicles, and one firm in South Bend, Ind., has built up the largest establishment of the kind in the world and is able to turn out a wagon every ten minutes. There is no special reason why Cohoes, N. Y., should have become noted for hosiery, and Gloversville and Johnstown, in the same state, for gloves, except that Cohoes had water-power and the other towns had plenty of deer in the neighboring forests, and the men who started their respective industries in these towns started them right and they have grown ever since. The manufacture of ready-made clothing flourished in about all the cities of the country because there is everywhere a market for the product, and, other things being equal, we are almost certain to give our trade to the neighbor who distributes a

large part of the income from his factory in the community or region where we reside.

Our country, moreover, is so vast that, in spite of the increasing cheapness of freight rates, there is usually a little advantage in buying the home product. The growth of this tendency has recently alarmed New York manufacturers and merchants, who are now doing all they can to counteract it. We see empires of trade growing up in various parts of our domain, with boundaries more or less distinctly defined—the southern trade district with St. Louis as its great distributing point, the southwestern trade dominated by Kansas City, Omaha in the center of its trade area, the northwest trade with St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth as its distributaries, and Chicago, like a heart from which the arteries of trade extend in all directions; and all these regions are becoming more and more emphasized as manufacturing areas whose industrial products, in the main, are consumed within their own regions. Their manufactories are working in foodstuffs, in metals, in textiles, in anything that promises a fair return on the money invested; and though the product is mostly consumed at home, many a superior enterprise has achieved national repute and custom, like the plows of Moline or the furniture of Grand Rapids.

Some of our largest manufactures have reached their highest development, of course, in the regions where the supply of material is most ample. Since this century came in the flour industry has steadily moved westward to the Lakes and Mississippi Valley, till its great center now is Minneapolis, whose product, about 10,000,000 barrels a year, absorbs a part of the 160,000,000 bushels of wheat that Minnesota and the Dakotas annually throw on the market. The output of Minneapolis is larger than the total product of the other largest milling centers, Superior, Duluth, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Buffalo.

The great canning business also illustrates in a striking way the influence of proximity of raw material upon industrial development. Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas,

all large corn-growing states, are very prominent among the corn-canners. Peach-canning is almost wholly confined to Maryland, New York, Delaware, and Michigan. Salmon is canned only on the Pacific coast, with Alaska as the chief source of supply. Our beef is raised chiefly west of the Mississippi, and beef-canning is almost monopolized by states west of Ohio. Most of our salt comes from New York, Michigan, Kansas, and California, and salt manufacturers built their plants at the sources of supply. Throughout the large areas where dairying is a conspicuous industry there are factories for the manufacture of butter and cheese, each plant receiving the milk from many farms. Our potteries and brick-yards are scattered all over the country wherever material is found, and there is room for indefinite expansion of these great industries as fast as markets are developed. The best materials for china-making are said to exist in every state of the Union, and no country has a more bountiful supply than ours of all the raw materials used in pottery manufactures.

For many years the hum of the sawmill has filled the large areas that supply our lumber, from the forests of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota to the southern pineries. It was lumber rafts down the Mississippi and Ohio that established St. Louis' preeminence, which she still holds, as one of the largest lumber markets of the world. But Chicago is nearer the three leading lumber states and is still at the head of all lumber markets. With the waning of our coniferous forests in the three states that have furnished the largest part of the lumber to build up the East and West, the pine regions of the extreme Northwest and the South are coming into still greater prominence. The four western centers of meat-packing, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Omaha, on the threshold of the sources of supply, kill and receive over four times as many cattle as the entire eastern seaboard.

Some of our largest manufactures are centered at points that are convenient both for receiving the raw material and shipping

the product to market. We have long been great purchasers of foreign raw sugar, and our mammoth refineries at Brooklyn, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore treat the raw sugar received from the West Indies and other eastern cities, while San Francisco refines the Hawaiian product and New Orleans a large part of our southern sugar crop. It was found to be highly desirable to refine the immense output of our vast petroleum fields at the best centers for distributing the product; and pipe-lines from the oil-wells made this a very economical scheme. About 25,000 miles of pipe-lines were built to the Atlantic coast and the shores of Lakes Erie and Michigan. The raw petroleum is forced through them by pumps placed at intervals along the lines, and a few enormous refineries near New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago take care of the output of the Pennsylvania and Ohio fields and have supplanted the great number of small refineries that were formerly maintained near the sources of oil; and when the oil is ready for the market it is at the points whence it may most conveniently be distributed all over our land or to any part of the world.

We may say that, as a rule, our great cities are not particularly preeminent in any one line of manufactures. They are great in so many lines of industry that no single branch stands forth as the over-topping product. Philadelphia may be a possible exception on account of its remarkable prominence in carpet manufactures. It is different in many of our smaller towns that have made fame and fortune in one line of products, Lynn, Brocton, and Haverhill, for instance, which are wedded to boot and shoemaking and little else, producing annually more value in these commodities than all our cities of the first class put together.

Water-power has played a most important part in the distribution of manufacturing in our country, exerting a far larger influence than it ever will again, now that it is so widely superseded by steam and the electrical motive power, whose vast possibilities have been practically demonstrated. It is

doubtful if New England would have won its manufacturing preeminence, even with its abundance of labor and its transportation facilities, if it had not been for the vast motive power provided by the Merrimac and Blackstone Rivers and less noted streams, whose banks are lined by mill-thronged towns; and we see a line of manufacturing cities built up through several states by the water-power developed along the "fall line," where the Appalachian rivers, flowing to the Atlantic, pass abruptly from the ancient hard to the recent soft-rocks, marking the transition by falls or rapids, whose motive power has been utilized at Trenton, Philadelphia, Georgetown, Richmond, Columbia, Augusta, and other places. The day has gone when water-power is an almost essential advantage, but it fixed the sites of many hundreds of enterprises that waxed strong with its helpfulness and that would now remain where they are even though the streams that fostered them were to disappear.

It was water-power that revolutionized the clumsy hand processes of manufacturing tobacco nearly a century and a half ago, though to-day most of the eight hundred factories, scattered all over the country, use steam and much ingenious machinery in turning the raw leaf into various products. Nearly our entire area of tobacco culture is confined to a district about six hundred miles long by three hundred miles wide; and the fact that the manipulation of the raw product is most profitably carried on in nearly every state of the Union is a good illustration of the largely enhanced value which manufacturing processes give to some staples. Many industries, the canning business for instance, could not be advantageously conducted hundreds of miles from the source of raw supply. If paper-mills are as favorably placed in Wisconsin as they are on the borders of the Adirondacks, it is both because they have a large western demand for their product and the sources of wood pulp are abundant at their doors. There are newspapers that absorb all the product of more than one mill, and our manufactures, now about 3,000,000 tons a year,

are scattered all over the land, wherever the best sources of raw material are found. Massachusetts heads the list of paper producers, but we get a vivid idea of the wide range of this industry when we know that outside of New York, New England, and Wisconsin, Oregon has the largest newspaper mills in the country and that Colorado's capacity for writing-paper alone is a product of 14,000 pounds a day.

Long after our farmers had made the middle West a source of vast wealth, all the finer grades of manufacturing were still confined to the East. Less than twenty years ago piano-making was restricted to New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Now Chicago has taken third place in the number of instruments produced, surpassing Baltimore and Philadelphia, while Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, and other interior places are prominent in this line. As late as 1860 no western city manufactured jewelry to any extent. To-day, while Providence, R. I., heads the list, with New York second, San Francisco holds the fifth place, with Cincinnati seventh and Chicago eighth. Of the eight largest watch-making companies in the country five are situated in the East and three in Illinois. Such facts as these might be multiplied many fold if it were necessary to prove or illustrate the wonderful progress that the West has made in twenty-five years in the variety and excellence of its manufactures. The West now leads the East in many of these products, and particularly in numerous lines of agricultural implements and some forms of hardware. We export about 30,000 tons of barbed wire every year, of which Illinois supplies ninety per cent. Textiles are the main product in which the East is still pre-eminent. The carpet mills of the country, with a capacity of over 100,000,000 yards a year, are almost wholly confined to New York, Pennsylvania, and New England. Cambridgeport, Mass., leads in the making of rubber garments, and New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania almost monopolize the entire field of rubber manufactures. Wall-papers are also chiefly an eastern product.

A few years ago the generalization was often made that the western manufactures were for hard usage and every-day utility, but this statement is becoming inaccurate. More and more of the western products are coming to serve the beauties, the luxuries, the refinements, as well as the utilities of life. The giant powers and potentialities of America have no future mission in the felling of timber for pioneer log cabins. All over the land, mostly a wilderness sixty years ago, it is now our privilege and mission to garner not only the perfected substance of material things but the rarest flower and fruit of civilization as well.

The rapid progress of the Southern States in manufacturing importance is the latest and greatest demonstration that the hum of the mill and factory is to be heard in all parts of our domain which are capable of supporting a large population. The South bids fair to rival New England in cotton manufacturing. At the close of last year there were one seventh as many spindles in North Carolina as in Massachusetts, the largest cotton manufacturing state. The South has decided advantages in the cheapness of its labor and fuel; the new mills overlook the cotton fields, and economists are now predicting that the making of many grades of cotton goods is destined to gravitate more and more to the South. It may be that the South will some day wrest the scepter of cotton manufactures from New England, but in the other great branch of textiles, woollens, there are yet no signs that the Northeast will lose its supremacy. The fact holds good to-day, as it has in the past, that the best place to build a new woolen mill is beside those already established, for there the skilled operatives are most abundant. For all we can now see the towns in New England and the middle states, which are the centers of the woolen industry, are likely to retain it and show the largest future development.

In iron and steel we are beginning to dominate the world. We surpassed England in production some years ago, and last year, for the first time, we sold pig iron in the British market at less than British prices;

and large contracts for American sewer pipes were closed in Scotland in the face of British competition. If it be true, as some geologists assert, that the iron which is in close proximity to coal is not of the highest grade, it is not an unmixed blessing that British iron mines are next door to the coal beds needed to smelt the ore and work the metal. We carry all of our northern ore hundreds of miles to the coke needed in the

manufacturing processes; and the extent and cheapness of our transportation facilities and the superiority of the machinery Americans have invented are at last enabling us to compete in cheapness as well as quality with the greatest makers abroad.

The purpose of this article has been served if it clearly indicates some of the leading causes that have determined the distribution of manufacturing in our country.

PACK SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

BY ARBEL C. CANTLEY.

ONE of the important branches of the United States army is the pack service, and therein the government mule is in his glory. The mule is also popular in the wagon transportation service, and is used in the teams for the ambulances and siege-guns, and also for the scrapers in making fortifications. Mules for the pack service of the army are designated in army reports as "pack-mules," and those for all other service are known as "draft-mules." The pack-mule must be blocky, heavy-set, big-boned, and muscular, and from fourteen and a half to fifteen hands high. The draft-mules are divided into three classes, the wheelers, swingers, and leaders. In a six-mule team, pulling a heavy siege-gun, the wheelers are the two mules next to the gun, the leaders are the two mules in the lead, and the swingers are the two in the middle. The strongest mules are the wheelers, and are from sixteen to seventeen hands high; the swingers are from fifteen to fifteen and a half hands, and the leaders are fifteen hands.

St. Louis is the largest mule market in the world, 75,000 mules being handled there each year, the money value amounting to \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000. The vast majority of these mules are raised on the farms in Missouri, and when they leave the St. Louis market they go to all parts of the civilized world. Thousands go to the West Indies and to Central and South American countries for pack service in the mountains

and work in the mines, and many were shipped last year to South Africa, to be used in doing the grading work for new railroads. Spain is the home of the jack. The largest importer of Spanish jacks to America is Luther Emerson, of Bowling Green, Mo. He is also one of the largest exporters of mules, and is the only man in this country who ships mules by express, and, too, in his own cars specially designed for that purpose.

Since St. Louis is the largest mule market in the world, Uncle Sam naturally became a heavy buyer there for mules to be used in the army now fighting the Spaniards. In fact, Uncle Sam has purchased more mules in St. Louis than in any other market in the country. Since war was declared last April the government up to July bought 15,000 mules, at a cost of \$1,580,000, in St. Louis, and by the time this article is printed the number will have amounted to 20,000, at a cost of \$2,000,000. From April 17 to July 10 the government had bought in St. Louis alone 5,000 swing mules at an average of \$105 a head; 5,000 wheelers at an average of \$124 a head; 2,500 leaders at an average of \$98 a head, and 2,000 pack-mules at \$94 a head. With the exception of 200 pack-mules that were sent with the army of occupation to the Philippines, all these mules have been shipped to Tampa, Chickamauga, and Camp Alger, to be trained for service in Cuba. Quite a large number were sent with the army to Santiago.

The authority of Uncle Sam for the purchase of mules comes from M. I. Ludington, quartermaster general of the United States army, who is stationed at Washington, D. C. He gives an order direct to Lieut.-Col. G. C. Smith, assistant quartermaster at St. Louis, who sometimes opens bids from all competing mule-dealers, and sometimes buys the animals without any bidding. Maj. Thomas Cruse, United States army, has been detailed as mule inspector at St. Louis, and he has personally inspected all the 15,000 mules bought in that market for army service. Lieutenant-Colonel Smith issues an order to Major Cruse to buy so many mules of various classes. The mule-dealers collect the animals and send them to the stock-yards, on the banks of the Mississippi, and there Major Cruse makes the inspection. The standard for a government mule is held to be as strict as the standard for the men who enter the army, and Major Cruse's inspection is so rigid that he culls out all mules that do not come up to this standard in every particular. Major Cruse has five assistants in his inspection—two veterinary surgeons and three clerks. The surgeons examine a mule as to its health and age, and, if the animal is accepted, it is given a number and the clerks write its description in a large book of record. The description may read: "No. —. Brown bay mule; five years old; sixteen and a half hands; weight 1,200 pounds; blazed face." Thus the description of every mule in the government service is kept as a matter of record.

The training of a Missouri mule that leaves the pasture on a farm for active service "at the front" is just as rigid as that of the farmer boy who leaves the plow in the field of peace to wield the sword on the field of battle. All mules that have stood Major Cruse's inspection are placed in one enclosure at the stock-yards. Each mule is to have his number branded with a red-hot iron on the right forehoof, and the letters "U. S." are branded on the left shoulder. Then the fun commences. The mules rear and plunge and kick and snort

after the branding-iron has done its work. The draft-mules are sent to Chickamauga, Falls Church, and Tampa, where they are trained to work in pulling ambulances and siege-guns. The pack-mules are organized in pack-trains at Jefferson Barracks, on the southern outskirts of St. Louis. When Major Cruse has inspected a lot of mules and accepted the number required in the order, Colonel Smith then makes out a voucher and gives a check on the assistant treasurer of the United States at St. Louis, who pays the money to the mule-dealer. One St. Louis dealer received a single check for almost \$400,000 for mules he had sold the government.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of animal service in the army, with the exception of the cavalry horses, is the training of mules for the pack-trains. The pack-train was first made a feature of army service in 1867, on the recommendation of General Crook, who was then a colonel. The late Col. Tom Moore, who invented the pack-saddle known as the "Moore saddle," played no unimportant part in most of the Indian campaigns fought since 1867. Colonel Moore's mule trains were with Crook from 1867 to 1871 in California, Idaho, and Oregon, during the Piute campaigns, and from 1871 to 1875 in the Apache campaigns in Arizona and New Mexico, and with Crook in the Sioux campaigns in Wyoming and Montana in 1876. Colonel Moore was with General Merritt (now governor-general of the Philippines) in pursuit of Chief Joseph's band of Nez Perce Indians, in 1877, and his mule trains and packers were conspicuous when Geronimo surrendered. Colonel Moore was in the Pine Ridge trouble in 1890-91, and organized and placed two mule trains in the field six hours after he received notice. Colonel Moore's last service was with General Coppinger in the Jackson Hole expedition in 1895. He organized the first pack-train service, and he proved that it was far superior to wagon transportation for carrying supplies with a body of troops making rapid marches in the West. Colonel Moore died suddenly in 1896, and Tom

Mooney, who had served twenty-five years under him, was made chief packmaster of the army. Mooney was with a mule train in Alaska when war was declared, but he is now at the head of the pack service in Cuba.

Before war was declared against Spain the central depot and training grounds for the pack service of the army were at Camp Carlin, near Cheyenne, Wyo., which was formerly the supply depot for the department of the Platte, but now a greater number of pack-trains are organized at Jefferson Barracks, as this post is near the greatest mule market. The pack-mules at Jefferson Barracks are trained under the direction of Frank Benham, master of transportation, who is an old-time freighter from the western plains. Thirteen men, sixty-three mules, and one horse constitute a pack-train for service in Cuba. The men are the pack-master, or boss packer, one cargadore, and eleven packers. Of the mules thirteen are for riding and the remaining fifty are for packs. The horse wears a bell, and the mules follow him as sheep do a bell-wether. One of the packers must be a blacksmith, one must be a cook, and all must be experts in handling mules. Although a part of the army, the packers are not required to enlist, and are therefore civilians. For the Cuban service a boss packer receives \$100 a month, a cargadore \$75 a month, and a common packer \$50 a month. The boss packer superintends the packing in general. The cargadore looks after the physical condition of the animals and adjusts and equalizes the loads they are to carry, applies medicine to their sore backs, and adjusts the saddles so that a sore back will cause as little pain as possible. The blacksmith examines the hoofs of the mules, and sees that they are kept in good condition. Contrary to general belief, an army mule receives much better treatment than most mules owned by civilians. The army mule is looked after almost as carefully as are the men.

Only able-bodied, strong, muscular men are hired for packers. None weighing under 170 pounds is taken, and each packer must be able to lift 200 pounds to the level of his chin. No uniform is required, but

all the old-time packers from the West wear a costume similar to that of the cowboy, with leather chaps, broad-brimmed hats, and high-heeled boots. These men are armed with cavalry carbines, revolvers, and hunting-knives, and they have often done some good fighting in the Indian campaigns of the West. A pack-mule carries from 250 to 275 pounds. Each train carries ammunition and rations and camp equipage. One mule can carry one hundred field rations for men. Usually one half the train carries rations and the other half tenting, ammunition, and varied supplies. But no matter what the load is composed of, the cargadore sees that it is adjusted to weigh only 250 to 275 pounds. It takes an experienced packer to adjust these packs by the weight quickly. With a train of experienced mules and experienced men, the fifty pack-animals can be saddled and packs adjusted and the march begun within fifty minutes. On the march the bell-horse is never ridden, but is led by one of the packers, and the mules follow the sound of the jingling bell. The bell-horse is usually hobbled while the mules are grazing, except when an attack is expected, and the horse is held by one of the men. Bridles are unknown articles to a mule train. A "tie-up" is made by placing the bell-horse at the right of the line, and then mule No. 1 is tied to the horse's halter, and each of the other mules must become so perfectly trained that he will step into the line at the place designated by his number, and stand stock-still while he is being tied to the halter of the mule to his right in the line. A train composed of expert packers and trained animals can make a "tie-up" in two minutes. It takes two months to break a full train of "green" mules, but with twenty-five trained mules and the remainder of a train being "green" mules one month or less is required to bring about efficient training.

The training of the "green" mules for pack service on the grounds at Jefferson Barracks is quite interesting and exciting. Sixty-three mules, or one train, are placed in a corral at one time. The boss packer, who is generally an old freighter from the

West, or perhaps a pony express rider of the primitive fast-mail days, not only superintends the training of the mules, but also of the men who intend to serve as packers. The mules, being unaccustomed to strange surroundings and strange ceremonies, run from one end of the corral to the other, and kick and Bray and snort. A particularly wild mule invariably refuses to be led when a strap is fastened to his halter, and he rears and plunges and pulls backward until he almost sits on his hind haunches. At the same time the man at the other end of the halter strap is leaning backward and pulling the other way. It is a veritable tug-of-war game between man and beast. Then the mule will lay back its ears, send its hind feet into the air, and suddenly dart away, pulling the plucky packer at a hop-skip-and-jump gait over the ground. But the packer holds on to his end of the strap, and is jerked this way and that among the kicking and excited mules in the corral. Although the packers seem to be in imminent danger of their lives during such a scrimmage they are seldom injured severely, and generally escape with only a barked shin. The western packers are experts with the lasso, as a rule, and when they so desire they lasso a mule by the head or foot, and then pet him until he is quiet. All experienced and most successful boss packers do not allow their men to use brutality in training the mules. While a mule cannot be coaxed into doing something, a wise packer uses only gentle treatment. He does not even yell in an angry voice, but speaks softly, and gently taps the mules with a rope to make them step into line. Even a stubborn mule will learn to obey a kind master. The mules are finally driven into line before a long row of white canvas on the ground, and a "tie-up" is made. The rations for the mules are spread on this canvas twice a day when on

the march, and they soon become anxious to stand in line. After three hours of discordant braying and kicking and grunting the sixty-three mules in the corral are at last standing in line, with saddles on their backs, and this lesson is given every day until the train is properly broken.

The equipment for a pack-mule is quite intricate. The corunna, or crown, which is a quilted pad lined with canvas, is first placed on the mule's back. This pad is used as a sweat-cloth, and is numbered the same as the mule, and is not used on any other animal. A heavy blanket, six feet wide and seven feet six inches long, is placed on top of the corunna. The blanket is doubled up into six folds, and is carried as bedding for the men. The pack-saddle is placed on the blanket. The saddle, blanket, and corunna are technically known as the "rigging." Besides the Tom Moore saddle, a Spanish saddle, of sawbuck shape, and known as the "apperajo," is a favorite among the old packers. The load to be carried by the mule is placed in two manteaus, each made of heavy duck cloth cut in a six-foot square. These manteaus are placed on the rigging in the old saddle-bag fashion, and the loads are lashed fast with a rope called the "layer," which is thirty feet long and three eighths of an inch in size, while another rope of the same length and size holds the load across the rigging. The loads and the rigging together are held on the mule by the use of a lash rope, which is fifty-two feet in length and nine sixteenths of an inch in size. The lash rope has a large leather cinch at one end, and it passes under the belly of the mule, and across the top of the load the knot is tied. After the proper length of time in training if a mule is too vicious to submit to a load resting on a Spanish saddle, he is turned over to a wagon train to evoke the picturesque comments of the mule-drivers.

THE SOCIAL PASSION IN MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

BY VIDA DUTTON SCUDDER, M. A.

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

THE first fifty years of the Victorian age form an intellectual epoch which may well be considered by itself. Behind it lay the great Revolutionary period, full of terrors, ideals, disillusion. Beyond it was waiting our own period, and in this new forces have appeared, powerfully influencing literature and art. The years between 1830 and 1880 were a time set apart, a time of profound significance, both actual and germinal.

Literature, during this period, was facing a situation strangely dramatic. The political revolution in France had flashed on the world the clearest vision it had ever seen of universal freedom and democratic brotherhood. At the same time the industrial revolution, consequent on the introduction of machinery, was sharply separating rich from poor and concentrating under new conditions the vast army of the modern proletariat, or wage-earners. Modern civilization has had a fuller ideal of freedom than was ever before known for its hope, and a new form of bondage, in which millions are held, for its achievement. No wonder that all through the Victorian age beneath the superficial spread of political republicanism, the silent, mighty, sometimes agonizing expansion of democracy has been opening abysses of incertitude and dark inquiry into which men fear to gaze.

Our English literature—at least our English prose, which is the characteristic modern literary form—has responded to the situation. There have been times when prose has been absorbed in theology; other times when it has been absorbed in fantasy. Through the Victorian age it has become increasingly absorbed in social questions.

Various episodes in the great struggle, the self-realization of democracy, are directly expressed in literature. If history gives us the facts of Chartism, there is a great essay by Carlyle which gives us its

spirit; in Kingsley's "Alton Locke," also, we catch the appalled surprise with which intelligent England first heard that cry of the unprivileged. At one time, the beautiful and visionary ardors of the French Revolution of 1848 find dim reflection in the Anglo-Saxon mirror. Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets" express the bewildered trouble and ferment of new thoughts in the early fifties. Again, trades-unionism in its first phases slips furtively upon the stage in Dickens' "Hard Times," Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place," and Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South." Read Kingsley's "Yeast," and the condition of the agricultural poor is forced upon us; George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," and the Hebrew problem with its mysterious racial romance possesses our mind. In our own days, fiction and fact draw almost bewilderingly near. "Looking Backward" is a campaign document; "Sir George Tressady" is ahead of the newspapers in signaling the invasion of politics by industrial questions; and the People's Palace seems to belong hardly so much to real life as to the novels of Besant.

But our modern books do far more than illustrate phases of history; through them the higher consciousness of the age dimly feels its way. With one accord our best essayists and novelists have been social critics. The essayists give us their criticism through analysis, the novelists through pictures. Consider, compare. Look at these pictures, follow these analyses. Study, in a word, the social aspect of the work of men of letters from 1830 to 1900, you will trace the awakening and gradual self-assertion of a new factor in human affairs: this factor is the social conscience.

Macaulay was the most famous of English essayists when the reign of Victoria began; and Macaulay was perfectly satisfied with his own generation, as the famous third

chapter of his history would alone suffice to show. He liked its liberalism in politics and religion, he enjoyed its comforts and conveniences, he waxed eloquent over its manufacturing interests and its expansion of trade. His star soon set. The three men of genius who after his day successively swayed the English public most forcibly were Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold. Carlyle's chief influence ran from 1850 to 1860, Ruskin's from 1860 to 1870, Arnold's from 1870 to 1880. These three men differed widely in origin and aptitude. Carlyle was of peasant extraction, and his special bent was toward historical studies. Ruskin was the son of a rich merchant, and he won his fame by interpreting beauty in nature and art. Arnold sprang from the professional classes, the intellectual *élite* of the country. He turned to social interests, not from history nor from esthetic studies, but from poetry of the inner life and brilliant literary criticism. Carlyle was grim as a Hebrew prophet; Ruskin had the gentle spirit of a Christian mystic; Arnold's mind sparkled with Gallic wit and shone with Hellenic lucidity; yet, different as these three men were, their social attitude was in many ways the same. They all agreed in a profound, restless, miserable discontent with the modern social order. And during fifty years they reiterated the same message, in terms now impassioned, now satirical, but always deeply in earnest: that the old institutions were breaking up, that immense, heart-searching changes were at hand, that social revolution threatened our modern world. "There must be a new world if there is to be any world at all," wrote Carlyle in 1850. "These days of universal death must be days of universal rebirth too, if the ruin is not to be total and final." Less emotionally, but with equal conviction, Arnold wrote twenty years later:

Our present social organization has been an appointed stage in our growth; it has been of good use and has enabled us to do great things. But the use is at an end, and the stage is over. Ask yourselves if you do not sometimes feel in yourselves a sense that, in spite of the strenuous efforts for good of so many excellent persons among us, we begin somehow to flounder and to beat the air; that we seem

to be finding ourselves stopped, on this line of advance and on that, and to be threatened with a kind of stand-still. It is that we are trying to live on with a social organization of which the day is over.

This sort of talk would have been absolutely incomprehensible to Lord Macaulay, but when we find men of genius so different utter one note of warning, we cannot choose but hear. What did Carlyle and Arnold mean by their conviction that old things were passing away and that the new must come?

The answer is found in their works. They saw the old standards of rank and birth pushed into the background by new standards of money, and the aristocracy degenerating because the center of power had swung away from them to the manufacturing class. Mammonism, the sin of money-worship, divided the world, Carlyle said, with dilettanteism, the sin of frivolity. They saw beneath these two classes an immense, seething body of men, called into existence by the modern commercial system, held down to a living wage, and neglected, except as productive machines, by the upper classes. "Populace," Arnold called this division of Englishmen, while the middle classes were "Philistines" to him, and the aristocracy "barbarians." England has, he tells us in one terrible sentence, "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized." Ruskin sums up the evil in all these classes in a yet more searching phrase: "our terrible apathy," says he, "is the greatest mystery of life." And Carlyle, in yet more pithy and direct words, says that the trouble with all of us is that "we have forgotten God."

It was industrial distress, the misery of the poor, which Carlyle most lamented. It was, at least in the beginning, the esthetic defects of our civilization which aroused Ruskin to a sense that the national life in England was somehow all wrong. And it was the lack of sweetness and light, the stupidity of the middle class, that most distressed Arnold.

The construction that all three men put upon the evils of modern civilization was profoundly spiritual. Even Carlyle, in his in-

dignation over the state of the poor, did not regret their material suffering so much as their exclusion, by force of their incessant labor, from the higher interests of life. "That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, should it happen twenty times a minute, as by some computations it does," he cried, at the very outset of his career, in "*Sartor Resartus*"; and the splendid phrase might well echo reproachfully down our century of commerce. Ruskin was driven from art criticism to sociology by the grief he experienced in finding the English workman deprived of the power and instinct of artistic creation, and reduced to a living machine by modern industrial conditions. Arnold's chief quarrel with the age was its mechanical character; his chief demand the infusion among all classes, especially the Philistines, of the culture which is "a study of perfection."

This reiterated note of spiritual protest is itself reassuring. The message of the Victorian essayists is a sad one, but in the earnestness with which they all deliver it, in their strenuous impulse to find the causes of wrong and to seek a remedy, lies the hope of the future. Their indignation against social injustice is but impassioned love of justice reflected from the mirror of the actual world. Their earnestness has different modes. In Carlyle and Ruskin we find fervid eloquence, emotional appeal; in Arnold cool mockery, satirical analysis. Yet a deep love for man and freedom is at the heart of all alike.

In constructive suggestion they differ widely—Carlyle and Ruskin are aristocrats, and remember wistfully the feudal *régime*. Arnold accepts democracy as inevitable and social equality as its logical outcome, the rightful aim of civilization. All place an emphasis strange to individualistic thought on the function of government and the state.

But it is in their suggestions for private conduct that they have perhaps most direct value and interest. Carlyle, the pioneer,

had little positive to give. He pleaded for sincerity and labor, but could neither tell men what to believe nor what to do, because his own mind was in a mist. Ruskin, his disciple, offered much nobler constructive thought. We owe to him the first experiments in the field of social ethics: the attempt, that is, to apply the moral law to the relations developed in the modern business world. He woke men up to an enlarged ideal of social responsibility: to recognition that there was a moral element in their relation to the people they employed and the goods they bought. Conscientiousness in the expenditure of money, simplicity of life, active effort to further the cause of social righteousness, were the trend of his teaching. The work of Arnold was quite different from that of Ruskin, but perhaps equally important. He warned people away from the rash action-at-any-price which the teaching of Carlyle, misunderstood, might encourage. He pleaded for pause, consideration, intellectual enlargement. Fully recognizing the gravity of the social situation, he urged people to study it from all sides, to purge their own mental vision, before they rushed into premature attempts at cure. His influence has probably been largely operative in promoting the great spread of sociological studies, which have extended during the last twenty years and are producing such significant results.

A few paragraphs can suggest only a few phases of the noble social passion which has animated our greatest thinkers. To gain more, one must turn to their books. Let him read Carlyle's "*Sartor Resartus*," "*Past and Present*," "*Latter Day Pamphlets*," Ruskin's "*Unto This Last*," "*Time and Tide*," and "*Munera Pulveris*," Arnold's "*Culture and Anarchy*," and essays on "*Democracy*" and "*Equality*." Let him study the advance of social conscience and conviction through these brilliant books; he will feel that a mighty struggle for social salvation lies behind all incidents of modern life and art.

SPAIN AS A REPUBLIC.

BY WILLIAM MATTHEWS HANDY.

MANY of those who have carefully watched the course of events in Spain believe that in freeing Cuba the United States will be the unwitting cause of the establishment of a republic in Spain. There is strong desire among the old Republicans to renew their experiment of twenty-five years ago, and Weyler or Campos, the two most popular politicians, are likely to take advantage of it to struggle for the position of dictator of a republic, such as now exists in the Central American States.

That there is discontent in Spain goes without saying. The whole nation groans under the burden of the present government. Don Carlos does not exaggerate when he declares :

The incidents in Cuba and Manila have revealed neglected defenses, venal administration, a prevalent substitution of personal for national interests, corruption fostered by party government, generously voted millions diverted from the fulfilment of their patriotic purpose to the pockets of fraudulent contractors and dishonest state employees, and disorder, speculation, and mendacity in every department of the public service.

Not only is Spain bankrupt, but its inhabitants are in the same condition. Their wretchedness and penury are beyond exaggeration. The people of Spain—the masses—are desperate with hunger, food is scarce, thousands of men are out of work, and the peasants endure almost as great sufferings as have been inflicted upon the Cubans, though without the personal injuries. But the pangs of hunger are just as keen, and a Red Cross relief ship would be as welcome at Cadiz as at Matanzas. The suffering peasants, ground down under the burden of heavy taxes, indirect as well as direct, that are imposed upon them by the Cortes to maintain the prerogative of the rich, are well-nigh desperate. The queen regent to popularize her son with the crowd has exhibited him on various occasions and has

had him make childish speeches to the populace. But the spectacle has not been diverting to the wretched subjects of the boy monarch. Meanwhile all parties opposed to the government have thrived. The socialists, anarchists, and Republicans have found a fruitful field for propaganda among the unintelligent peasants, suffering under the burdens imposed upon them by their rulers.

In support of an argument that the people are behind the Sagasta ministry, one might cite the enormous majority it received at this year's elections. But it proves nothing to the initiated. The constitutional government of Spain is a farce. The ballot-box affords no opportunity for the expression of the popular will. When the Cortes is dissolved and an "appeal to the country" is had, the prime minister makes an allotment of seats in the body. Reserving a good working majority for his own faction, he decides just how many seats he will give to each of the other parties. After the people have gone through the idle form of voting, the provincial governors make out lists of those who have been elected to the Cortes, and as these governors are subject to removal by the government, the prime minister can rely upon them to return the candidates whom he favors. The plan always succeeds, and when the last election was held Sagasta knew exactly who would be elected. Why shouldn't he? For did he not make out the lists in advance? From this it is apparent that the present division of the parties in the Cortes means nothing.

Don Carlos evidently believes that the people agree with him in thinking that the remedy for the present state of affairs is Carlos. But it is the opinion of many of the best informed that the Carlist agitation in a great measure masks the Republican strength. Under the pretense of being Carl-

ist clubs, the Republicans meet to propagate their doctrines. This does not mean that there is any agreement between Carlists and Republicans. The Carlists themselves are the dupes of the Republicans. The government is afraid to interfere.

The writer recently learned of a Republican demonstration which was not reported by cable, but which shows the strength of the party. On February 9, in Madrid, the funeral of a prominent Republican—a fish-merchant named Carrera—was held. He had been shot by a soldier during the disturbances that followed the arrival of Martinez Campos at the capital. The Republicans seized upon his obsequies as an excuse for a demonstration of their strength. The funeral procession that followed the dead fish-merchant's remains to the grave contained thirty-five thousand men, who thus attested their belief in the principles he advocated. Seldom has such a crowd been gathered together in Madrid. The crush at the cemetery was so great that several people were pushed into the grave. In the evening a mob of twenty-five thousand people forced their way to the palace and made a demonstration without its walls. They shouted, "Down with the queen regent, with Alfonso, and with Campos." After great effort they were quieted, and bloodshed was only averted by the wisdom of the authorities in not attempting to use soldiery to compel order.

The fires of republicanism but sleep. Aside from the anarchists and Social Democrats, who are strong throughout the nation, there is an enormous number of more conservative people who accept a part of their doctrines and have codified them into a desire for another trial of a republican form of government.

That a republic in Spain will mean a republic such as now exists in the United States is an erroneous idea. The people of Spain, vicious and depraved, seventy-two per cent illiterate and lacking intelligence, are not really fitted for self-government. They would fall an easy victim to some oily-tongued demagogue like Campos or Weyler, and a republic would probably mean the es-

tablishment of one or the other of these clever politicians as dictator. Either that or anarchy. The wise and conservative Castelar was not a success.

Twenty-five years ago Spain was a republic. Her existence during this period was more stormy than at any other time during her history. So uncertain was the republic that the United States and Switzerland alone recognized it as a legal government. The other nations held aloof, knowing that the republic would be of short duration. And so it proved. The republic lasted less than two years, and during that time five men in succession acted as helmsmen to the rudderless ship of state, which drifted hither and thither, purposelessly.

In its formation the republic was unusual. It was a most peaceful revolution. In the morning Spain was a monarchy; in the evening a republic. There were no excesses attending its birth, no extravagant exultation, no threats of vengeance on the part of the Monarchists. No barricades were raised and no swords were drawn or guns fired. Later there was plenty of bloodshed, but none at the birth of the republic.

The formation of the republic was due to the difficulty experienced in securing a sovereign satisfactory to the Cortes. Don Carlos was impossible to those who no longer believed in the divine right of kings. Alfonso was distrusted because he was the son of the ex-Queen Isabella, notorious for her excesses. Amadeus, coaxed to accept the throne, was wearied with his task and willingly abdicated. He found it impossible to bring about any harmony between the Spanish parties. In his letter of abdication he said that he would be willing to return when "plots, perils, and obstacles" had been overcome. The Cortes gladly accepted his abdication, declaring that when that condition existed, should he desire to return to the country he could do so, though not to receive the crown again, but to accept another dignity, "that of a citizen of a free and independent nation."

Castelar was an able man, but lacked some of the elements of popular leadership, or rather his people were incapable of being

wisely led. The masses were not ripe for a republic. Cruelties, oppression, and corruption had made them dissatisfied with the monarchy, but had not taught them self-government. The republic was childish and cowardly. Jealous leaders engaged in constant bickerings, while the radical element clamored for communism.

On February 12, 1873, when Amadeus abdicated, the Cortes met in joint session and constituted itself the "Sovereign Cortes of Spain." A new ministry was formed, and at its head was Figueras, one of the leaders of the Republican party and executive of the Cortes. Castelar was the head of the Foreign Affairs Department.

The Cortes was non-committal as to a permanent form of government, but most of the members favored the federal system as existing in America. Government by the old Cortes was all very well for a while, but the masses began to clamor for a federal republic, while the members of the Cortes were loath to surrender their power. Demonstrations in favor of a new Cortes and a federal republic were held, and they led to a cabinet crisis, only twelve days after the birth of the new republic, when several ministers resigned. The demonstrations by the Intransigentes, or Irreconcilables, increased, and in an outbreak at Mantilla five conservative citizens were massacred and the houses of eight others were burned.

The Cortes then decided to adjourn and appointed a standing committee to exercise full power, but before adjournment it reorganized the army, abolishing conscription and providing for a volunteer enlistment. The rule of the standing committee was distasteful and anarchy followed. Some of the federal states assumed the rights of independent states and organized their own armies. The volunteer army attempted to assume control of the government.

In this state of affairs the wishes of the people were heeded, and the election for a new Cortes was held in May. When the new Cortes assembled it proclaimed a federal republic, Pi y Margall was elected president of a new ministry, and Figueras quitted Spain. The republic did not suit the In-

transigentes and they left the Cortes, and thenceforth strove to bring about the downfall of the government. They claimed that the new republic was *bourgeois*.

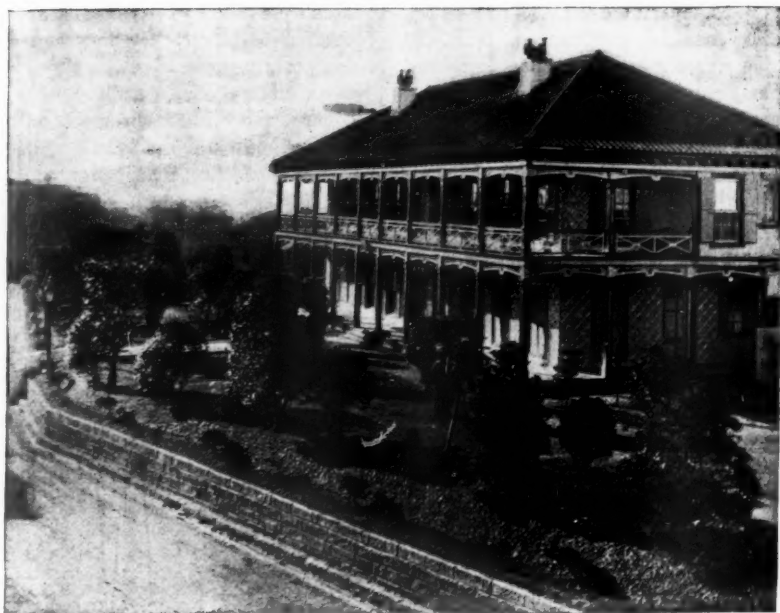
From this time there was real anarchy. There were four prevailing factions: the government, democratic; the Intransigentes, who wanted extreme democracy; the communists; and the legitimists, or Carlists. Some of the federal cantons, as Murcia and Valencia, set themselves up as semi-independent states. The Carlists fought for their leader, the communists and Intransigentes rioted. Riot and war prevailed throughout the country for more than a year. The government fought both Carlists and Intransigentes. There was really a three-cornered civil war. Salmeron, Pi y Margall, and Castelar served in turn as president, but none were able to please.

Finally, when the country had been wearied by the civil wars, which prevented all business, Campos executed a long-planned maneuver. Two battalions under his leadership at Murvideo pronounced in favor of Alfonso in December and the garrison at Madrid followed. The army and navy rushed to his standard, and Campos proclaimed Alfonso king on December 29, 1874. Sagasta, then head of the Republican government, issued a manifesto and arrested some of the Alfonsists. But just at this juncture Canovas del Castillos, who, as early as August 22, 1873, had been authorized to assume the government in the name of Alfonso, secured election as the head of a royal ministry, and the republic was at an end.

Spain's experiment in republicanism was not encouraging. But that ultimately it will be attempted again is almost certain to those who have watched the course of events in the nation. Since Ferdinand none of the monarchs have been in sympathy with the people, who have no attachment for their Austrian and French rulers. The establishment of a republic is only a question of time, and the chief consideration is as to what form it will take. If a strong, popular leader shall arise, such as Weyler or Campos may prove to be, he will be able to become dictator of a nominal republic.

NAVAL SURGEONS ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

BY FRANCIS R. LEE.



U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

THE destructive efficiency of the American navy, as it has been demonstrated in the current war with Spain, representing the remarkable offensive achievements of the ordnance, construction, engineering, and other mechanical experts who have built and armed the best fighting ships afloat, and bearing as it does conclusive evidence of the superiority of Yankee *personnel* with its successful training and incomparable discipline, has almost monopolized the pride of the nation during the first two months of the conflict, probably on account of the unvarying succession of naval victories with their comparatively insignificant record of casualties. When the complete history of the war is written, however, with its inspiring recital of valorous deeds and triumphs of the right over the wrong, it will present no more glorious page than that which does simple justice to the officers of the surgical corps, ever pressing forward to scenes of greatest suffering in their noble mission of mitigating the horrors of warfare and providing succor to the distressed and helpless sick and' wounded. While popular interest for years has been for the most part centered in the energetic destroyers and their manifold preparations for inflicting mortal injuries, these modest but determined saviors of human life, altogether without ostentatious parade, have ceaselessly made ready to meet the new and highly complicated conditions necessitated by that untiring ingenuity which has been devoted to devices of devastation and in the competition between those who seek to annihilate and those whose labors are to save life, it will not be possible to accuse the latter of having been the laggards.

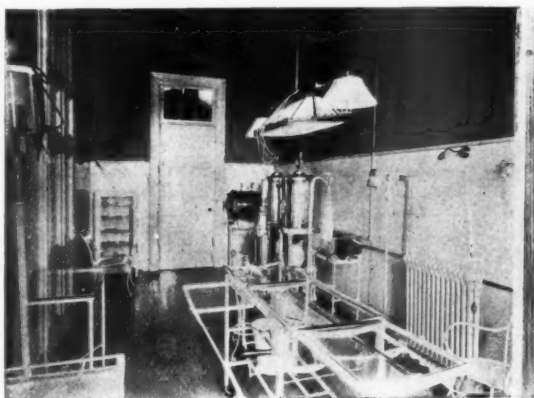
D—Sept.

In building up the navies of the world

the great material contest has been waged between the gun and the armor, and for years one or the other has alternately succeeded in securing short-lived superiority, for no sooner have the plate-makers developed a shield impenetrable to existing projectiles at ordinary ranges, than the ordnance experts have devised improved weapons or presented more powerful explosives, which have speedily reversed the conditions. Ships have become more intricate, the rapidity of gun discharge has multiplied annually, and scientific skill has been almost exhausted to attain the quick disablement of adversaries through the most extensive sacrifice of human life. Bursting shells, with their tremendous charges, rapid firing, automatic and machine guns, automobile torpedoes, and mines constitute only a few of the death-dealing implements which have recently approximated perfection with their widely increased danger areas.

But against them all the medical officers of the navy, benefiting by the marvels of antiseptic surgery, anesthesia, manual dexterity, and that profound knowledge obtained through years of wonderful progress in studying the abstruse problems of life, have reached an eminence to-day which enables them to give every reasonable assurance of recovery, even in desperate cases where a wound does not instantly kill. The almost incredible assertion comes from those highest in authority that during the first two months of the fight with Spain, while scarcely thirty American seamen have been killed, not a single death from wounds has occurred, except within a few hours after

injuries of such a nature as to make death most desirable had been sustained. In all other cases surgical skill has triumphantly won, and complete convalescence has resulted. These splendid results have been rendered possible by the notable excellence of the navy's medical organization, and it is doubtful if there exists in any country to-day a surgical corps at all comparable in efficiency and progressiveness, with that responsible for the physical welfare of the sailors of the American navy.



AN ASEPTIC OPERATING ROOM, U. S. HOSPITAL, ALL GLASS AND NICKEL.

Xenophon alludes to medical men in the Greek army, and since the days of Hadrian, surgeons have always been attached to national vessels. But naval hospital organizations date in England from 1694, and it was only half a century ago that the first naval

hospital in the United States was opened, the splendid system that exists to-day having been developed since that time. The service now consists of a surgeon-general and 133 surgeons, who have been admitted to the corps after a rigid examination of their qualifications. One or more of these officers is attached to every vessel in commission and the remainder are assigned to duty in the naval hospitals, which are located, with but two exceptions, at the navy-yards owned by the government. These exceptions are the establishment at Widow's Island, Penobscot Bay, Me., and that at Yokohama, Japan.

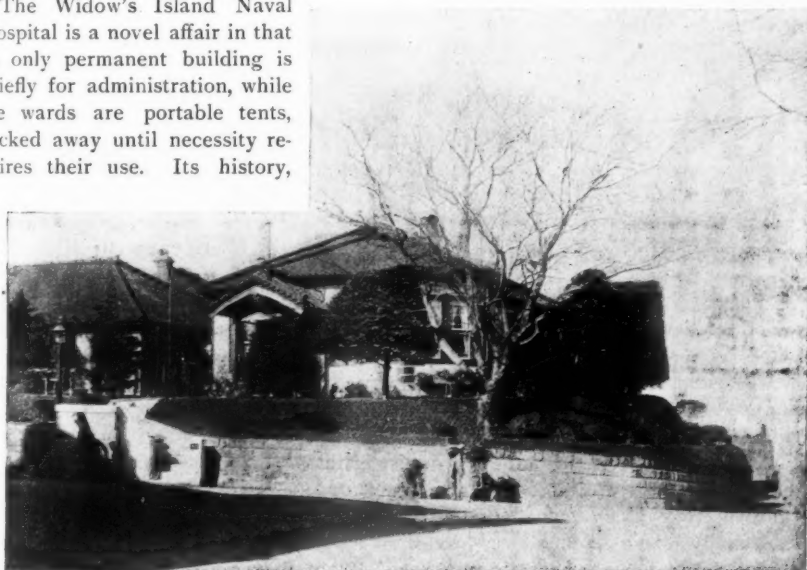
The latter, constructed in 1872, was for a long time unique as the sole parcel of American real estate beyond the boundaries of the United States. It is a beautiful little group of buildings, delightfully situated amid the residences of the foreign popula-

tion on the bluff overlooking the city and harbor, and in addition to its accommodations for thirty-four patients it is provided with contagious wards, receiving patients from American merchantmen as well as from naval vessels. Ever since it was opened it has been continually of inestimable service to the large fleet always maintained by the government in Asiatic waters, and although, because of Japan's rigorous neutrality, it has not been utilized since the present state of war was declared, the wisdom of its establishment was amply shown in time of peace. Surrounded by lovely gardens of flowers and occupying one of the healthiest sites on the entire Asiatic coast, it is famous the world over among mariners, and naval officers as well as their men cheerfully contemplate serious illness in the East when it is apt to give them a chance of a tour to the Yokohama Hospital for convalescence.

The Widow's Island Naval Hospital is a novel affair in that its only permanent building is chiefly for administration, while the wards are portable tents, packed away until necessity requires their use. Its history,

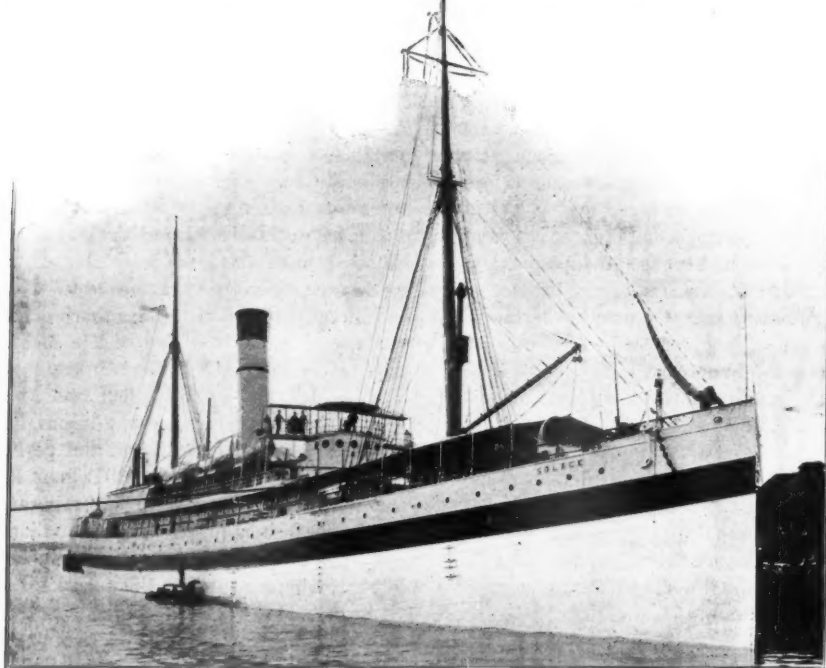
maintaining a squadron there, the fear of yellow fever led the government to take Widow's Island, used at the time for light-house purposes, as a refuge for the naval sufferers from the yellow scourge. A fine building, containing a laundry, dispensary, kitchens, and storage capacity for the numerous beds and tents, was erected, an elaborate water-supply and drainage plant installed, numerous trees were planted, and the island, which up to that time had been considered little more than a barren rock, was transformed into one of the most attractive spots of the New England seaboard. Fortunately there has never been any occasion for its use, but it has been maintained in good condition, and perhaps the possession of Cuba and Puerto Rico may cause its capacity to be severely taxed.

Of the other naval hospitals that at Seavey's Island, N. H., has recently come into prominence through the location there



SURGEONS' QUARTERS, U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

like that of Yokohama, is unique. When of the Spanish prisoners taken at the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet. That the Isthmus of Panama was the scene of at Brooklyn, N. Y., is the largest and finest considerable naval activity in 1885, as in the service, and in the naval cemetery the United States was under the necessity of having a force on shore and adjoining it are buried 1,500 officers and



U. S. NAVAL AMBULANCE SHIP "SOLACE."

sailors. The Philadelphia establishment is practically an asylum for the disabled and decrepit officers, seamen, and marines of the navy. At the beginning of the century it was secured by the government for this purpose, and it was here that the germ of the naval academy originated in the scheme of sending midshipmen there to be instructed by disabled officers. The hospitals at Boston, Washington, Annapolis, Norfolk, Pensacola, and Mare Island, Cal., are, like the others connected with the naval service, of the most substantial character, and "while for the most part silent and unused, they stand amid trees and flowers, a ready refuge for the heroic lovers of country and of home, or for the victims of ambition, greed, or revenge."

The main buildings of these hospitals are imposing edifices, all of them having been built of stone or of brick forty or fifty years ago. New wards have been added and in recent years modern sanitary experience has been utilized until their con-

duct is characteristic, typical of the highest modern surgical practice at home or abroad. Each of them has been fitted with modern aseptic operating rooms of scrupulous cleanliness, fascinating chambers of white enamel and glass, and close at hand there are bacteriological and chemical laboratories, where ceaseless study, contributing to the welfare of the sick and wounded, is carried on. Every refinement known to medical science is quickly seized upon by the enterprising corps, and with the splendid facilities at their disposal it is not strange that many of the great discoveries in modern practice have been made in these establishments. With every officer in the service constantly active in his profession either on shipboard or in these hospitals, the sailors behind the guns of Dewey's fleet when Manila was approached at daylight two months ago had supreme confidence that, however sorely wounded, they would have treatment superior to any in the world, and naval men in

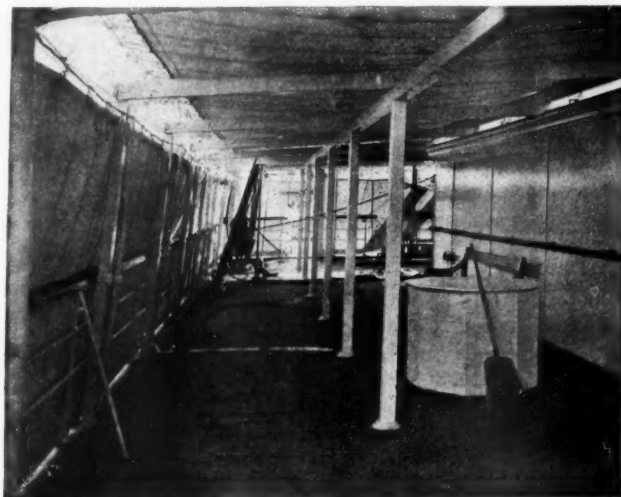
every American ship have had their courage fortified by this knowledge.

The day after the *Maine* was blown up the surgeon-general of the navy began to prepare for the impending conflict which to him seemed then unavoidable. He had served as a naval surgeon through the Civil War, and, during the ensuing thirty years, with the exception of short tours of shore duty at the various naval hospitals, had cruised in most of the ships of the old and new navy. No one was more familiar than he with the fact that surgical conditions afloat had undergone a radical change, and that it was no longer possible, as in the old

All the men aboard ship had therefore to be instructed in controlling hemorrhages and in placing the wounded in proper positions to lie where they fell until the action was over and surgeons could come to their relief, for it was recognized that the fighting spaces, especially in turrets, were so contracted and the men would be so actively engaged that only momentary attention could be given to a disabled comrade.

It was also evident that on the vessels that remained afloat after a modern naval engagement the decks would be encumbered with wounded, and though it might be possible to comfort them in some

days of wooden ships with flush-gun and spar-decks, to secure comparatively easy transportation of men injured in action to a central sick bay where they could receive every needed surgical attention. With the old ships the surgical staff was a unit exercising its functions in a circumscribed sphere, but its work was brought before it. Now the wounded must be sought in a honey-comb of steel, each cell containing its



CONTAGIOUS WARD, UPPER DECK AFT, AMBULANCE SHIP "SOLACE."

quota of workers, separated from their fellows by the protective decks and watertight doors of the modern battle-ship. These compartments had to remain closed in time of action, and the wounded could no more be moved from where they fell than surgeons could move freely through a ship to offer their skilled relief. It was also apparent to him that sea fights would be fought at short range and would be bloody. With modern rapid-fire guns all but the heavily armored parts of a vessel would soon be cleared of living occupants, and capital operations during an action would be impossible.

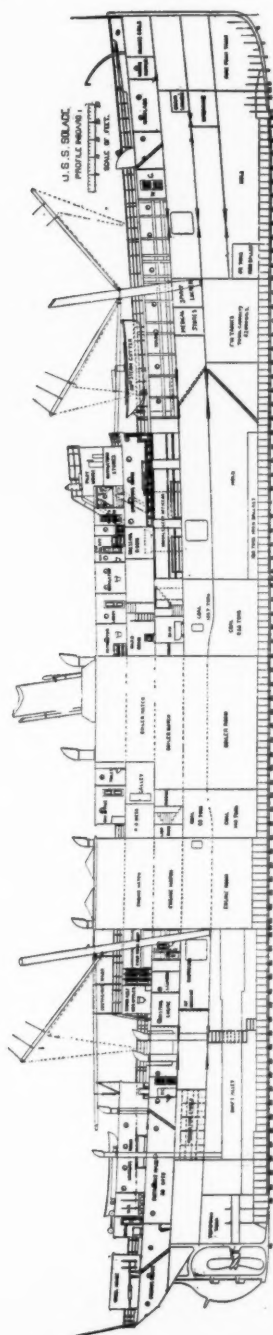
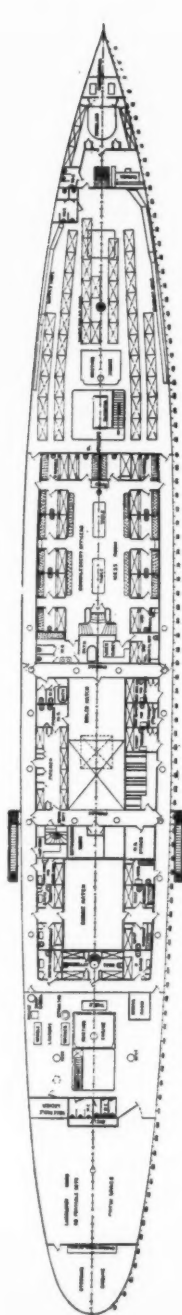
degree, another engagement might quickly follow, and humanity demanded that they should have speedy transfer to a place where they could receive the best of care. The conditions were not dissimilar to that of desperate injuries occurring in a crowded street, and, as in that case, the simple recourse seemed to be the adoption of a marine ambulance system. The project was promptly and thoroughly developed by the surgeon-general, and was as readily approved by the secretary of the navy, and within a few weeks the ambulance ship *Solace*, flying the Red Cross flag, the first vessel of its kind upon any sea, was a reality.



HOSPITAL WARD, MAIN DECK FORWARD, AMBULANCE SHIP "SOLACE."

The *Solace* was formerly the *Cromwell* Line steamer *Creole*, running between New York and New Orleans. The vessel was built in 1896 by the Newport News Ship Building Company and is of steel, 3,801 tons displacement, 375 feet long, 44 feet beam, draws 21 feet, and maintains a continual speed of 16 knots. After purchase, the vessel's name was changed to *Solace*, this distinctive and appropriate name having been selected by the daughter of the secretary of the navy, now a volunteer nurse in the New York Naval Hospital. Comparatively few changes had to be made in the ship to fit her for her novel uses. She was painted white with a distinctive broad green band along her sides, according to Geneva regulations. Her dining saloon was easily transformed into an operating room, provided with aseptic furniture, sterilizers, dressing tables, and every convenience that could be supplied to a hospital on shore for antiseptic surgical work. An elevator large enough to hold a cot takes patients from the operating room

to the wards on the deck below it. Here in row after row double banks of berths, giving accommodation for 180 men, have been built into the ship on the main deck forward, while well aft on the same deck there is an emergency ward containing 100 portable cots, provision having been made for sick and wounded officers in the cabins and state-rooms. All the berths are supplied with woven wire springs and double hair mattresses, sheets, blankets, and Marseilles spreads. The vessel has perfect ventilation throughout and is abundantly equipped with closets and bath-rooms. The upper part of the hurricane-deck aft is enclosed with canvas for use as a contagious disease ward if necessary. Forward and below, 37,000 gallons of fresh water are carried in tanks, as well as 800 tons for the use of the boilers contained in the double bottom. On the engine-room deck is a fully-equipped steam laundry, with drying room and disinfecting chamber, and an ice-machine with cold storage compartments, insuring a continuous supply of fresh food.



MAIN DECK AND PROFILE INBOARD OF HOSPITAL SHIP "SOLACE."

The vessel is heated by steam and lighted by electricity, while powerful blowers and supplementary electrical fans are installed to reduce the temperature of patients in the tropics. The ship also carries powerful steam launches and barges for transferring the sick and wounded at sea.

The high speed of the *Solace* was necessitated by the intention that she should accompany the fastest squadrons in order to be present at an engagement, particularly if it occurred at great distance from naval hospitals. She is in no sense a hospital ship, but her office is to pick up the wounded and rescue the drowning as soon as the combatant vessel can be approached, and then to hurry home with her precious cargo and start again to the scene of action.

Through negotiations conducted by the Swiss government after the war commenced, Spain agreed to respect the neutrality of the *Solace*, and she was admitted to the protection of the Geneva flag, with the right,

however, to display the American ensign over her stern. She is thus the first vessel to receive international recognition and to be regarded the world over as an angel of mercy and a solace to the distressed.

During the first three months of hostilities the vessel has fully confirmed the wisdom of her promoter, having made three trips to the northern hospitals with sick and wounded from Cuban waters. Strangely enough her surgical appliances and resources have been taxed but once, and then, following the destruction of Cervera's squadron, July 3, her good offices were devoted altogether to the succor of the enemy's most sorely mutilated. To her presence immediately after that disastrous conflict is attributable the rescue from death of all the seriously wounded Spaniards whom she brought for convalescence to the Norfolk Naval Hospital, and in that manner she fully vindicated her noble mission as a ministering angel to friend and foe alike.

PURITAN PRINCIPLES AND THE MODERN WORLD.

I proclaimed a fast there at the river Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God to seek of him the right way.—*Esra viii. 21.*

[September 4.]

NO people can ever safely forget or neglect the source of their loftiest inspirations. We shall appreciate our destiny only as we first appreciate our beginnings. The roots of the American republic are bedded deeply in the soil of Puritanism. Were some of our ancestors Scotch? They were Scotch Puritans. Were others Dutch? They came here with the principles which so powerfully influenced the Pilgrims in Holland. Were still others English? In so far as their work was vital and enduring they were men of the same spirit and temper as those who a little later in England fought at Marston Moor and Naseby, Worcester and Dunbar. Others may sneer at Puritanism, but for an American to do so is like a son desecrating the

home in which he was born and the memory of the parents by whom he was trained.

What were the distinctive principles of Puritanism? They were the following:

Every individual has immediate access to God, and in all the affairs of the spirit is responsible to him alone.

As men are responsible to God alone, all are under a sacred obligation to insist on the right and duty of absolute mental freedom, unhindered by dictation from any human authority.

The true church of Christ is composed of all regenerate persons, and all are to be regarded as regenerate who prove their faith by holy character.

As a later though perfectly logical and necessary result of what precedes: all believers have equal rights before God, and when they act together the body of believers may be trusted.

These principles may seem somewhat

abstract and academic, but they made the Puritan Revolution in Great Britain a necessity and the American republic a possibility. Locked in their somewhat rough exterior is the life which thrills in modern liberty, and they suggest with clearness the social state which will prevail when the noblest religious, social, and political ideals have had time to work to their legitimate ends.

What has been the effect of Puritanism on the world? To ask that question is to answer it. It fought the priesthood in the Hebrew times and insisted on genuineness and spirituality. It was personified in John Calvin when he wrought to perfect expression the truth that every individual may come into the immediate presence of God and is responsible to him alone. It inspired the Puritan Revolution. It sent the Pilgrims to Plymouth. It made this nation a republic, and has dominated the whole British Empire, so that the Union Jack stands for a liberty quite as ample as that represented by the Stars and Stripes.

At one time Puritanism seemed synonymous with narrow theology, bigotry, witch-burning, sanctimoniousness, spiritual despotism. That was because its principles had not had time to work into life and institutions. Freedom of thought is now realized wherever Puritanism is in control. The fact that men are responsible to God alone, and therefore that no earthly sovereign has any divine right, has undermined or limited every throne in Europe. Puritanism compelled the modern movement in theology, and John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards were its greatest prophets and the lineal theological ancestors of Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks. Puritanism has always insisted on a high standard of character as a prerequisite to public service; that no man should be in the church whose life has not experienced a change so vital as to be called a new birth; that the state is as holy as the church, and therefore that those who minister at its altars should be without taint. Puritanism is a spirit, but a spirit which has always found expression in

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men and institutions—and what men and institutions have sprung into being at its touch! There were all the heroes of the Puritan Revolution in England—Hampden, Pym, Sir Harry Vane, John Howe and John Owen, Milton, the seer and prophet as well as the poet of the Commonwealth, and Cromwell, the kingliest soul that ever ruled Great Britain. In later days there have been such men as Bright in Parliament, Gordon in the field, Dale, Maclaren, and Spurgeon in the pulpit, and Robert Browning among the poets.

The history of America in large part is either the history of Puritanism or of those who were made great by its ideals. Ideally this republic rests on these four cornerstones: the right and privilege of the individual to come into the immediate presence of God; absolute freedom in all matters of religion; righteousness of character essential to public service; and the universal brotherhood of man. These truths have commanded the loyalty of the best men in our churches; they have inspired our noblest preachers; they thrill in the music of poets like Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow; they are recognized by so many of our politicians as have learned that the state was made for man and not man for the state. The most beneficent and enduring elements in the political, social, literary, religious life of the world for two hundred years either have been the expression of the Puritan spirit or from it have received inspiration. And this leads now to a more important inquiry.

[*September 11.*]

Is there any serious demand in the modern world for that which is essential in the principles of Puritanism? Before that question can be intelligently answered we must have some accurate ideas about this modern world. It has great excellencies; has it any serious perils? I shall limit the field of observation to our own country. He who knows the dominant forces in any one civilized nation practically knows those of all. Four facts meet every student of the history of our country and of our time.

There is a wide-spread and growing tendency toward the effacement of the feeling of individual responsibility to God. The everlasting obligation of men to choose right, and their moral peril if they refuse, is not as vivid as it should be. Thomas Carlyle said that the Puritan Revolution was the last of the heroisms. He was wrong. Heroism is the monopoly of no age and no creed, and its source is always in the consciousness of responsibility to God. Cromwell refused to be king because he was not convinced that God had called him to wear a crown. How many vacant chairs there would be in the high places of government if all who have not heard a divine call were to retire from public service! We have Tammany politics, the defeat of arbitration treaties, and juggling with municipal franchises, because God has no place in the plans of those who sit in legislative halls; we have pagan immoralities introduced at banquets, and pagan vice winked at in high places, because a day in which God will judge every man is no longer dreaded; we have monopolies reaching out to embrace and strangle our liberties, because greed of gold and power has blinded men to God.

Another characteristic of our time is a misconception of what is meant by intellectual and spiritual freedom. Liberty of thought is the supreme achievement of modern times. There is no longer any human authority in the realm of religion. Councils, assemblies, states, are all composed of fallible men. No thinking person now accepts any doctrine in science, political economy, or religion solely because it is hallowed by age or has been championed by the great of other times. There is no holy of holies in the realm of truth. The blind can see that the days of authority in all matters of thought are not only numbered but ended. But the pendulum has swung too far. Liberty of thought does not mean freedom to believe a lie; does not mean that there is no authority in truth; does not mean that it is of little importance what men believe; does not mean that one creed is as good as another. And yet this fallacy is growing in our land. Men are asking what

they like to believe, not what they ought to believe. Freedom to think and to express thought is a condition of growth; freedom to think without the consciousness of obligation to accept truth and cling to it forever is a delusion and a peril. That was a wise word of the author of "The Way Out of Agnosticism": "Either we must cease to think, or learn to think more profoundly."

Let us cling to our liberty, but remember that that does not mean freedom to play with sanctities—to seek to revive mysteries which have been dead so long that no one knows when they died; but rather the duty to think, to think hard, to think long; until there shall come a glimpse of the unity in which all things cohere, or until there breaks upon the vision such a revelation as is given only to those who reverently and patiently knock at the door of truth.

A third characteristic of the modern world is a dimming of the lines which separate virtue and vice, right and wrong. This is evident most of all in current social and domestic ideals. The civilization of a nation is always according to its standard of moral purity. Those who reverence and safeguard their homes prosper and endure; those who are fascinated by immoralities sow the seed of their own decay. In these days Puritanism is sneered at in high circles as prudery, and the divorce courts are mills that never cease to grind a baleful grist.

[September 18.]

THERE is yet one more characteristic of our time and our nation which it is painful to state and more painful to be compelled to recognize. We are living in a republic and compelled to witness the defeat of the people. If I were asked, What is the most ominous fact in the life of this country to-day? I should without hesitation answer, The defeat of the people. The fundamental principle of modern civilization is the right of the people to rule; but in this country at least, the people do not rule. Two very simple illustrations will suffice—but they might be indefinitely multiplied.

In a small town the question is merely one of the granting of a franchise to a

trolley company. The people say: "Restrict and safeguard, and let it come;" but outside monopolies, thinking only of dividends, either buy up a council, or procure special legislation and drive through their own schemes without the slightest regard to the wishes of those who own the property, whose homes are invaded, and whose life-purposes are ruined. Thus the people are defeated.

Two great nations, after glaring at each other for more than a century conclude that they have shaken fists long enough, and that they had better clasp hands and prove themselves the brothers that they are in blood, in language, in history, in religion; and the people in both nations lift such a cry of gladness as has not been heard for a quarter of a century. This is the people's business, and they have a right to be heeded. But no; the machinery of government is straightway invoked that prejudice may rule and the people be humiliated and disgraced. Thus government of the people, for the people, and by the people has failed almost before the echoes of Lincoln's oration have died away. I do not speak as a pessimist. It is not pessimism to face facts. Most of our cities are ruled by corrupt oligarchies; most of our states are in the hands of selfish politicians; and international problems, instead of being solved by representatives of the people, are shelved by those who misrepresent them.

These four facts cannot be evaded; they should be honestly and fearlessly faced: Consciousness of individual responsibility to God is dim; playing with everlasting realities is called liberty of thought; the line between right and wrong, purity and vice, is being rubbed out; and the people are systematically and constantly defeated. This is not all there is to modern life, but these are our perils.

What does this modern world need? A revival of Puritanism. Individuals and society should rise to a comprehension of the truth that all men live in the presence of the Almighty, and are responsible to him. What made the Ironsides invincible? They could fight all day because they had

prayed all night. They endured as seeing him who is invisible. On the field of Dunbar Cromwell snatched victory from what had seemed sure defeat. When the sun rose and the enemy fled, he halted his troops and, riding before them, sang, "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered!" God may be realized—that realization makes prophets and heroes. Introduce into our modern life the glad and awful reality that God besets us behind and before; that there is no space in the universe in which any man can hide from him; bring out again the fact of a judgment-seat before which all sometime and somehow must stand, and there will be less trifling with the everlasting sanctities. Those who have seen God will not dare his displeasure. This is what the modern world most needs. Preachers who experience God will have time neither for pyrotechnics nor pantomime; teachers will realize with Thomas Arnold that a life of truthfulness and genuineness is the first and most inspiring of all instruction; and legislators will enter capitals with the humility of those who have received a divine call.

As it brushes away the assumed authority of churches, councils, schools, and all other assemblies of presumptuous and fallible men, Puritanism insists that while there must be perfect freedom of thought, it should be a freedom consistent with the obligation of every man to seek and obey truth. Authority in the hands of fallible men becomes an enormity, but the authority of the truth can be evaded only at peril. Puritans believe something, and believe it with all their hearts. Like Cromwell, they protect others in their beliefs while they are willing to fight and to die for their own. In these days, when the foundations of faith tremble; when the doctrines which once made heroes are being questioned; when foreign cults are coming in like a flood; when the intellectual and spiritual world is in a state of unrest, above all things there should be intellectual honesty and thoroughness; unwillingness to be satisfied with any sham, however ancient or honored; the determination to think every

subject through until truth is found, wherever it may lead—these qualities always have been and always will be the very essence of Puritanism.

[September 25.]

THE lines separating right and wrong, virtue and vice, are growing dim in this modern world. Luxury and effeminacy are taking their places. Literature in great part is becoming mere dirt, a covering of cancers with cloth of gold; the stage has forgotten its Greek dignity and become, largely, a place where vice panders to vice. Let the old Puritans come back once more. They must never again desecrate cathedrals or dare to destroy that which is beautiful in art; but let them with their austere moralities deal with the paganisms, the luxuries, the fashionable vices, the polluted literature, and the brazen effrontery of those who disgrace the stage. Better the time when a man was forbidden to kiss his wife on the Lord's day than a land without any Lord's day; better the abolition of the play than plays which stimulate sensuality; better a solemn face than one blotched with vice. The modern world needs no distortions of Puritanism, but its essential spirit—the spirit which will never compromise with evil, and which is as loyal to purity in the individual, the family, and society as King Arthur was loyal to his knightly vows.

The sad fact which faces all who love their country in these days and in this republic is that in the land of freedom, the land of Washington, of Lincoln, and of Grant, the people for whom the fathers died are either defeated or in peril of defeat. Nothing will give to the American people the realization of their ideals but the political principle for which the Pilgrims stood; namely, the people and the whole people acting together should always be trusted. Above every other truth Puritanism places God the sovereign, and then declares that before that sovereign all men have equal rights. It never asks where a man was born, what is his name, or what is the color of his skin, but insists that the whole people are to be trusted, without regard to

accidents of birth or wealth. This world belongs to all the people. Their voice may not always be the voice of God, but it is nearer to it than any other sound ever heard on the earth. When the people have a chance to speak their convictions they are seldom wrong. Colleges and schools, press and pulpit, ought to unite in a crusade for the deliverance of the people from those who, masquerading in the livery of liberty, are its worst enemies.

The evils of the modern world demand that emphasis once more be strong and clear on the four truths which are the corner-stones of Puritanism:

All men are responsible to God.

All must have freedom of thought, but not liberty to believe error or to do wrong.

The line separating right and wrong is an everlasting one; it is, in the nature of things, a part of the order of the universe.

The whole people, since they have the same father and the same king in the realm of spirit, have the same rights, spiritual, social, religious; and they can be and ought to be trusted.

The Pilgrims to whom John Robinson preached on that memorable day before the *Speedwell* sailed were Puritans. The Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth were Puritans; their children who founded here "a church without a bishop and a state without a king" were Puritans. The principles which have given us our right to be called a Christian nation were derived from the Puritans; most of our colleges were founded by Puritans; our school system came from the Puritans; our ideals are all Puritan. These ideals will become realities, and the American nation worthy to possess its privileges and possibilities, only as we are loyal to the principles and the spirit which were the inspiration of our fathers. Our hope is not in Puritanism in its narrowness and with its bigotries, but in its larger spirit, which reveres God and seeks his will, which owns no authority but truth, which believes in righteousness and does right, and always and everywhere trusts the people.—*Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of First Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J.*

THE MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE.
AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY ELSEY HAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SPY ER THE GOVER'MENT.

DIANA'S road lay, for the most part, through quiet, shady woodlands, along which her horse made such good speed that a little after one o'clock she reined him in before old Job Spiker's door. The house was closed and deserted. "They have all gone to the funeral," she said to herself, and after a moment's hesitation turned into the bridle-path leading down into the Cut. She knew, from her former visit, that the way to Bill's house lay in that direction, and did not doubt that she would either soon find it or come upon some one who could show her the way. Nor was she disappointed, for at the first turning of the path, on rounding a ledge of rock that had obstructed her view, she descried old Spiker with two other men in the road just ahead of her. She hastened to overtake them and was surprised at the cold, sullen manner in which they returned her greeting, old Spiker himself barely vouchsafing her a grunt of recognition, while the other two, Tol and a stranger whom she had never seen, maintained a sullen silence.

If their manner caused her any anxiety, she was too wise to show it, and proceeded at once to make known the friendly object of her visit, as the best means of removing any misapprehension they might have been under regarding her.

"I have just heard of the death of Veriny's baby," she began, without seeming to notice their ill humor, "and I am trying to find my way to her house, to carry her some little things," pointing to the package at her saddle-bow, "that I thought she might need. I suppose you are on your way there too, so I will go along with you, if you don't mind."

Then followed a series of questions and

answers as to the cause of the baby's death, which old Spiker attributed to "fits," though it was clear to Diana, from the symptoms he described, that the poor little creature had been the victim of improper feeding. During the conversation Job and his son became more communicative, and their ill humor gradually subsided, but the stranger lagged behind and maintained a dogged silence, till, on reaching a wild path leading through the brushwood, he whispered something to Tol and disappeared in the thicket.

"Who is that man?" asked Diana, following the sinister figure with a distrustful eye.

The two men looked embarrassed. Tol pretended not to hear, and it was only after she had repeated the question that old Spiker replied, between two successive discharges of tobacco juice,

"That tharr? Hit ain't nobody but Kid Harper."

Here was an opportunity to broach her mission, and she took advantage of the opening to say, in a tone of gentle remonstrance,

"I am sorry to see you in such bad company, Mr. Spiker. It is Kid Harper that has been selling whisky to the people down in the valley, and making so much trouble among them, and I am afraid he has come here to try to make you forget your promises to me."

The two men exchanged significant glances.

"Who 'lows Kid's ben a-sellin' of anythin' to anybody?" asked Job surlily.

"Oh, nobody in particular," answered Diana, prudently refraining from calling names, "but I know that some of the men have been drinking very hard, and their poor wives complain bitterly——"

"Wimmin had better keep theerr mouths

shet, or they'll be shet up furr'm," growled Tol, emphasizing the words with a vicious exclamation point of tobacco juice spurted against the rocky wall at their side. "Some of 'em knows a powerful sight too much anyway," he added significantly.

If Diana had known that two United States revenue officers had arrived in the village the evening before, and had been seen to call at Max's office soon after he went down that morning; if she could have guessed that the object of Kid's visit was to warn the moonshiners of the presence of the hated enemy; if she could have divined that he had used every means to excite their suspicions against Max as the instigator of these attentions on the part of the government, and that he had magnified their official visit to him, which was merely for the discharge of some routine business connected with the sale of liquor by the company, into a deep-laid conspiracy on his part against an illegal traffic to which he was known to be strongly opposed, she would have realized that her situation was, to say the least, a very grave one. But while Tol's manner disquieted her, and she began to wish she had not ventured so far, it did not awaken any serious apprehension. She saw, however, that to pursue the subject further would only irritate the mountaineers in their present temper, and had the tact to drop it until some more propitious occasion. She felt, too, that having once been betrayed into a serious economic and ethical blunder in dealing with these people by acting on the hasty, ill-considered impulse of the moment, she would do better to wait and feel her way carefully before making another effort to solve this difficult problem.

Diana felt greatly relieved when a few rods more brought them in sight of Bill Doak's cabin. It was a strange funeral assemblage that she found gathered there, waiting for the messenger to return with the little coffin. Bill and two or three other men monopolized the door-steps, chewing tobacco and spitting as unconcernedly as if the little muffled form on the bed within were a dead calf or a pig. At a

respectful distance from their lords half a dozen swallow-faced women, with the inevitable snuff mop in their mouths, crowded round the bed and seemed to feel a sort of passive satisfaction, their nearest approach to enjoyment, in the occasion which had broken the monotony of their lives by calling them together. Only the poor mother, who sat at the foot of the bed and from time to time silently drew her sleeve across her eyes, brought the tribute of a tear to this melancholy funeral.

Bill and the two new-comers exchanged significant glances as Diana dismounted, and the women stared at her in astonishment, all except Veriny, whose tearful countenance suddenly took on a look of breathless alarm as she recognized her visitor. She advanced a step or two, and seemed eager to speak, but after a furtive glance at Bill she swallowed her words and could offer no other greeting than a burst of hysterical sobs. Diana comforted her as well as she could, and then, taking off her gloves, unrolled her bundle and busied herself arranging a decent burial gown for the poor little body that lay on the bed swathed in some faded calico rags. She was very deft at all kinds of needlework, and always carried scissors and thimble with her on her visits to the poor, so that she might be ready to lend a helping hand whenever occasion required. For scissors, especially, she often had need, as the women were constantly calling on her to show them how to cut and fit their garments, and she had formed the habit, when riding about on horseback, of carrying a small pair of scissors, stuck, for convenience' sake, in the massive coils of her back hair, where they would always be handy, and at the same time not so liable to get misplaced and wound her as they might do if left loose in her pocket.

While Diana was engaged in her work of mercy Max was cantering slowly along the road that led up from the village to his home. He was in no hurry to get there. He dreaded returning to the lonely life his own choice had decreed, and allowed his horse to choose its own gait while he sat

pondering gloomily over the future, wondering if he could ever endure that life again, or if he could ever dare propose the change for which his heart was now longing.

As he reached the point where the Olequa turnpike branched off from the main road, his attention was attracted by a ragged urchin standing in the forks, apparently in doubt which way to go.

"Halloo, my lad, what do you want?" he asked, seeing that the boy appeared to be at a loss.

"I want to fine Mis' Brevvud," answered the boy, with a broad Tennessee drawl.

"And what do you want with her?" continued Max, thinking it was one of Diana's "constituents" wanting help, as usual.

"I want to give herr this heer letter," answered the youthful messenger, glancing with awe at a bit of soiled and crumpled paper that he held tightly clinched in his fingers.

"Well, give it to me, and I will take it to her," said Max, glad to be able to relieve him of his embarrassment so easily.

The boy shook his head.

"Cousin Veriny says I wasn't to let nobody have it but Mis' Brevvud herself," and the dirty fingers clutched their precious charge jealously.

"And who the thunder is cousin Veriny, and who are you?" asked Max, with a feeling of mingled amusement and curiosity.

"I'm Tom Gaddis," answered the boy, half frightened at this emphatic adjuration, "an' cousin Veriny, she's—she's—Mis' Bill Doak, an' he's my paw's cousin."

"Well, come on then, Tom," answered Max good-naturedly, "if you won't trust the letter to me, I'll show you the way to the house, and you can give it to Mrs. Brevard yourself."

The boy hesitated a moment, then answered in his slow mountain drawl, dragging out his *r's* with a tail a yard long to each,

"She ain't tharr. She's done gorn to th' Cut, an' that's jest wherr cousin Veriny didn't aim to have herr come."

"Gone to Job's Cut!" cried Max, with a start. "How do you know that?"

"'Cause whin they tole me up yornder," pointing toward Olequa, "that she had done gorn to town, I wint tharr attter herr, an' Eph Carterr at the storr, wharr she stopped to git some things furr cousin Veriny's baby what's dead, tole me she said she aimed to ride over to th' Cut."

Max now began to feel seriously uneasy. While he did not himself realize the full extent of the danger, he knew that the excitement prevailing among the miners had affected, more or less, all classes of the population. It was plain from the boy's words that Diana's old *protégé* was trying to warn her away from the Cut; if there should be any real danger—and the thought sent a chill to his heart—the letter would explain; he must have it at once.

"I am Mrs. Brevard's husband," he said, turning to Veriny's messenger; "give me the letter, and I will see that she gets it."

Tom still hesitated; he looked this way and that, but when Max spoke authoritatively it was not easy to disobey, and finally, seeing no other alternative, he reluctantly yielded up the precious document. Max threw him a quarter, and hastily unfolding the paper read:

mis brevud doant yu never cum noe mo tha
thins yu air a guvment Spi even the ole man Is sot
agin yu kid dun it oll. Yore frend veRiny doak.

For an instant Max turned white as death. "Great God, if evil should befall her!" he cried, with a sudden realization of all that her life meant to him now; and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed off across country, straight for Dead Man's Mountain.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BUGLE CALL ON THE MOUNTAIN.

IN the meantime, Diana had finished her task of shrouding the little corpse, and the messenger, who had been despatched some hours before to the nearest carpenter, returned with the coffin under his arm. It was a clumsy wooden box, without paint or lining or garniture of any kind. Diana remedied the deficiency as well as she could by spreading a bed of woodfern under the little sleeper and laying some

sprays of the dainty Mitchella on its breast, and then the lid of the coffin was nailed down. One of the men who sat in the doorway with Bill lifted the light burden on his shoulder and the little procession moved on toward the edge of a small field some two hundred yards distant, where a heap of fresh earth marked the site of a new-made grave. The coffin was lowered, and after a little pause two of the men began to shovel in the earth, without a prayer, without a text, without a religious rite of any kind, when Diana stepped forward, and laying her hand on the shovel of the man who stood nearest her, ordered him to stop.

"Will not some one offer a prayer before committing this little body to the dust?" she asked, casting her eyes around the circle.

The men all looked abashed, and glanced at Job, who, as patriarch of the community, seemed the fittest one to undertake the office.

Job had never been inside a church three times in his life, and as he suspected the Deity of harboring an unfriendly feeling toward his favorite traffic, had never encouraged communion with him, and would no more have known how to begin a prayer than a Greek ode. He fumbled uneasily with his hat a moment, and then answered,

"We hain't got no preacher out heer, an' sence ole man Johns'n died tharr ain't nobody in these parts what's got the gift er pra'r."

Diana then stepped quietly to the foot of the grave, and raising her eyes to heaven repeated, in a soft, clear voice:

"Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Then, having offered a short prayer, she stepped back among the women and the clods began to fall again upon the coffin. While the last shovelfuls were being pressed down, the men suddenly paused in their work, and seemed to listen, as if startled by some unwonted sound. Diana had heard nothing, but in the silence that followed her ear caught the dying cadence

of a bugle note, barely audible in the distance. The whole party stood with bated breath until the sound had died away, then turned as by a common impulse and began to retrace their steps the way they had come. But Diana noticed that before they had gone fifty paces the men had all disappeared as if by magic, leaving only women and children behind. As soon as they were out of the way, Veriny, who had avoided her while Bill was present, drew close to her side, and, drying her tears, asked in a hurried whisper,

"What o' heavin's name made you come, Mis' Brevvud? I was afeerd you mought heer of it and come, you was always so good to me; that's why I sent you the message."

"What message?" asked Diana, her secret misgivings not at all relieved by Veriny's manner.

"Why, didn't you git it?" asked Veriny in alarm.

"No," said Diana, with increasing anxiety. "What was it about? Whom did you send it by?"

"Lord help us," ejaculated Veriny, "ef them should 'a got it ez ortn't to! Hit was a letterr I wrote myself—you larnt me how, you know—an' sent by Tommy Gaddis, a warnin' of you not to come to the Cut no morr. They is all sot agin you; they 'lows you air a spy er the gover'ment, an' yorr man is a-settin' up the officers on to 'em. Kid Harper tole 'em so, an' even Uncle Job, which he sot sich store by you at first, ain't clerr in his mind what to believe."

"Your uncle ought to have better sense than to listen to a bad man like Kid," said Diana, somewhat relieved by the hope that she might yet set things right with the old man. "I'll stop at his house on my way home and talk to him."

"No, don't you do nothin' o' the sort," said Veriny, seizing her by the arm and hurrying her forward, "they ain't none of 'em in no fit to be talked to now. They's naterally mistrustful, anyways, of all them what disfavors therr business, an' Kid has got 'em all so sot agin yorr man, which

he 'lows he air a agent o' the gover'ment, that I wouldn't like to answer for what mought happen ef they was to git a chainece to attact him unbekownst."

Diana's cheek blanched at these words. Dangerous as her situation now appeared, she was glad she had risked it, since what she had learned might be the means of averting harm from Max, perhaps even of saving his life.

"I don't say as they air aimin' to do anythin' agin you now," continued Veriny, hastening to bring her communication to a close, lest she should excite the suspicion of her neighbors by talking too long with Diana, "but they mistrusts you, Mis' Brevvud, an' when ourr men mistrusts of anybody, that person had better keep outer therr way. You heern that hornn what blowed whilst we was yornder at the grave?" and poor Veriny's tears began to flow afresh.

Diana nodded an affirmation, and Veriny, hastily drying her eyes, went on in a tone that implied more than her words expressed:

"Well, that's a sign they's seed sumpen 'spishious, an' hit'll draw the men togother from one end er Job's Cut ter t'other, an' my advice is, Mis' Brevvud, an' I mean it furr the frien'liest, that you won't stay heer narry minute longer 'n you kin help."

Something in Veriny's manner convinced Diana that she had better act upon her advice, and that as speedily as possible. They had now reached the cabin, where she had left her horse hitched to a sapling before the door, and springing into the saddle, she loosened the rein and called for her dog. But Carlo did not answer. She had left him playing with some boys in Veriny's yard; the good-natured creature always made friends with the children wherever he went, and was a welcome playmate at every cottage, but never before had he been known to wander off beyond the reach of his mistress' voice. The children declared that he had followed them to the grave, and there wandered off, they could not, or would not, tell where, so Diana was fain to content herself with the hope that he had gone on ahead of her, as he knew

the way home, and taking her cue from Veriny's warning eye, she bid a hasty farewell to the little group around the cabin door, and set out on her lonely ride homeward.

She proceeded rather slowly at first, so as not to excite suspicion in case her movements were watched, and it was not until she had passed old Spiker's that she quickened her pace as much as the broken nature of the ground would permit. She had proceeded but a few paces when she perceived a horseman pushing his way up the path in front of her, and what was her horror when a sudden opening in the brushwood revealed her husband!

"In the name of heaven, what brought you here?" she cried, dashing forward and seizing hold of his reins in her excitement. "Do you know the danger you are in?"

"Better than you do," he answered quietly, as he handed her Veriny's note.

"This is not the worst," she said, glancing hurriedly over the paper as they rode on down the narrow path together. "Your life may be in danger; are you armed?"

He answered by tapping the butt of the pistol in his breast pocket. She then related hurriedly all that had just taken place, including Veriny's disclosures. When she mentioned the circumstance of the bugle call and the sudden disappearance of the men, Max's face became very grave, and he placed his finger on the lock of his pistol. Diana shuddered at the act, and the thought that he had faced this terrible danger for her sake carried with it just then more of bitterness than of sweetness.

"Oh, if you only had not come!" she cried, forgetting in a moment all her proud resolutions and looking up at him with a face full of white, tearless agony. He looked down at her with a smile, but before he could speak, the words he was about to utter seemed to freeze on his lips, and seizing her by the bridle hand, he checked her horse and quickly threw his own in front of her. The thrill that shot through her veins at his touch was changed the next moment to a chill of horror as she discovered the cause of his sudden movement.

They had now reached the wildest, loneliest part of the road, where it ran through a rift in a projecting wall of rock that towered in front of them, forming a natural gateway barely wide enough for a single horseman to pass. As they approached this point, a pair of stout hickory poles were suddenly thrust across the opening by unseen hands from the other side, effectually barring further progress. Max raised his pistol and scanned with eagle glance the rocks in front of him, ready to fell the first living thing that ventured to stir among them.

But the enemy were too cunning for that. The unerring accuracy of his aim was well known, and the bravest among them dared not trust himself within reach of his ball. Besides, they were so accustomed to habits of stealth and secrecy in carrying on their nefarious traffic that they felt an instinctive preference for such methods, and would have liked to accomplish their purpose, if possible, without the noise and blare of firearms. Accordingly, no enemy appeared in front, but while Max's attention was directed to that quarter, the arm that held his weapon was suddenly seized by two masked men from behind. Their attempt was foiled for an instant by Diana, who, maddened at the sight of her husband's danger, raised her whip and brought it down with all her might across the eyes of the nearest assailant, inflicting a blinding lash that made him reel backward and roar with pain. By a prompt and dexterous movement, Max succeeded in shaking off the other ruffian, and shot him through the breast, but before he could cock his pistol again, nine masked men rushed from their hiding-place and set upon him at once. He goaded his horse, and the animal, by its plunging, enabled him to free himself long enough to fell two more of his assailants with the butt end of his pistol. But the conflict was too unequal to last long; in another instant the weapon was wrenched from his hand by a powerful ruffian, and husband and wife were dragged from their horses and held as prisoners in the hands of the outlaws.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAW OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Max continued to make a desperate resistance, even after he was dragged from his horse, but the odds were too great, and he was soon overpowered and bound fast, with his arms pinioned behind him. Then, when he saw that further resistance was useless, he submitted to his own fate without a word, but condescended to make an appeal in behalf of his wife, assuring their captors of the mistake they were under regarding her and conjuring them, whatever their complaint against him, not to commit the injustice of holding her in any way responsible for it—an injustice of which he, alas! was but too well aware. But the outlaws were too much exasperated by the death of their comrade and the wounds from which some of them were still smarting to hear a word from his slayer, and a coarse voice, that Diana thought sounded like Tol Spiker's, responded with an invitation to "shet up an' go to h—l," while the ringleader of the gang, whose giant frame could belong to no other than Kid Harper, raised a piece of rope that he held in his hand and struck the prisoner on the mouth.

Max's every feature blazed with fury at the dastardly insult, but with a bitter sense of his utter helplessness he pressed his teeth together and resigned himself with stoic fortitude to his fate.

Not so Diana. She had looked on in silent anguish while Max was being bound; she had felt the hands of the ruffians seize her without a quiver, but when that dastardly blow was given she burst from the men who were holding her and sprang toward Kid like a tigress.

"Coward! I know you," she cried, brandishing her arms helplessly, as the guards caught her by the waist and dragged her back. "I know you, Kid Harper; yes, and I know you all," she went on excitedly, scanning with a piercing eye each of the masked band in turn, "I know you, Tol Spiker, and you, Bill Doak," pointing at each as she called his name, "and you, Job Spiker, whose gray hairs ought to be better employed than in murderous work like this.

Your masks do not hide you from me, and more than that, they do not hide you from Almighty God, who will surely call you to account for this day's work."

She was too much agitated to realize the imprudence of her words. The law of the mountain had never been applied to one of her sex before, and if Max could have been captured alone she would probably not have been molested. With one or two exceptions, like Bill Doak, whose stock of rustic vices had been enlarged by association with the worst element in the towns and villages, the mountaineers were not wantonly cruel, and the boldest of them would willingly have escaped the responsibility of administering "justice" upon a woman, but there could be no hesitation now; it was no longer a question of mere justice, but of self-preservation.

"You always knowed a pow'ful sight morr'n was good for you," growled Bill Doak, stepping up to her with a rope in his hand, "but dead men tell no tales, nurr dead wimmin nuther. Hold out them paws o' yours and lemme give 'em a parr er brace-lits."

"Would you bind the hands that have just been raised in prayer over the grave of your dead baby?" she said, crossing her hands and offering them unresistingly. "Take care, lest the spirit of your own child rise up in judgment against you."

Brute as he was, Bill wavered. He was a father, after all, and the vision of that little shrouded form rose before him and stayed his hand in the act. Though he knew little of God and cared as little for man, he harbored, like most of his class, a vague belief in "hants" and "sperrets" that served him at times in lieu of a conscience, and it seemed to him, as he met Diana's steadfast gaze, that those sad, reproachful eyes would be forever staring at him out of the darkness of the future if he did not get from under their spell.

With a sneer at Bill's weakness, Kid Harper gathered up the rope that had fallen from his hand and advanced defiantly toward Diana.

"Stop! let her be," suddenly interposed

the voice of old Job, as Kid was proceeding to execute his self-imposed office. "She ain't nothin' but a woman, an' 'tain't no use tyin' of herr han's."

Ah, Job Spiker, you are not the first man that has made the mistake of counting too much on the weakness of a woman.

"But wimmin has got long tongues," replied Kid sullenly.

"Never mind, she kin chatter ez much ez she likes in Tanner's Hole," answered another of the gang jocosely. "The walls tharr ain't got no yerrs, an' she wouldn't be likely to tarr 'em down, ef she'd a hunderd han's."

Tanner's Hole! The words fell with a horrible suggestiveness upon the ears of the captives. Tanner was the name of the missing revenue officer, whose fate they were now doubtless to share, by being murdered in some secret hole and never heard of again.

Meanwhile, the murderers, having placed their dead comrade on one of the horses and the fellow whom Diana's lash had blinded on the other, led their prisoners back up the path which they had just descended. On reaching the spot where the road turned into the gorge at old Spiker's, a short whispered consultation was held by the outlaws, of which the prisoners overheard just enough to make out that they were discussing the disposition of the horses. The frequent recurrence of the words "drowned" and "river" seemed to portend a watery grave for the poor beasts. To a different suggestion made by somebody, of which "losin' of 'em" and "cave" were the only audible portions, something about "therr tracks" was objected, and the final injunction to do "jes' like you done with the dog," as two of the gang led the horses off in a different direction, left their owners still unable to do more than conjecture darkly what was to be the fate of their noble animals.

Leaving their dead and wounded at Job's cabin, which appeared still as deserted as Diana had found it, the rest of the gang, reduced now to five, and two of them much the worse for the battering Max had given

them with the butt of his pistol, turned off with their prisoners into a steep and narrow trail leading down into the Cut, and so encumbered with brushwood and boulders that it was scarcely discernible, even to a practiced eye. This they followed for more than a mile, keeping along the first "bench" of the mountain, as the lower terrace is called in native parlance, and not descending to the bottom of the gorge till they reached a point where the bed of a wet-weather rill made a natural break in the precipice, by which they could make their way down with comparative ease.

During all this time Diana had not been idle. As soon as she recovered from her first shock of surprise and horror sufficiently to collect her thoughts a little, she was not slow to perceive and to use the advantage the enemy had given her in leaving her hands free. Though she believed that death was inevitable, she determined to leave, if possible, some clue by which their fate might be discovered and avenged. Accordingly, pretending to be too fatigued to keep up with the rest, she was suffered to lag a little behind, where she felt that her actions would not be observed by any but the two guards deputed to watch her. As it happened, she watched them a little more closely than they watched her, and soon found an opportunity to snag her skirt on a bush and leave a shred of it there. A little further on, under pretense of adjusting her hat, she managed to loosen one of the feathers so that a puff of wind or a sudden jerk of her head would dislodge it and send it floating away on its tell-tale errand. Thus she contrived, in one way or another, to scatter silent witnesses all along the path that she felt only too surely was leading to her grave.

After proceeding along the bottom of the gorge for half a mile or more, the murderers halted at last before a narrow opening at the foot of the precipice, that looked like the mouth of a cave. This the prisoners felt was to be their tomb, and turned to take a last look at the beautiful world they were leaving before darkness closed around them forever. As they did so, their eyes

met, and Max read in Diana's such a look of passionate, yearning pity that he turned hastily away lest the sight should unman him. Diana misinterpreted the action, and darker than the shadow of death came over her the thought that even here, on the brink of eternity, he still rejected her love.

CHAPTER XVI.

TANNER'S HOLE.

THE long summer day was drawing to a close. In the valley it was already dusk, and envious clouds had settled upon the overhanging mountain walls, shutting out from the doomed pair the last vestige of the joyous sunlight they thought never to see again. Max was very weary, for it was no easy task to toil along those mountain paths, even with unfettered limbs, and the ropes on his wrists were drawn so tight that they cut into his flesh, producing the keenest agony. But he knew that it would be worse than useless to complain, and bore his sufferings with stoical fortitude.

The assassins paused at the mouth of the cave only long enough to provide themselves with torches, and then the captives were led into their tomb. The entrance was so cramped that they had to proceed at first in a stooping posture, one by one, but it soon expanded into a spacious chamber, whose confines were lost in the darkness. As they advanced the ground became very irregular, being in many places as rugged and broken as the mountain paths by which they had come. There were no glittering crystals nor shining stalactite columns to relieve the eye and break the monotonous waste of blackness that the feeble torchlight revealed. Fragments of rock that seemed to have fallen from the roof while the cave was forming lay scattered on the ground, but these were all bare, or covered only with a coating of slime and mold. Nature had not touched the place with a loving hand, but had left all in naked ugliness, a scene of gloom and horror fit for the tragedy about to be enacted there.

The prisoners were led on and on through this horror of darkness until it seemed to them they must have gone for miles,

when all at once the dark waters of a subterranean river gleamed before them in the torchlight. Immediately it occurred to them that here was the end of their long funeral march, and they were to find a secret grave beneath these Stygian waters, but when they saw their captors launch a rotten old boat that was moored to the shore, and prepare to cross the stream, a horrible suspicion came into the mind of each that perhaps they were not to be murdered outright, but left in this dreadful place to die of hunger and misery. As this thought shaped itself in Diana's mind, the idea of leaving some clue by which their steps might be traced assumed a new and terrible importance.

She had not been idle since entering the cave, where her maneuvers were greatly favored by the darkness. Near the mouth she had dropped one of her gloves; a few rods further on its fellow was left, and then in succession every article that could be detached from her person without attracting attention was furtively torn away and cast at intervals along their route. The assassins, in searching the prisoners, had left their money and valuables untouched, but had taken from them everything that might serve as a weapon of defense or a means of escape. Diana's riding-whip, Max's pistol, pocket-knife, spurs, and cigar case, with the matches it contained, were carefully guarded and finally thrown into the river as the best means of disposing of them. Evidently plunder was not the object of these men. One rascal had fingered Max's watch wistfully, but was ordered by old Spiker to replace it, with the laconic reminder that "them things would blab." The scissors that Diana carried in her back hair had, happily, been overlooked, and a spool of cotton and a thimble found in her pocket were not thought worth removing.

But that spool of thread Diana now found occasion to turn to good account. The boat was so small that it was not deemed prudent to trust more than three persons in it at once, and Diana was sent over first with two men, one of whom remained to guard her, while the other went back with the boat.

The guard was so much interested in watching the movements of his comrades that he did not pay very strict attention to his charge, and seating herself on a stone as if to rest, Diana contrived, without attracting his notice, to draw the spool of thread from her pocket and make one end of it fast to a little projection of the rock upon which she was sitting. When they resumed their march she let the spool run until only a few coils of thread still remained unwound, and then dropped it quietly and carefully by a curious, turtle-shaped stone, the outlines of which fixed themselves firmly in her mind.

A little further on they halted for the last time, and the prisoners saw themselves, with a thrill of horror, on the brink of a small, round opening in the earth, like a well, some eight or ten feet in diameter, and how deep, they could not tell. This they knew instinctively was "Tanner's Hole," and here, living or dead, they felt sure they were to be entombed.

Their worst fears were soon realized, for the murderers led Max to the edge of the pit and two of the strongest took hold of the end of the rope with which he was bound, with the evident intention of lowering him into it. At this sight Diana's fortitude gave way, and falling on her knees before the masked figure of old Spiker, she began to plead piteously for the sharp mercy of an instant death. But her prayer was interrupted by a rude hand clapped suddenly and tightly over her lips, and she was forced to look on in silence while Max was swung over the edge of the pit. He was very pale as he went down into the darkness; the bravest heart might well quail at the prospect of such a fate as this, but he uttered not a word, and he was powerless to move hand or foot.

The executors of the unwritten law of the mountain next turned their attention to Diana, and passing a cord under her arms, quickly let her down to share Max's living grave. She made no resistance now; she offered no prayer, nor had she any wish to escape her doom. When she saw Max disappear in the depths of the pit, that dark

hole became all the world to her, and she would not have saved herself then if she could. Passive, helpless, stunned, she suffered herself to be lowered without a struggle, and sank, half fainting, at her husband's side. For an instant the red torches flared above them, then vanished, leaving only a

faint glow visible over the pit's black mouth. By degrees this, too, disappeared, as the murderers hastened away from the scene of their crime, and darkness closed upon the helpless victims, darkness so intense that it seemed to encase them like a solid and oppress them with its weight.

(To be concluded.)

THE WOMEN OF MEXICO.

BY MARILLA ADAMS.

MEXICO, so near in miles, is yet so far removed in ways and customs from her northern neighbors, that one can scarcely imagine they are only separated by a small river and a boundary line.

Immediately on entering the country you note the change, and it would be pardonable if you thought you had, by some magic means, been suddenly landed in the Orient instead of simply being on a visit to your next-door neighbor.

When you enter the tropical homes of Mexico you will find the hostess receives you after a different code of etiquette from that to which you have been accustomed. But with all she is extremely polite and cordial. A Mexican, no matter where encountered, at home or on the street, has always time to be polite. How could it be otherwise? Politeness and smooth words are logical sequences of the Spanish language. A stiff or formal greeting would not be in harmony with the words pronounced. A Mexican woman will tell you that "she serves you," "she will be pleased to see you in your house," and when you enter her home she will say, "you are in your house"; not her house, but yours; also that everything she has is yours. Of course you are not expected to take the words literally.

A foreigner is inclined to accuse these people of deceit. Polite phrases, with little depth of meaning, have become part of their nature through many generations of Latin ancestors. When your hostess receives you she will first embrace you, kissing one cheek and then the other, and then will shake

hands with you. It is not a real handshake, but rather the placing of your hand in her's. I would not advise the man who said "he always chose his friends from the manner in which they shook his hand," to follow this rule too closely in Mexico. This elaborate method is not confined to the home. It is the same on the street, in public, anywhere; nor is it so with women only. Among men it is the same, usually minus the kisses, but I have seen men kiss also.

I have been told that in former times no gentleman was allowed to touch a lady's hand or to walk with her on the street, unless he was of very near kin, not even if his head were hoary with age; but that day is past and it seems to me they have gone to the other extreme, for they shake hands every time they meet, no matter how often that may be. In the public market square, one day, I met two ladies, relatives of the person with whom I was in company. I shook hands twelve times and received twenty-four kisses from each within the space of one hour. This may be an extreme case but it goes to show to what extent the custom may be carried. And when you come to say adieu, it is not the simple good-by but the same ceremony is gone through with which was used at the time of meeting, and possibly repeated two or three times before the actual separation, and a little phrase is added which, when translated, means: "Go, and may God go with you!"

In the family the children always kiss the parent's hand. I have seen them kiss the cheek but much oftener the hand. An in-

fant, as soon as it knows anything, will hold up its little lips ready to kiss the parental hand. This custom is never forgotten, but followed through life. I have seen men whose hair is tinged with gray kiss the father's and mother's hand when leaving the house, if only for an hour.

I have found in Mexico that respect for parents is one of the first principles taught the child, but as a rule the mother has not her children under her control, though I think this is caused more from lack of firmness on her part than from anything else. She is usually mild and gentle, taking life in an easy-going manner. You will hear it said that the wealthy live only for dissipation, that there is no honor among the men, and the women are unhappy. While there may be exceptions of this nature they are only exceptions and not the rule. The men are as worthy of being called gentlemen here as elsewhere, and I believe the women are happier in their way, for they have few cares. They are not worried with the servant question, the poorest families having two or three servants who are willing and obedient slaves. They do not impose on themselves the same amount of social duties as do their English speaking sisters, nor have they rushed into the business arena.

The chief concern of the Mexican girl is that she may be favored with a desirable husband. As convents and nuns do not have any place in Mexico, and she has not been taught that it is possible to become self-dependent, she realizes that she must remain under the parental roof until taken from thence as a wife. Is it any wonder, when her mind is not burdened with the cares of the world or the household, that she should turn to love's young dream? And with her it must be but a dream until she wakes to find herself a wife; for until she is married her future lord and master is all but a stranger to her. She seldom sees him alone, and then but through a grated window, and the term of courtship, so dear to the American girl, is unknown to her.

Her adorer is not admitted within the portals until he has interviewed the father,

expressed his intentions, and been accepted. He only sees her at stated intervals and always in the presence of her mother, who has ever a vigilant eye upon her daughter. In this way are they permitted to exchange the pleasant nothings of the love-making period. He begins by watching his love from afar, as she passes in the street; then in the long evening hours he passes like a sentinel on guard before her window, when she happens to have one on the street. At night the ardent lover may be seen standing before the window, while his lady is seated on the floor behind the iron bars which separate them. If she is not there, he still stands late into the night and sings of her and his love. If he were an American he would think he was having a hard time of it, but the Mexican is happy and contented, it is the custom of his people. But once married, however, he has it all his own way, for the wife believes she must take the marriage service literally, to love, honor, and obey him, which she does. She exercises little mind and will of her own, his wish is her will. She must never express any opinion differing from his. She is all devotion, either through love or fear. The crowning act, to my mind, is to see the wife kiss the husband's hand, at the same time partly rising from her seat.

There are no divorces in Mexico, but a forty years' legal separation is granted. The law of Mexico does not acknowledge a marriage by the church, and a civil marriage is all that is required by law, and as the Catholic church recognizes only those knots that have been tied by the deputies of heaven, and as all Mexicans are good Catholics, especially the women, two ceremonies are always necessary, the civil and the ecclesiastical. They also think it necessary to be photographed in their wedding attire immediately after the church ceremony.

In the larger cities, among the wealthy, the daily routine amongst women is this: They rise early, partaking of a light *desayuno* (breakfast) consisting of either chocolate or coffee; they then attend mass (a gentleman told me that an aunt of his had attended mass every day for eighty-four

years); on returning from mass they serve *almuerzo*, which consists of meat, beans, eggs, etc.; then follows the shopping hour, from ten till noon, and home to dinner which is followed by an early siesta, the careless lounge in the library or boudoir, or, with some, a sound sleep in bed; after this the afternoon cup of chocolate. Toward dusk the coach is ordered and, in the city of Mexico, an hour or so is spent driving on the Paseo de la Reforma, a beautiful wide boulevard lined on either side with trees and statues of the country's departed heroes. It is about two miles long, leading from the city to the palace of Chapultepec, the "White House" of Mexico and site of the ancient palace of Montezuma. This is the time when the young men avail themselves of the opportunity to gaze upon their lady-loves, as they pass to and fro. The return home is always made by way of San Francisco Street. It may take an hour to go a few blocks, but no matter, that is the beaten path, they are in no hurry, supper will not be served until nine or ten. This meal in many families is quite the same as dinner, but there is no fixed rule. Every family is a law unto itself. It is said a Mexican never does anything in a hurry, and I would add, except one thing, and that is talk. The meal usually covers from two to three hours. Thus the day and evening are spent, save when the family may attend the theater or opera. Once in a great while a large party, ball, or dinner is given to intimate friends, rarely business or casual acquaintances being invited. The home is not made the place of promiscuous gatherings, for policy's sake.

The birthday passes by unnoticed but when the Saint's day comes around there is great feasting and rejoicing. Friends send presents and greetings, and all take a holi-

day. The larger the family the better, for it means more saints to honor, as each member has his or her particular saint.

In interior towns a great deal of visiting is indulged in at all hours, but mostly in the afternoon. From four to six the ladies have arisen from their afternoon siesta and are sipping their chocolate from a teaspoon and talking very rapidly, but in a mild and even tone peculiar to the soft and musical language of Castile. When a lady makes her calls a servant usually accompanies her and attends to her wants. When she passes out into the street she wears no hat, but always her *reboso*, and if it is midday she takes her parasol. The *reboso*, which is as necessary as any part of her wardrobe, varies in length from one yard to four, and in value from twenty-five or fifty cents to as many dollars. The smallest tot has it and manages it with wonderful dexterity. One end is placed over the left shoulder, passing around the back and over the right shoulder, then with a quick movement of the right hand the end is gracefully tossed over the left shoulder. If it is a little cold it is sometimes put over the head, but always over the nose and mouth, both men and women seeming to be afraid of fresh air.

All the women in Mexico do not spend their time so leisurely as I have described, they are very fond of fancy-work. The beautiful embroidered robes of the bishops and the priests are the work of their hands. I knew ten young women who spent five months on one piece of embroidery for a new bishop who was coming to their city. Some of them do drawn-work and also silver filigree for sale.

You will often see a Mexican lady sitting in the shade of a tree or vine busy with her fancy-work, but always ready to welcome you as the country does all strangers.

HOW TO PREVENT THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TOUGH.

BY WILLIAM FUTHEY GIBBONS.

THE Boys' Industrial Association is a club, regularly chartered by the courts of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, consisting of some seven hundred young men and boys, recruited mainly from among the slate pickers in the coal-breakers of Wilkes Barre. Newsboys, bootblacks, messenger boys, and cash-boys are also welcomed to membership in the club. Any boy who works for his living may join, whether black or white, Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant. Clubs modeled after the same plan of organization have been either started or projected in Erie, Buffalo, Williamsport, Binghamton, Scranton, Plymouth, and elsewhere.

The B. I. A. is a growth. It was founded

The organization in the beginning consisted of forty-six boys who were attracted to the rooms by a magic lantern exhibition given for their benefit. The boys expressed a willingness to be taught and a night-school was started, which grew rapidly in numbers. When these quarters were outgrown, a room in the Y. M. C. A. was offered. Following this the club met in an empty storeroom. When all ordinary bounds had been passed, the city council granted the free use of the fourth floor of the Municipal Building, the present quarters of the club.

According to its charter, the B. I. A. has for its object, "To educate boys . . . in habits of industry, economy, and morality, and to provide for their training in trades



A GROUP OF B. I. A. BOYS AND THEIR TEACHER.

March 17, 1891, by Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer, wife of Hon. Henry W. Palmer, late attorney-general of Pennsylvania, in the rooms of the Y. W. C. T. U. of Wilkes Barre. The following compact is signed by all who are willing to do so, but the boys are not compelled to sign even this pledge in order to become members:

F—Sept.

"Realizing that the object of this society is for my benefit physically, mentally, and morally, I, on my part, promise to refrain from all that will hinder and to do all that will help toward the attainment of that perfect manhood, the true type of which was given to the world in the character of Jesus Christ."

At first the method pursued was merely to provide a pleasant evening's entertainment to a number of uncared-for boys. Since then a large percentage of the boys have been persuaded to attend night-schools, which are taught by teachers of the B. I. A. under the direction of City Superintendent Coughlin. Some form of simple entertainment is provided in the clubroom every

Saturday evening. During this entertainment the leader or some invited speaker instructs the boys in manners and morals. Patriotism, civics, and good citizenship are also taught. A very important part of the work is the temperance teaching.

The work is carried on along several lines. The boys themselves have founded a senior and four junior debating clubs, a glee-club, a dramatic club, and a history club. Two drum-corps make the inhabitants of different sections of the city aware of their existence. But the best and most lasting work of the association is done in the manual training schools.

The Boys' Industrial Association is a privileged organization in the community where it was born. The unrestrained exuberance with which the boys celebrated their advent into the City Hall by ringing up all the departments of the city government, was forgiven as lightly by the officials as the offense had been committed by the

boys themselves. The officers of the various departments could afford to run on fool's errands for one night in the year when seven hundred boys walk the streets all the rest of the year, not as the natural enemies of "de cop" but as his allies in the preservation of law and order.

"What in thunder's the matter wid yous messengers to-night?" The big policeman on duty in the City Hall block asked the question with provoking calmness. "D'you think the night watchman and the scrub-woman's got up a riot?"

"Ain't His Nibbs in?" panted the messenger, indicating the mayor's office with his thumb for lack of breath.

"Can't you see it's dark? You ain't blind, are you, as we

as dumb?" The policeman hugged himself in undisguised enjoyment of his joke.

"Aw, Phelan, you needn't git gamey. This here's the second call that's come to the desk in the last ten minutes, an' this was a regular hurry-up."

"They're all hurry-up's to-night," chuckled the officer. "Don't you see they're makin' fools o' yous? I've turned back the telegraph boy, the ambulance, the jail, the police headquarters, an' now you're the second district messenger. I'm expectin' a general alarm to ring up the fire department next. Aw, you needn't git huffy! You ought to read the newspapers."

"What's His Honor doin' anyhow? He don't generally practice us at night."

"'Tain't His Honor, you stone-walled ijjut! It's the B. I. A. Don't you see them lights in the top story? The boys own the buildin' to-night an' from the way they're workin' the wires an' gettin' yous fools hot they think they own the town too. They've got onto the 'lectric buttons in great shape, hey, Tom?"

It must not be supposed that all the



WHERE SOME OF THE B. I. A.'S WORK



B. I. A. PIN.

members of the B. I. A. were incorrigibles. On the contrary many of them have proved themselves to be truly noble fellows. Some of them are the support of widowed mothers or invalid fathers. Indeed the only condition of membership which is insisted upon is that the boys who belong to the association shall be working boys. But the peculiar dangers and temptations which surround the breaker boys and the newsboys are such as to make them especially liable to become hardened, reckless, and brutal. The temptations of the city streets are well known, but the moral dangers of the breaker are even greater. Scores of boys are often employed in a single breaker, under the direction of a "breaker boss," whose power may be almost as despotic as the overseer of the rice fields in slavery days. Any stoppage of the machinery sets the boys loose without restraint to indulge in rough or cruel sport. Every gang of breaker boys is tyrannized over by one of their own number, who is the "terror" or "bully" of the breaker. Every new boy must fight for his position in the gang or submit to endless nagging. The very posture in which they work, doubled over the chutes on a long, straggling staircase structure, invites interference with personal rights and bodily comfort, and makes retaliation almost impossible. The only way that the injured party can get even with the world, without inciting the wrath of the breaker boss, is to inflict an injury upon his neighbor ahead.

The atmosphere of the breaker is particularly unhealthy. The lungs of the slate pickers become so loaded with the sharp, glass-like fragments of coal dirt that a peculiar form of consumption, known as

miners' asthma, or anthracosis, very often claims its victims before they have reached manhood. The moral atmosphere is not less dangerous than the physical. For what reason then are these growing boys subjected to so much hardship and so great moral risk? For sixty cents a day. In the coal regions men are plenty and cheap. The supply, both foreign and domestic, but especially foreign, far exceeds the demand.



BREAKER BOYS OF THE B. I. A.

But the boy is at a premium. He may be barely old enough to go to work under the factory laws. There is but one inspector to the district, and the parents' memories are often conveniently treacherous in regard to the age of the boy. He may be so small that his dinner pail drags on the snow as he trudges to his work. But into the breaker he must go. He may be the only, the frail support of the family. His father, weakened by the same sort of burdens

borne in his youth, may now be prematurely disabled. Or the father may have been killed by a fall of roof in the mines; such casualties are common. Or it may be that the father is put on "half shift" because he works for himself, while the boy must work over time because he works for the company.

It was because of cases like these that the B. I. A. was organized. Every new movement centers in some individual, and this work is preeminently the work of one woman. The boys appreciate her efforts fully. They call her "the queen." The name was given at the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee, at the end of a talk about the queen's jewels. The pledge cards, signed by the boys, had been strung together for the occasion, and during her speech Mrs. Palmer threw this necklace of cards about her shoulders, arms, and head, until she stood almost covered by their pledges. The boys were delighted with the spectacle and ever since she has been to them their queen.

At first the queen attempted nothing more than to provide some innocent amusement for the hundreds of grimy little toilers who seldom see the light and who never seemed to smile. So she laid hands on any one she could get to talk, read, sing, play, draw, act, or in any manner amuse the boys who thronged the rooms. In the beginning it was difficult to find persons who would do this without pay. Now entertainments are offered by individuals or societies and are booked for weeks in advance. As an audience the boys are the most democratic in the world. Woe to the man who is prosy! A few of the older boys may sit in bored resignation, but the majority will lapse from all semblance of attention. Woe also to the man who pretends to be at ease with the audience or who



AT THE FOOT OF THE SHAFT.

feigns a good fellowship with it which he does not feel! They will hoot at his jokes and laugh at his pathos. But for the speaker who understands the boy and who feels what he says, they are the most appreciative listeners in the world. The man who has not heard the B. I. A. give what they call the "glad hand" and punctuate their applause by a six-hundred-boy-power whistle, has yet to taste the sweetest rewards of oratory.

While the membership of the society has been growing, the interest of the public in the boys has been growing too. Seven hundred boys cannot be hidden under a bushel. The newspapers have printed pages of good copy concerning the doings of the organization. And no wonder, for the boys are always doing something unique, parading on Thanksgiving Day, dedicating a public drinking fountain, or acting a play. Public-spirited citizens, recognizing the value of the work that is being done, have contributed liberally to the support of the

club. A prominent saloon-keeper of the city, with an offer of \$100, sent a letter in which he thanked God that "somebody was teaching the boys to become better men than bar-keepers."



ENTRANCE TO DRIFT MINES.



AN IMPROVISED DRUM-CORPS OF THE B. I. A.

Many helpers have been found in the work. One of them enlisted after the following experience: A bright young newspaper man found himself short of a quarter of a column of squibs one afternoon just before the paper went to press; so he wrote a paragraph in which he said, "I see some forty newsboys just outside the office window, not one of whom is smoking. What is the matter with the boys, are they saving money to buy bicycles, or has the millennium struck the town?" Next day an unsigned letter came to the office with the printed paragraph pasted on the top of the sheet and the single line written below, "Ask the boys." The reporter forgot all about the letter until he tumbled over the same crowd the next afternoon on his way into the office to file the last installment of copy on an important assignment. When he was at liberty he filled his cigarette case and went out to the curbstone. But not a single cigarette could he persuade the boys to take. "What's the matter with you boys, anyhow?" he asked, somewhat chagrined that his offers were declined. "We're all right! We belong to the B. I. A."

This may serve to show that the boys keep their pledges. They are not required to sign any pledge in order to become members. The variety of creeds and nationalities represented would make it impossible to require this as a condition of membership, even if it were thought best that such a condition should be required. But while formal adherence to the pledge which contains the name of Christ is not required of Jew or Gentile, the spirit of the Great Teacher pervades all the various departments of work and instruction. The association was five years old before the temperance pledge was introduced. If it had been pressed at the beginning it was felt that some would have been driven off, while others would have signed their names thoughtlessly and violated the pledge with equal indifference. As it was, the boys had been prepared to take the step, fully realizing its solemnity. Some five hundred of them have pledged themselves against drink, and many have added the promise not to use tobacco or to swear.

The public meetings are never oppressively solemn, even when the various

pledges are being signed. On one occasion a number of new boys came forward to sign. "Joblots" was among them. (What boy whose real name was Joblowski could expect to escape nicknaming, especially when he worked in a sweat shop on cheap pants?) The unaccustomed task of writing their names had been duly performed in spite of much teasing on the part of Mike Mulherrin. To shield poor Joblots, the queen asked Mike why he had come forward.

"Oh, I'm steerin' de gang."

"But you haven't signed the pledge yet yourself, have you, Mike?"

"Aw! why should I sign de pledge? Don't I work in de Keeley Cure?"

"Why, Mike, I thought you picked slate in the Kenyon Colliery."

"So he does," two or three voices called out. "He's just guyin' you. He picks slate beside me in the breaker."

"Then what does this mean about the Keeley Cure, Mike?"

"It's what de men call de mine. When you gets your envelope on pay-day, after de company store takes out de store bill, dere ain't enough left to get drunk on."

A careful record is kept of these pledges, the books being called by the boys themselves "the drunk book," "the swearing book," and "the smoking book." The boys help each other to hold their places in these books. A red-faced, perspiring youngster, who had been vainly struggling to drive a neighbor's goat from the lot occupied by the family washing, spied a fellow member of the B. I. A. sauntering, cool and comfortable, along the dusty depths of Spider Alley.

"Hi, there! Say, Tony! Aw, say, can't you help a feller? Jump over de fence and help me get dis fool goat out of de garden, or I'll lose me place off de swearin' book."

The popular meetings of the club are its Saturday night entertainments. Such gatherings as these are! Mass-meetings, every one of them. Some one has said that a sardine in its box is a hermit in his cell when compared with a B. I. A. boy on a crowded night. Especially are the meetings well attended about Christmas. It has been the custom to give the boys a Christmas treat every year; but not at Christmas time, because so many of the



B. I. A. BOYS PICKING SLATE IN A COAL-BREAKER.

members have to work in the evenings during the holidays that a full meeting could not be secured. The treat comes along some time in January, but the exact date no one knows, for there would not be room enough in the whole four floors of the City Hall to hold the boys who would gather if the date were announced. They are used to surprises by the companies they work for, since nobody knows when pay-day will come until the pay-car is run in on the switch. The Christmas treat consists of a bag of candy and popcorn. These are always given when the boys enter the room, not because the gift is worth fighting for, but because the habit of the strong to prey upon the weak is so fixed in some of the boys that there must be no temptation thrown in their way to encourage violence.

One of the pleasantest features shown has been the sturdy loyalty of the boys to each other, to the club, and above all, to the queen. Somehow the candidate is made to feel, when he becomes a member of the society, that better things are expected of a B. I. A. boy than of ordinary mortals; and so, even though he should be "dead tough" when he joins, a marked improvement is always to be looked for. Sometimes the old members feel it necessary to drive this idea into his mind with the fist; but it always reaches his brain through some avenue. Hank the Hoodlum required several demonstrations before he could fully comprehend the genus of the club. Hank was an Ishmaelite who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "King of the Sheet Iron Gang." Most "homeless waifs" are imaginary, even in great cities, but this boy actually lived in flesh and blood without home, family, or friends, and joined the B. I. A.

"I understood all about workin' the Sunday-school game," he said to the queen

a year after he had joined the club, "for clothes, free grub, free excursions, an' free ice cream, but up at the B. I. A. the Sunday-school racket wouldn't work."

Not long after he had joined, a sympathetic assistant in the B. I. A. happened to be coming down from Glen Summit on her wheel. As she passed Whisky Bend about sunset she was compelled to dismount by a crowd of boys from Kenyon Colliery, who had blocked the road. Some sort



COAL CAR ASCENDING FROM A SLOPE MINE.

of a scuffle was in progress. Timidly hesitating, she discovered at length a B. I. A. boy in the crowd and called him to her. Although greatly embarrassed, he finally admitted that the disturbance was caused by the members of the society who were punishing Hank the Hoodlum. Two or three of the Sheet Iron Gang happened to be within call, but these were merely restrained by being held down on the

ground without hurting them, while Hank was being thoroughly disciplined.

The sympathetic young woman found her voice at length. "Don't, boys," she cried, in an agony of distress, "you'll hurt him."

"Naw, we ain't hurtin' him."

"It'll do him good."

"It's jist what he needs fer his consti-tootion."

"We're only thumpin' him."

"Jim, you take her around the Bend an' explain it to her. It ain't fittin' fer her to see. You're no good anyhow in a row, with yer one arm."

But the sympathizer, who had by this time recognized so many of her protégés that she was no longer afraid, and being a young woman of more than ordinary ability to command in an emergency of this kind, marched immediately to the center of hostilities, freed the captives, rescued the alleged criminal from punishment, reversed the decision of the court-martial, and opened the case for a judicial hearing. To her great surprise Hank would say nothing in his own defense. He was not exactly sullen, but seemed ashamed, and soon disappeared with his followers. The latter, on being released, were disposed to fight, until Hank gave the peremptory order, "Come on, yous fellows, take a sneak."

The excitement being over, the sympathizer would have collapsed. But little Mike Mulherren called out from the edge of the crowd, "Don't yez feel bad, Miss Helen. Jim, you tell her how 'twas. Come on, the rist o' yez; I'm fer home."

One-armed Jim Cook shuffled awkwardly with his patched shoes in the cinder path as though his feet would like to follow the rest of the boys; but seeing the distress of the tender-hearted young woman he began his apology for the conduct of his fellow members:

"Now don't you cry, Miss Helen. We're sorry you come along just now; but what you saw was all right. Do you mind me, it was all right. You see Hank was nabbed for stealin' strawberries last night out of old Hookie's patch. He didn't ought to

do it. 'Tenny rate, he might know that Hookie would ketch him. Most all of us has tried it when we wasn't members, an' got pulled in. So we thought we'd pay the costs; for Hookie always lets you off, only he makes you pay for more berries than the hull crop. So we went to the mayor's office, an' His Nibs didn't say nothin' about sendin' Hank up, but give him one of his new style sentences. You know he's been sendin' the Saturday night drunks up to the mission or to the House of Industry. So he said to the Hoodlum, after he'd give him the straight tip that he mustn't do it again or he'd send him to the reformatory, 'I sentence you to go to the B. I. A. manual trainin' school an' the Saturday night meetin's for a month.' An' the Hoodlum, like a brass monkey, laughed right out loud an' said, 'Why, holy cat, I'm a member of the B. I. A.!' Now Hank didn't ought to do that. After we'd gone down into our jeans for the costs, too! What'll His Honor think of the society? Talkin' about the B. I. A. as though it was just a common gang! As though we didn't have no principles, or no ritual, or nothin'! It ain't straight. The boys told the Hoodlum so to-day, kind an' nice—just as the queen says—an' he was uppish. You see, he knew he had the Sheet Iron Gang back of him. But that cuts no ice! This ain't no common row—one gang fightin' another. The boys didn't hurt the rest of the gang; they just put in their time on Hank. The Sheet Iron Gang can't buck up against the B. I. A. It'll get broke up, that's what. An' we're the boys to do it. So don't you worry, Miss Helen. Hank knows now all I've told you. An' he'll come 'round all right to the meetin's. It's done him good. You'll see."

Hank did come around all right, coming into the club some weeks later through the window of the storeroom, where the meetings were then held, by the special invitation of the leader. But he had not been suddenly converted. He came and came again, although "fired out" afterward for flagrant violation of the rules, by the boys in charge. He remained a veritable savage

still at heart, until at last the love that hopeth all things in spite of often baffled hopes touched his heart. One of the assistants devoted herself to him; gave up social engagements that she might meet him in her own home; taught him patiently; loved him into loveliness and goodness.

Why must so many cases like his end sadly? Poor Hank! He was crushed in the mines long afterward by a runaway trip of cars and lingered through weeks and months of agony. But you may ask the nurses in the Wilkes Barre Hospital if you are in doubt whether Hank the Hoodlum, or Henry McElduff, as his name reads on the register, was a Christian.

But the boys who are helped by the club do not all die. There are some seven hundred of them still alive, and it would not be delicate to tell their names or what they have done. Some of them hold important positions in business houses; some are doing successful work in shops; some are in technical schools; one is studying to be a rabbi; one, at least, for the Protestant ministry; while a multitude have received

an uplift toward good citizenship and purer morals which will never lose its force.

There are now several members of the club who have grown beyond the school age, when the organization is most helpful. But they have not deserted the club. They are still useful in the Saturday night meetings as leaders and monitors. If there should be any failure in the program they are pledged to be ready to provide entertainment; if there should be any disturbance in the audience they must promptly suppress the offender. Each of these older boys is a veteran to whom the young recruits look up as a model, whose duty, like that of Private Mulvaney, whose pardon and that of his friend Mr. Kipling I most humbly beseech for the parody, is to teach the new boy to "Stand by the pledge; honor the queen; act like a man; keep clean."

Is the work a lasting one? Perhaps it is too early to answer that question yet. The testing time will come when the work passes beyond the personal stage and must be taken up by new hands. But for seven years it has grown and deepened steadily.

THE FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN OF KOREA.

BY JOHN W. HARDWICK.

SINCE 1873, when the present king came upon the throne of Korea, that country has been distracted by the strife and jealousy of two rival factions, one headed by the late Queen Min Yi and the other by the late Tai Won Kun—father of the king—the prince parent, or national grand duke, as he was called, who was regent during his son's minority and surrendered his power with great reluctance, only in submission to superior force. He died recently at a great age, supposed to be nearly ninety, but possessed extraordinary mental and physical vigor, and a cunning vindictiveness and bloodthirsty disposition that made him a terror to his son and to the entire people. He was not only personally ambitious, but was a religious fanatic, with great influence among the priests. He kept

himself in power for many years by playing upon the superstitions of the people, and by the free exercise of poison, the dagger, and other means of assassination. His villainy was so comprehensive as to command admiration as well as fear, for there was nothing in the category of crimes of which he had not been guilty, but his relation to the sacred person of the king protected him from punishment. He was the foe of progress and modern ideas, and hatred of foreigners was one of the chief articles in his creed.

The late Queen Min Yi was a character equally remarkable in her way. She has been called the ablest woman in Asia, and, considering her environment, her lack of education, and the restraints which the customs of Korea throw around women,

she showed more intelligence and ability and for twenty years or more exercised greater influence than any man in the kingdom. Her zeal for the advancement of her race was genuine and was often displayed in a patriotic manner, but at the same time she was guilty of atrocious crimes and filled the offices of the government with her numerous kindred, known as the "Ming" clan. They were corrupt beyond comparison. They plundered the treasury, persecuted the people, and exercised the most unscrupulous tyranny, but at the same time it was due to her encouragement and their liberalism that the Hermit Kingdom was opened to foreigners. She protected and assisted the missionaries, and although she never adopted the Christian

faith herself, it was well known throughout the court that she encouraged her subjects to accept it. Queen Min was on intimate terms with several ladies of the foreign colony in Seoul, from whom she acquired her foreign ideas. Mrs. Waeber, the German wife of the Russian minister, was her closest friend and familiar companion. Dr. Anne E. Bunker, of the Presbyterian mission, was her physician, and enjoyed her familiar acquaintance. Mrs. Underwood, another missionary, was a frequent visitor to the palace. Dr. Bunker, in a communication to a missionary paper, described her first meeting with the queen in one of the buildings of the palace several years ago.

The queen, beautifully dressed in silk gauze skirts, with strings of pearls in her raven locks, a lady short of stature, with white skin, black eyes, and black hair, greeted me most pleasantly. She had on no enormous head-dress, but only her own glistening locks twisted in a most becoming knot low down on her neck. She wears on the top of her forehead her Korean insignia of rank. All the ladies of the no-

bility wear a similar decoration, but of inferior quality and workmanship. To me the face of the queen, especially when she smiles, is full of beauty. She is a superior woman, and she impressed one as having a strong will and great force of character, with much kindness of heart. I have always received

the kindest words and treatment from her and I have much admiration and great respect for her. After first asking if I were well, how old I was, how my parents were, if I had brothers and sisters, and how they were, she proceeded to tell me that they had been told by Dr. Allen of my arrival in Korea, that she was much pleased at my coming and hoped I would like the country. All of this conversation was carried on through an interpreter who stood, with his body bent double, back of a door where he could hear, but not see.

Prince Min, who had been standing by, now had a chair brought for me, and I noticed that back of her majesty there was a foreign couch. The queen, telling me to be seated, sat down on this couch, and then came the



MIN VI.
The Late Queen of Korea.

medical part of the interview.

I had noticed that two gentlemen had seated themselves when the queen sat, and when I got up to leave they, with her majesty, rose and returned my bows.

Prince Min conducted me back to the waiting-room and there I waited for Dr. Allen, who was having an audience with his majesty. When he returned I learned from him that both the king and crown prince had been present during my interview. I was very glad that I had not known who the gentlemen were, for I fear my composure would not have been even such as it was.

The influence of the queen upon her husband was all-powerful. He is a weak man, and was a puppet in her hands. Whatever he might promise his ministers or the members of the diplomatic corps at Seoul was always subject to her ratification, and although she never appeared in public, because that is forbidden by Korean etiquette, those who had business of importance subject to the king's decision showed wisdom when they submitted their propositions in advance to her majesty through some of the

officials of the household or members of her family who had access to her presence. It is said that she was very corrupt, that her influence was always for sale on one side or another, but her friends deny these accusations, and explain that the bribes that were placed in the hands of the intermediaries never reached her majesty. It was, however, the popular impression in the East that, like the empress regent of China, she could at any time be induced to use her influence for any object if a proper price was paid.

There was a popular impression also among those who had business with the government that when the king gave audience to his ministers, to members of the diplomatic corps, or to others, his royal con-

sort was always standing back of a curtain that fell behind the throne, and her voice was frequently heard, like that of a prompter at the opera, suggesting the replies of his majesty to propositions that were submitted to him.

Min Yi was blessed with only one son, born in 1873, within one year after her marriage, and about the time her husband ascended the throne. He is now the crown prince of Korea, and the heir apparent, but is a weakling in body and mind. In 1882, when he was only nine years old, he was married to the daughter of Jun, a noble of high rank. The king has another son, born of a concubine in 1869, a bright young man of strong character and stubborn will, who is now in Washington pursuing his education in English and modern sciences. He is the candidate of the anti-Ming faction for the throne, the king having the power to select his own successor, and there has been a bitter rivalry between the partisans of the two young men, in which the queen was deeply involved. One of the most serious charges against her was that she several times conspired for the death of the rival to her beloved offspring, and it became necessary to send him to Japan to protect him from her jealousy. He spent several years in the latter country, and from there came to the United States.

The assassination of Queen Min Yi was attempted in 1882 and 1884. During a revolution in the latter year she, the crown prince, and his wife were for several weeks supposed to have been killed, but they managed to escape by the aid of Colonel Hong, an army officer employed at the palace, and a faithful maid servant suffered vicarious assassination to preserve the life of her mistress, while the latter, in the garments of her devoted attendant, escaped the knives of the murderers.

During the struggle for the control of Korean affairs between Russia and Japan after the late Chinese war, the queen took the side of the Russians. She cherished the hereditary hatred of her race for the Japanese, who had twice conquered them, and therefore the Japanese were determined



LI HSI.
The King of Korea.



CHEMULPO, AN IMPORTANT SEAPORT OF KOREA.

to remove her, as an enemy to their interests. Viscount Miura, the Japanese minister, entered into a conspiracy with Tai Won Kun, the prince parent, and some of his supporters, the guards were withdrawn from the palace, and about daylight on the morning of the 8th of October, 1895, a mob surrounded the royal residence. A Japanese *soshi* (as a class of political adventurers is called) named Boku Sen, twenty-six years old, entered the queen's apartments with a mob of Japanese soldiers and Korean ruffians, killed Yi Kyong-jik, minister of the household, and Ko Kei-kun, the queen's chamberlain, who attempted to resist them, dragged the queen by the hair from her bed into the corridor, stabbed her several times with their swords, wrapped her lifeless and bleeding body in her bed-

ding, carried it to a grove of trees, jammed it into a barrel, which was filled with fagots and other inflammable material, saturated the contents with kerosene, and applied a match. The entire body was consumed with the exception of two finger-bones, which seemed to have fallen into the ashes and escaped the flames. The ashes were afterward carefully gathered up and pre-

served by the queen's attendants, and a low tablet was erected to mark the place of her cremation.

The young crown princess was dragged about by her hair, beaten with swords, and thrown down stairs, where she was afterward found insensible. Four handmaids of the queen were brutally murdered; Li Hsi, the king, concealed himself from fear, and was not injured, nor is it believed that there was any inten-



PRIME MINISTER KIM HONG CHIP OF KOREA.

tion to injure him, because his weak nature is well understood, and the authors of the conspiracy realized that he would be a pliable instrument in their hands if they could once get rid of his strong-minded consort.

Tai Won Kun was escorted to the palace by a guard of Japanese soldiers, and installed in power without consulting the king, who still remained in concealment. The prince parent formed a cabinet of his fellow conspirators in a few hours, but none of the foreign representa-

tives would recognize the authority of the assassins except Viscount Miura, the Japanese minister, and he was almost immediately recalled to Tokyo, tried and acquitted, as the official announcement puts it, "because sufficient proofs were not produced to show that the murder of the queen was planned by him, or executed by men obeying his orders."

While there was no direct evidence that Viscount Miura planned or ordered the assassination, it was perfectly clear that he instigated and directed the conspiracy, which was for the purpose of preventing any further interference by her majesty with the plans of the Japanese government for Korea. In order to protect that government from responsibility for this atrocious crime the verdict as given above was ordered, but its significance and the facts in the case were so well understood that Viscount Miura was convicted in the eyes of the public. For a long time it was hoped that the queen had escaped from the assassins as she did in



FINANCE MINISTER SHIM SANG HUN OF KOREA.

1884, and it is evident that the conspirators feared that such was the case, for an edict was issued by Tai Won Kun as prime minister, deposing her from the throne, and degrading her in the most extraordinary manner.

For a wonder the king refused to sign this document. He had the courage to say that he would rather his ministers would cut off his hands than do so and all the members of the diplomatic corps except the Japanese minister refused to accept it as authentic. Dr.

Allen, the American minister, returned his copy to the minister of foreign affairs, with a note comprising a single sentence: "I cannot recognize this decree as coming from his majesty."

A few days later Tai Won Kun attempted to compel the king to take a new queen and the daughter of one of the conspirators was selected, for him. But again and for the second time in his life his majesty showed some independence, in which he was supported by the Russian minister and other members of the diplomatic corps, who formally protested against the proceedings on the ground that the royal laws of Korea prevented the marriage of a widowed king until a year of mourning had elapsed.

Finally the old villain was overthrown, the government was reorganized under the joint protection of Japan and Russia, and a year later the queen, who was so brutally slaughtered, was officially elevated in rank second only to the gods, and the government conferred upon her the posthumous title of "Guileless, Reverential, and Virtu-

ous." A temple called "The Accomplishment of Virtue" was erected to her memory, and a tablet upon which her virtues are described was placed upon the altar to be worshiped by the people. A magnificent tomb was erected to contain her dust, and called "The Solemn Sepulcher," and a commission of twenty-two officials and scholars of the highest rank was appointed to write her biography and compose a eulogy that should be placed among the archives of the government. But it was not until November, 1897, more than two years after her death, that her funeral obsequies were celebrated.

There were two reasons for this delay: first, the disturbed condition of the country and the fears of the king's advisers lest any attempt to glorify the murdered queen might excite a disturbance among the

Japanese and the adherents of Tai Won Kun; and, second, because the location of the tomb was pronounced unlucky by the geomancers. This was a matter of the gravest importance. In Korea, if the dead are not comfortable, if they are not pleased with their burial-places, their spirits are apt to make it unpleasant for those who are responsible. Hence the greatest care is exercised in this particular, and it is customary for people to select sites for

their own graves before they need them. The influence of the geomancers extends from the king to the humblest of his subjects, and illustrates the cunning and simplicity which are combined in the Korean character. These professional oracles are consulted on all occasions by all sorts of people. The king never thinks of doing anything without first asking their opinion. They are more important to him than legal advisers are to railways and other corporations that employ them, and they are at-

tached to all the departments of the government. At the same time they are notoriously corrupt, and their advice is always influenced by the payment of money. If any one desires to obtain a favor from the king, he usually endeavors to secure the good offices of the geomancer who is likely to be consulted, and the amount of the bribe corresponds to the importance of the matter. While the geomancer pretends to consult the spirits and observe the movements of the stars, his client knows that it is the money that governs his action. Nevertheless when the client is required to perform some important official act, he consults the same old humbug who has been bribed by some one else to influence his decision, and he is perfectly aware of the fact.

In the meantime the remains of her



A KOREAN BAND.

majesty, a handful of dust and two little charred finger-bones, were placed in the temple called "The Accomplishment of Virtue," within the grounds of the new palace called Kyeng-Wun, built in the foreign part of the city, while the king was an inmate of the Russian legation. This new palace is a collection of low, detached buildings, surrounded by a high wall, and adjoining the grounds of the Russian and English legations, which can be reached through gates that are always open, so that



CONFUCIAN TEMPLE IN KOREA.

the king can fly for refuge to either in case he is threatened with danger from his own people. Within the wall is a barracks which shelters a small guard of Korean soldiers, drilled and commanded by officers of the Russian army. The dwellings of the king and his companions are heavily thatched, one-story structures of the best Korean workmanship, with the woodwork elaborately carved and painted; the partitions are sliding screens of light wood filled in with tissue paper, and the windows are of the same material. There is no furniture except rugs and cushions, for, like all his people, his majesty sits upon the floor except when he occupies the throne.

The 22d of November last was selected months in advance by the court astrologers as the most favorable day for the long-postponed obsequies, and appropriate announcements, which were sent all over the kingdom, brought to Seoul a large attendance of officials and mandarins and men with political hopes and aspirations, besides thousands of common people who were actuated by curiosity. The strangers camped in the streets and market-places, and for two days in advance the route of the procession was lined with good-humored crowds, displaying silk

banners, gay pennants, and silk-covered lanterns, many of them handsomely embroidered, and all of them bearing testimonials to the greatness and the virtues of the dead queen. During the long wait these patient people scarcely left their places for fear of losing them, but passed the time playing games of cards and dom-



A KOREAN GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

inos, cooking their own food in the street, sleeping on the ground with no shelter but their umbrellas, and laughing and chattering like magpies.

At six o'clock one Sunday morning the members of the diplomatic corps, the naval officers from the foreign ships in the harbor of Chemulpo, and the high officials of the government assembled in a temporary pavilion which had been erected across the street from the gate of the palace, and waited two hours in the cold morning air, before the imperial casket was brought

fed to the mourners and their attendants, who wailed in unison at the tops of their voices from time to time at a signal from the master of ceremonies.

The coffin was then removed from the shrine to a small hearse, which carried it through the gates into the street, where a larger catafalque, too large to enter the grounds, was awaiting under an awning. It was built of long beams of handsomely carved wood, laid parallel about two and one half feet apart, and joined to a row of similar cross-beams, upon which a platform



SEOUL, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA.

from the shrine. In the meantime a curious scene was going on within the palace, where the members of the imperial family and the court were paying their tributes to the dead. The casket lay in the temple of "The Accomplishment of Virtue," surrounded by thousands of wax candles and native braziers, upon which incense was burning. There were numerous sacrifices and other more simple but equally significant acts of worship, and in the houses surrounding the shrine were large supplies of native food and sweetmeats, which were

was erected to the height of fifteen or eighteen feet. The whole was covered and draped with brocaded silk of the most gorgeous pattern, festooned with crimson silk cords and metallic trimmings, which gave it an appearance of barbaric splendor. To the ends of each beam were attached loops of thick hempen rope which passed over the shoulders of 222 pall-bearers, who staggered along the streets with their heavy burden but were relieved at frequent intervals by others. There were altogether 1,444 pall-bearers.

The casket, which was made of sandalwood and covered with beautiful brocade, with long silken streamers, was placed in the center of the catafalque, and at each corner was a large red wooden lacquered bowl filled with water, which was spilled if the carriers were unsteady. These bowls were watched by inspectors, each provided with a long red stick and a brass inkstand filled with red ink. If they observed any bearer walking with uneven steps they marked his back with red ink, which was a badge of disgrace, and he was compelled to leave the procession.

The king reviewed the procession from a platform opposite that assigned to the foreign representatives, and with his imbecile son at his side stood placidly while the remains of his wife passed by. He then gave a reception in his pavilion to the foreigners, who were about two hundred in number, including diplomatic representatives, military and naval officers, missionaries, merchants, employees of the government, and visitors in the city. He then took his place in a sedan-chair, and was carried behind the procession, closely surrounded by a guard of Russian officers and native soldiers, and followed by his ministers in similar chairs.

The procession was a mixture of Asiatic splendor and European civilization, and illustrated the veneer that is being placed upon the native customs by foreign example and instruction. The army and police were clad in European costumes, and carried modern guns. They looked very queer in contrast with the officials and citizens in their gorgeous native dress. There was also a company of cadets in the uniform of the Russian army, and several thousand soldiers. Many of the nobles carried banners and wore gilded wooden swords and carried silk umbrellas, decorated with long streamers of red, yellow, white, and purple. The various clans, guilds, and trade organizations of the city were well represented in odd costumes, and carried flags and banners covered with inscriptions setting forth the virtues of the dead, and there were hundreds of chanting priests and monks. In

the midst of the procession were six life-sized hobby-horses made of bamboo wicker, covered with paper, and painted to look like life. Some of them were harnessed, and others were saddled. These were spirit horses provided for the soul of the queen to ride in her journey to heaven, and they were burned at the grave as soon as the casket was deposited. One would infer that the spirit of her majesty had been in suspense during the two years since her assassination.

Following the horses was a group of grotesque maskers mounted on the backs of ponies. They were dressed in the most hideous costumes, and over their heads were masks five feet in diameter, which were made as repulsive as possible in order to frighten away the evil spirits that might possibly attempt to follow the soul of the queen in her journey to the hereafter. At intervals in the procession were bands of native musicians pounding drums and cymbals.

The march of the procession from the palace to the tomb occupied the entire day, although it was but a few miles into the mountains east of the city. Much of the delay was due to the painful struggle of carrying the enormous catafalque up the steep and slippery hills two thousand feet above the city. It was moved inch by inch, and required four or five hours to make the last half mile of the journey. During this ordeal the king left the procession and took personal charge of the work. Imagine a framework of timber weighing several tons suspended by ropes from the necks of 222 men who were endeavoring to carry it at a level up a rocky incline at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. But the task was accomplished without any mishap to the casket, although it is said that several of the bearers afterward died of exhaustion.

The members of the diplomatic corps and other guests were served with supper during the evening, and each was given a *futon*, or rug, to sleep upon in the furnitureless sheds that had been erected for their accommodation. They lay down without undressing until two o'clock in the morning,

when they were called to witness the last rites to the dead. A sacrifice was first performed in a shrine near the mausoleum, and the imperial guests passed by the casket and offered an obeisance, removing their hats and bowing before the empty shell, striking their foreheads nine times upon the floor. The emperor and his son came last, and their posturings and bowings were many and long continued. Then the casket was lowered into a vault of stone and cement, about five and one half feet deep and ten feet square. The casket was placed in the center and surrounded by handsomely carved and decorated chests containing the personal effects of her late majesty, such as toilet articles, clothing, jewelry, fans, umbrellas, sandals, etc. Other chests contained scrolls upon which were written testimonials in her honor by the wise men of the kingdom. When these objects were placed in position the grave

was carefully filled with sand to within two feet from the top, where a floor of solid granite blocks was then laid. The poor little finger-bones and the ashes of the queen have thus been enclosed in a mass of masonry sixteen feet square and eight feet high.

The ceremonies were not concluded until about ten o'clock, when the foreign representatives again paid their respects to his majesty, and received his thanks for their attendance as an escort of honor and a guard of protection to the remains of his late consort. The procession was again formed, led by the "spirit chair" of her majesty, surrounded by soldiers carrying banners. The king followed, and behind him the guests of honor. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before the palace was reached, and the guests and visitors were released from a long and painful ordeal.

SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY G. M. FIAMINGO.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE society of the United States to-day is a product of European civilization, particularly Anglo-Saxon. And yet in fact it differs quite radically from it. This descent and deviation from descent is no new thing in history. France, in the last years of the Valois dynasty, dominated as she was by religious ideas, and closely bound to Catholicism, had a society which possessed nothing in common with the France that was modified by Richelieu, governed by the house of Bourbon, and secularized by philosophy and free thought.

One might think that the Americans wished to differentiate themselves from their English cousins on account of the odium of the stupid tyranny of George III. and Lord North in the eighteenth century. But it is not so simple as that. The social process which has determined the formation of Yankee society is, on the contrary,

one of the most complex and curious. It may be compared with the development of the shores of the Mediterranean in the earliest ages. At that time this great inland sea, which washes the shores of three continents, received an influx of many unrelated peoples—Iberians, Ligurians, Libyans, Pelasgians, Hittites, and so on. These various nations put together what was best in each of them and what they had derived from experience and positive knowledge. On this base of social and intellectual communism arose a civilization which was greatly superior to the civilizations of the individual societies which had contributed toward establishing it. If it had not been for the peculiar formation of this water basin we should never have had that essentially cosmopolitan civilization which successive generations have elaborated and refined, but which constitutes to-day the foundation of our own. Well, a phenomenon quite like

this is being reproduced in the social formation of the United States. Hither came the Irish, obliged to emigrate before that famous penal code by which England proposed to extirpate papacy in the island. Hither came the French Huguenots and the Catholic Dutch. When Scotland came out of its theological atmosphere in 1695 in order to enter on a commercial career, it invaded the United States. The walls of China are broken now and then, allowing the flight of groups of its population into America. Africa, under the fever of the slave-trade, seemed as though it were to send all its inhabitants to populate North America. And the Spanish element has steadily increased there since the immigrants of the beginning of the sixteenth century.

But the tide of emigration flowed the most strongly with the reaction against the idea of political liberty that characterized the first part of this century. America is indeed a product of European reactionary views, whatever the forms they may have assumed in the last three hundred years. Napoleon, who determined the greatness of England by his policy of exclusiveness, contributed much to the development of the United States. It is at the bottom a great international colony, aggrandized by the spontaneous action of the forces of nature and the human will, free from all autocratic rule. The Anglo-Saxons only began the colonization of the United States. The development and prosperity of the land are due to the efforts of all Europe and a part of Africa. Into that great area all the nations of Europe and many of Asia and Africa were constantly bearing what was best in their civilization. Thus they made common property of their wisdom and culture.

To this multiplicity of peoples and races may perhaps be attributed much of the inventiveness of the Americans. Instructed as they are in the school of the world, they can readily assimilate the knowledge brought to them from so many sources and press on to acquire new positive facts of the same general bearing. Any one who is skeptical of the prodigious social results produced by the strife and amalgamation of races should

compare the enormous progress of New England with those southern states where the foreign element is very small, say three or four per cent. Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and the two Carolinas seem very much like African oases, inhabited by whites and blacks and characterized by genuine Arab or Moslem indifference.

As in the Mediterranean basin in the first ages of civilization the contact and the constant relations of many different people gave rise to a new social state, so in America all the European societies, as well as some Asiatic and some African, are found in intimate and daily communication. So they mutually exercise on one another an active and a passive influence which amalgamates them and tends to fuse them into one homogeneous society. For some peoples this fusion takes place very slowly; with others it is very rapid. In the new society each element loses many of its characteristics, but still succeeds in imposing on the others some of the qualities which were peculiar to that element. Such unification is not only verified by the social institutions of the various societies which now live in one and the same territory, but it often comes about that a single social psychology substitutes itself for the manifold ones and becomes the best product of those that it survives. Such an amalgamation is often quite sudden and violent. The case of the Germans is one in point. The degermanization of the Germans goes on so quickly in the United States that the mother country loses almost immediately all the advantages of the emigration. For this reason the German government has recently approved a law to turn its emigration away from North America.

This new population now forming in the United States, this mixture of all the elements of Europe put into a crucible and liquefying into a single product, is a civilization essentially cosmopolitan, of broad views, without any spirit of intolerance. Every idea of the Old World that arrives there is unified, as it were, in that ambient of liberty and activity. It is something like the change which came over Christianity

when it passed from the restricted atmosphere of Jerusalem into the liberal and cosmopolitan surroundings of Antioch. Roman Catholicism itself has been renewed in this American environment. American Catholicism differentiates itself from European by having laid aside the spirit of exclusiveness and by having united religious sentiment with a true love of liberty. It may be safe to say that among the clergy of Europe no such types of liberals can be found as Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Keane, who are, however, perfect models of Catholic faith. In America, in that struggle of races, of societies, of ideas, all that is small, narrow, petty, exclusive, is cast out, condemned to disappear. The most comprehensive general ideas, the most liberal and truly humanitarian institutions remain. And this is why we do not find existing in America many of the ideas and the prejudices of Europe, while on the other hand new institutions have developed new social conceptions and a mode of life different from that of the Old World.

There is another factor which contributes a peculiar characteristic to American society. In the population of a country the emigrant always represents the most active and energetic element. The emigrant either revolts against political intolerance or against religious tyranny or against the great distress of poverty and the wearisomeness of days without occupation. The figure of the emigrant is that of a person who is aroused to action by the narrowness of his own environment. By expatriating himself he shows himself to be a man of energetic decisions and endowed with the spirit of initiative. It is this type of man that America has recruited from the Old World. He and his comrades form an immense army of volunteers, who are intolerant of every abtaint on personal liberty and who invade America in order to conquer its wealth. The emigrant who crossed the ocean to reach America was an artisan or a peasant. He carried with him an empty purse, but many precious endowments of character. With his enterprising spirit and patient energy he has built colossal cities and estab-

lished great farms. Only half a century ago, De Tocqueville, in his well-known book on America, said that the special and essential characteristic of the America of that day was the curious equality which existed between private fortunes. But while these may have been comparatively equal in De Tocqueville's time, in that same society we now find such colossal fortunes as have never before been chronicled on this planet. They are relatively superior to those of the celebrated Salimberni of Siena in the thirteenth century, to Philpot's, the London ship-owner of Richard II.'s time, or to the Függer's, the famous bankers of Charles V. and Henry VIII. The fact is that throughout the vast territory of the United States a struggle for riches has been going on as intense and tremendous as the most bitter contests of prehistoric times, so well described by Lubbock and Quatrefages. The Napoleonic wars consumed more than three million victims in less than twenty years. But if we could obtain the statistics of those who had succumbed in America in this struggle for fortune and wealth our surprise would be equally as great. Every audacious, energetic, social force which wished to make for itself a new position at any cost had flowed thither. Here then was a contest of athletes, not of ordinary normal men.

To-day the most salient characteristic of the American is his aptitude for "hard work," his wonderful endurance of labor. John Bull works very hard, but for a few hours only, after which he gives himself up to recreation. Uncle Sam works with greater intensity than the Englishman, if that is possible, and for days entire. He eats everything that can strengthen him and make him endure work, even to the abuse of alcoholic stimulants. But he eats in a great hurry and never allows himself any diversion. In America unusual luxury and display are solely the work of woman, who thereby reveals the degree of success attained by her father or husband. This feature of American society may be seen in that part of it which comes to travel in Europe. It is always women alone. The men who travel come only on business or

when worn out by their great exertions or exhausted by the anxieties attending their enterprises. Unable to labor any longer, they give themselves up to recruiting their wasted energy. Most foreigners who visit America for the purpose of studying its manners are led to bewail this engrossing desire to suppress their commercial rival. Endless unrestricted competition is the motto of the American business man. The United States is indeed ignorant of all those institutions and customs which crystallize society in Europe and divide it into castes. Just as in America there exists but one principle and one institution, limitless and constant competition, so each individual always occupies that social position which his intellect and energy can assure him. Under such conditions of social instability no one person can wantonly abuse his power and no one can find himself in a condition to exceed the liberty granted to others.

Bryce has truly said that the owners of the American railways are the great men of America. Whenever they travel it is a royal journey. Governors of states bow before them and legislatures receive them in solemn session. They have the power in their hands to make the fortune of a whole community or to unmake it. Are these real autocrats? Can we call that man an autocrat who after so many years of "hard work" and great fatigue can suddenly be thrown from his newly acquired power by the competition which takes advantage of the mistake of a single moment? If wealth in the New World is available to more persons than it is in Europe the history of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and of many other great enterprises in America, is there to convince us at once of the instability and treacherous nature of these riches. The conditions of economic activity in America are such that he who stops in his wild race for a moment, who shows himself to be hesitating, or who does not immediately assimilate the many new inventions, that one is conquered and overwhelmed by hundreds of rivals. He is ruined beyond recovery.

This unrestrained development of indi-

vidualism, this great audacity, bearing fruit in easy and sudden fortunes, with all the dramatic disasters that attend them, give to the social life of the Yankee an extraordinary elasticity, an almost strange variability. Chicago and St. Louis have been the two grain centers of the country up to the present time. Natural conditions and numerous railway systems have created their commercial monopoly. But in 1896 a group of bankers thought that Kansas City could become a commercial emporium quite as potent as Chicago. Kansas City is indeed in the center of a vast undeveloped basin, which boasts a fertility second to none. It can turn from Chicago a part of its traffic. It has various railroads which unite it with different ports on the Gulf of Mexico. But these were deemed insufficient, and in a few months a new railroad, eight hundred miles in length, was constructed and a new harbor, Port Arthur, established. Port Arthur was at once put in communication with Europe by means of seven or eight lines of steamers, and in less than a year received tens of thousands of inhabitants. Kansas City has increased its population from 80,000 to 250,000 in five years, and is becoming the metropolis of the Southwest. But this elasticity, this variability, is not peculiar to economic activity alone. It is another characteristic of American social life.

The most typical instance of this plasticity of energy was offered by the War of Secession of 1861-65. No one could ever have foreseen that a population exclusively of merchants and agriculturists, which has hardly as many soldiers as it has forts along the Atlantic coast, could have organized and drilled in a few months armies that made one of the most bloody and tremendous campaigns of the century. And this impetus, this courage, was simply taken from the citadels of business and transported to the field of war. The volunteers demanded by the president were furnished at once. Once on foot they carried into the study of military tactics and field maneuvers the same vigor they had shown in the conduct of their private affairs.

They carried into the army that delirium of the exultation of success which animates in America every undertaking. By enrolling themselves they formally declared that they willed to be soldiers, and they succeeded in making themselves soldiers in a very brief time. When the war began the United States had an army of 20,000 soldiers. In three years of war they were able to create an army which could be honorably compared with any army whatsoever of Europe. Two months after the war was ended the army was reduced again to 25,000 men.

For the American a system, a method, does not exist. Only the fact exists, and he subordinates his conduct constantly to this fact. In the face of a rebellion in the Southern States Uncle Sam was able to organize a very powerful army. The rebellion brought to an end, he did not transform his army into a permanent institution of his social existence, as Europe has done. The army is only a means with him to overcome momentary difficulties. Now brought to face the Cuban Revolution and a conflict with Spain, he feels again the need of a strong army and a powerful fleet. Whoever knows the energy and the facile character of the American brain has a right to anticipate extraordinary surprises from the preparations now going on at Key West. But the conflict of the United States with England in the Venezuelan affair and this present conflict with Spain are degenerations from the traditional policy of America, we are told. This phenomenon is at once explained by the influence which the infiltration of European ethnic elements has exercised on the social character of the United States. If America shows to-day a military spirit, a spirit of conquest, the phenomenon is due to the action of the Teutonic element. The Anglo-Saxon character of the nation has been diluted by Teutonic infusions. Still the American mind is animated by too practical a purpose to risk the peril of rash undertakings.

The United States cannot aspire to military expansion, nor be led to an enterprise such as the conquest of Madagascar, or

some other similar wild adventure of the Old World. America needs no colonies and has no desire to get them. America is as little inclined to military expeditions as any country in the world. The recent discussions in the American Senate and Congress have clearly shown that the intervention of the United States in Cuba was not determined by the proposal alone to annex that island. If America is making war on Spain it is, we might say, in order to give vent once more to that strange variable-ness in the affirmation of its seething energy. The society which daily displays so many acts of courage in its economic life is urged to show this courage in its political life. This is the curious psychological phenomenon which is manifested by the people of the United States. America will surprise us by the sudden ease with which, although unprepared, she will show herself strong on the day of the outbreak of the war, and when the war is over, by the rapidity with which she will throw all military machines overboard.

These curious characteristics of American society are the reproduction of sentiments existing in every Yankee heart. In America an individual often tries as many as ten different occupations in order to succeed in making a fortune. When he perceives he has made a miscalculation he changes his course. Failure does not exhaust him. Hence in America you find no trace of the man who has no place in life, the Bohemian so common in Europe. To be sure, the country contains many people who are at times unemployed and in dire want, but that learned proletariat which the sociologists of the Old World consider an accentuated characteristic of society at this end of the nineteenth century does not exist there. Industrial crises arise and many American workmen suffer in consequence, as they do in other lands. But investigations into the condition of the unoccupied portion of the population have revealed a singular feature. In nine cases out of ten it is the ignorant, the unskilled laborer who is idle, especially the laborer whose physical powers have been weakened

by hunger and who is thus unable to endure the severe task so long maintained. American ethics, which defends unbridled individualism with all its egotistical brutality, which does not suffer any check to the most unrestricted liberty of competition, is bound not to have any compassion for these unfortunates, we would think, any more than the Roman nation had for the vanquished gladiator. And yet no country possesses so many rich charitable institutions as America, and in them are sheltered an enormous number of European paupers. Certainly this curious society is an organism which is continually elaborating and shaping itself.

Every day new elements are added to the mass. There is already much discussion about the advisability of excluding from it those elements which injure its fiber, as the Chinese and the ignorant of all European countries. But in that republic where the freest interpretation of the principles that France affirmed in 1789 leaves individual competition entirely without control, a competition which necessarily eliminates all the

weak and helpless, it is safe to say that the question will take care of itself. Already certain results are seen in the matter of the relative increase of blacks and whites. Though the birth-rate is much higher among the negroes than it is among the whites the negro population barely increases absolutely. Such a death-rate shows how violent and overwhelming is the process of selection in American society. This process maintains a genuine aristocracy, an aristocracy not of political privileges, nor titles, nor birth, but an aristocracy which might be called an oligarchy, the few born in any social station you please, who, by their courage, intellect, and audacity, rise superior to the mass of the population. This aristocracy is the soul of American society. Renewed and reinvigorated constantly, it constitutes the directing class in the United States. To this class is due that economic development which compels admiration and that plasticity of activity and energy which produces a living, audacious, social organism, the while preserving among its citizens a true and outspoken equality.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

IN discussing Scottish characteristics there are some advantages in being piloted by one who is himself a Scot. Now such a keen observer as Max O'Rell, if he were exposing some of the weaknesses of the Scottish character, might be charged with prejudice, if it were only such as a foreigner might unconsciously bear about with him. But I may speak of my own countrymen the more freely both from knowing them better and from the liberty of speaking about "our ain folk."

The Scottish population is homogeneous. With a certain percentage of Irish in the towns—mostly in the West—the blood of the people is, as Gladstone said, speaking of himself, "entirely Scottish." A very few English are found as permanent residents, perhaps only a fraction of one per

cent, still fewer Americans, and no negroes. A consequence of this homogeneity is a code of habits and modes of expression peculiar to the country and the people. We greatly lack this in America, with the partial exception of New England. Immigrants come to us from various countries, and the local peculiarities of those countries in habit and speech which they bring with them are gradually dropped as they are seen not to be understood or relished by their new neighbors. Thus, the Scotch have *names* for everything, multitudes of things—some of them minute and even trifling—for which we have not yet invented names, such as "ana," a river island; "humie," as much as can be lifted between the thumb and four fingers, something larger than a "pinch"; "lirk,"

a crease in a hill, something less than a ravine or a gully; "scaur," a steep, sliding bank; "raik," as much as can be carried at once; "gowpen," a double-handful; "gloaming," the evening twilight, distinct from the morning twilight, which is the "dawing"; "napery," table-linen; "tether," anything by which an animal is tied; "hoshens," stockings without feet; "for-nailed," spent before it is earned; "sough," echo, or soft, indistinct sound. Now here are a dozen words, and the number might be indefinitely extended, for which we have no English names, and not one of them was invented in Scotland; they are all good Gothic words—for both our blood and our speech is Gothic.

They have names also for the various districts of the country, very ancient, and quite distinct from the names of the shires or counties—though these, too, are somewhat ancient. Beginning at the mouth of the Tweed we have The Merse, Teviotdale, Liddisdale, Tweeddale, Lauderdale, Ettrick Forest, Eskdale, Annandale, Nithsdale, The Stewardry, Galloway, merely reaching across the southern tier of counties. All the rest of the country is similarly apportioned out. These names, mostly taken from rivers, probably indicate the first settlement of the various valleys or "dales."

Some of their customs are not only peculiar, but curious. We could scarcely persuade a Scottish housewife to prepare potatoes as part of the first meal of the day: "Potatoes for breakfast!" she would exclaim. "If we had potatoes for breakfast we would lock the door for fear some neighbor might come in and see us, for certainly he would think we had nothing else in the house to eat." And yet this universal prejudice against potatoes in the morning cannot be very old, for it was only about the middle of the last century that potatoes began to be universally cultivated in Scotland. Crockett makes a little anachronism in having old Betty, in "The Raiders," credit the brownies with setting up some "dreels" of her potatoes about 1720.

But while the "gudewife" might leave

the cottage door open when she had "par-ritch" or other "suitable" food on the breakfast table, she would decorously rise and softly close it before the minister or her "ain gudeman" in family prayer knelt in worship. And the head of the house, at meal-time, always sits with his back to the outer door. This old Gothic custom is said to have been at the bottom of the queer construction of "John o' Groat's House," the house farthest north in Scotland. John's eight sons had disputes about who should sit "with his back to the door." So John planned for his ambitious sons an eight-sided house, with a door at each angle, and a big, eight-sided table in the middle of the room to match, so that each man might sit in the place of honor, with his back to his own door!

The Scotch are said to be "clannish"; that a Scotsman will unduly favor another Scotsman, irrespective of other considerations. Like many other things, a denial of the charge would be unwise and ill-founded, while a confession of its truth would be misleading. An intelligent Scotsman would not deny the charge; he would simply explain that it was a good quality set in a bad light. What others call "clannishness" is the Scotsman's way of showing his loyalty—his "lealness"—to his own land. I can remember, half a century ago, seeing a family of immigrants working their way up the country past our farm on foot, with their heavy Scotch clothing, on a beautiful spring morning, and my father ran after them to bring them back for a good luncheon of bread and milk before they went any farther. It was "clannishness" no doubt—perhaps he would have let an Irish or German family go past—but there was a kindly feeling at the bottom of it. He himself had been a Scottish immigrant.

Many years ago I had a little niece who inherited her father's fancy for horses and dogs. The father brought home a photograph of the old Scottish philosopher, Thomas Carlyle. Notwithstanding all Carlyle had said about "shams" and "wind-bags" and "new-fangledness," he himself had adopted the new style of wearing the beard which

came in from 1850 to 1855. Both hair and beard were well grizzled and "unco towzie." The little four-year-old girl got hold of the photograph wrong side up, and, taking it for a gray terrier, screamed out with delight, "Oh, doggie!" So, as my little niece found it quite possible to mistake a philosopher for a terrier, other people sometimes put a person, or a nationality, or a principle in a wrong light, or some reversed position, and call it "doggie!" We never undervalue family love, though there may seem something exclusive about it; and love of country is next in value and intensity. This love of country does not concern itself so much with the hills and valleys, the streams and plains—lovely and ever-remembered as these may be—as with the "kindly folk" who dwell there.

The Scotch are not communicative. They sometimes give a stranger the idea that they suspect him—are not sure of his motives in addressing them. I said to some of them, on a visit to Scotland once, when they complained of people from America being so inquisitive, "Those people are just as ready to tell you about their own affairs as they are to ask you about yours. It is their way of being friendly." Yet above all other nationalities the Scotch should not object to this, for they, so non-committal with respect to themselves, are among the greatest of questioners. A stranger calling at a cottage to inquire where "Mr. Peter Brown, the mason, lives," would, if he did not show too much impatience to be off, be subjected to as many questions as he would on any western prairie, where they had not seen a stranger for a month. In their meetings and their partings there is little of the outward demonstration of feeling. "Oh," said a warm-hearted Scotch friend to a lady in my hearing, "you women have the advantage of us. When anything troubles you, you can sit down and have a good cry. But we men can't." This man was specially speaking of his own countrymen.

It would be better if we were more communicative. We all understand anything better after we have spoken of it, and

where there is so much genuine sympathy and sincerity in the Scottish character it is a pity these are not allowed to get the free air more. In this respect the English character compares favorably with the Scotch. An Englishman will, if he thinks you worthy, not only love and esteem you, but will tell you so. The strength of the sympathy, family love, and tenderness of the Scottish heart is seen in this, that these fine qualities survive where so little voice is given them. There are few or no words of endearment, yet the deep feeling of affection exists. They leave all that to their poets, and have these not said it? The Gaelic of the Highlands (with which I do not profess to be familiar) is said to be different, in as far as terms of endearment are freely expressed. George Macdonald tells of an enthusiastic Highlandman who exclaimed, "Oh, the English is not a language at all! Now the Gaelic has forty words for 'darling,' and when I get to heaven the Lord will say every one of them to me before night!"

The Scotch are naturally conservative in their ways and feelings and slow to change. In our own day the temperance movement was slow to take root in Scotland, but now, after so many years, the least populous kingdom is taking the lead of the others in that particular. Thus, while the Scotch are the greatest iconoclasts with respect to the customs and laws of other peoples and countries, they are great sticklers for everything that is old or well established among themselves. The characteristic reason to them is: "These things of ours are right, therefore we keep them; those things are wrong, therefore we condemn them!"—a very perfect reason, provided we possessed perfect and immaculate wisdom.

Once a man—or a principle—is exalted on the high pedestal of Scottish love and reverence, woe to any one who would let fall the least shadow of criticism on such! A physician of my acquaintance, after a visit to the old land, said, "I learned that there were three names you must not meddle with, nor in any wise assume to criticize even in the least degree—William Wal-

lace, John Knox, and Robert Burns. These are put on the pedestal of Scottish love and reverence. You must by no means touch them." But this firmness of character—seen as it often may be in the less attractive garb of opposition to all change—is one of the factors of the nation's greatness. Nine Scotsmen out of ten would rather set a precedent than follow one, and this offsets and modifies the principle of refusing to change. For the Scotsman (who is nothing if he is not argumentative) says, "This is reform; this is not change!" And the tenth man will ask whether the precedent is "auld and weel establish't" before he follows it.

There is a gravity in the Scottish character that comports well with a religious life; an uplifting of principle above all mere expediency; a conviction that a man's thoughts and words and influence and principles and character make the "man," and not his station or surroundings; this is well established, and is not likely to be lost. Two hundred years ago hundreds of men gave up their lives for the Scottish "Covenant"; and, were the same circumstances to arise, the descendants of those men would repeat the lesson. The heart of the nation is as sound as ever, and the disruption of 1843 showed that when the occasion came, and religious liberty was touched, men could be as bold and brave as their fathers.

The martyr now may ply the patient spade,
A hero's heart beat 'neath the shepherd's plaid;
A warrior's arm wide swing the peaceful scythe,
And martial minstrel carol love-lays blythe.

The acquisitiveness and inquisitiveness of the Scotch naturally lead them to be ambitious of a good education. It is one way of gathering the very best of "gear." There is no trait of Scottish character more conspicuous and decided than the determination, at whatever cost of privation, disadvantage, or time, to have their children educated. Crockett gives a delightful picture of this in his "Stickit Minister," where the herd's wife o' Curlywee enlightens the imperial minister of education, during the latter's holiday in Scotland, on her ways

and means in this particular. He had, at her suggestion, been examining the children in scholarship, and was astonished at the result. He wondered "if there were a school anywhere near?"

"Weel, we're sixteen mile frae Newton Stewart, where there's a schule, but nae road; and eleeven mile frae the Clatterin Shaws, where there's a road, but nae schule."

He wondered still more; and then she sat down and explained to him that they "kept a tutor," and how they did it:

"You see, sir, it's this way. There's mair hooses in this neighborhood than ye wad think. There's the farm-hoose o' the Black Craig o' Dee, there's the herd's hoose o' Garrary, the onstead o' Neldricken, the Dungeon o' Buchan—and a wheen mair, gin I tell't ye the names o' them ye wadna be a bit the wysser. Weel, i' the simmer time, when the colleges gang doon, we get ane o' the college lads to come to this quarter. There's some o' them fell fond to come. And they pit up for three or fower weeks here, and for three or fower weeks at the Garrary out-by, and the bairns traivels ower to whaur the student lad is bidin', and gets their learning. And when it is time for the laddie to be gaun his ways back to college, we send him awa, weel-buskit wi' muirland claith, and weel providit wi' butter and eggs, oatmeal and cheese, for the comfort o' the wame o' him. Forby, we gaiter up amang oorsels and bid him Gude-speed wi' a maitter o' ten or twal' pun' in his pouch. And that's the way we keep a tutor."

Thousands of young Scotsmen in every generation have struggled their way through college and into the professions and arts and science and journalism and authorship, with absolutely no advantages; just hewed their way through obstacles and poverty—living on oatmeal or the plainest of food. In every family one of the boys—the brightest one—was devoted to scholarship, often to the ministry, and no hardship was too great for the family to undergo that he might be assisted through his university course.

Now they have their school boards, better buildings, a higher curriculum, more teachers, modern ways—an "improved Scotland" in those respects—but always the same determination to be educated. "We have a great many immigrants come to America," said Hon. Mr. Phelps, United States minis-

ter to Great Britain, to Professor Blackie, "Scotchmen among the rest. And some of the immigrants succeed and some don't succeed; but a Scotchman always succeeds!" There are two excellent reasons for this: he is an educated man, and he is honorable in his dealings.

It is in the matter of Scottish patriotism that some of the best characteristics of the race come out. Perhaps above all other men, the Scot loves his country. Sir Walter Scott said to Washington Irving:

I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamental garden-land, I begin to wish myself back among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather once a year, I think I should die.

I have heard my own father repeat, in Canada, hundreds of times, and with a deeper pathos than he cared about our noticing, those words of Allan Cunningham's:

The sun through the mist seems to whisper to me,
"I'll shine on ye yet, in your ain countree!"

No man ever deems that his love of country needs to be excused or explained. It is admitted by all to be a noble quality, and perhaps the Scot in America, more even than the Scot at home, cultivates and glories in that feeling.

Toddlin hame, in our thochts and our dreamin',
Back to the land that our orisons name!
E'en as the sun, wi' his mornin' licht beamin',
Blythely brings till us a message frae hame.
Message frae hame, on the wings o' the mornin'—
Message frae hame, dishonor aye scornin'—
Dearest Auld Mither, we honor thy name!
Toddlin hame!

The genial English Charles Lamb said he had always "tried to like the Scotch, but they were all the time trying to teach him!" There is something in it. A Scot is apt to be a well-informed man, but in his desire to impart his knowledge to others, he is so little of a diplomatist, and is so blunt and straightforward, that when he teaches you, you cannot help knowing it. The same imparting of knowledge or opinion would not be offensive on the part of a Frenchman—for he would have so

many diplomatic disclaimers and modest speeches that you would not mind it. I had two sisters, little girls, at school, long ago. The teacher would sometimes send the younger one across the room to hear the elder one's lesson. That seemed all right, but the elder girl's complaint, when she got home, was: "I didn't mind saying my lesson to her; but the little chit would take my seat, and make me stand up before her while I said it!" It was not the thing itself, but the manner of it that troubled her. But it was Scotch, all over!

It has often been said that the Scotch are lacking in humor; and Sydney Smith's jest is reprinted here for the fifty thousandth time: "You cannot get a joke into a Scotchman's head by any process short of a surgical operation!" In 1840, Sydney Smith, who was then an old man, gave William Chambers a sequel to it. "Oh, yes, you Scotch are a very funny people. But it is hard to get the fun out, and I never found anything for that purpose so good as a *corkscrew*!"

Scottish humor is of a peculiar kind. It does not consist in "chaffing"; that is distinctively English. It does not consist in incredible and impossible exaggerations; that is distinctively American. It does not consist in absurd connection of things that have no connection; that is distinctively Irish, and has acquired the name of "Irish bull." Perhaps no better example of this was ever given than when, on the publication of a book in London on "Irish Bulls," an agricultural club in Dublin ordered, so it is averred, twenty-five copies for the use of the members. A Scottish joke has some substance to it. It gets inside of you, but does not always explode on the instant. And hence, when a Scotsman seems slow in taking up a jest, he is sometimes called insensible and wanting in humor. In consequence a Scotsman will write a good joke more readily than he will speak one; for it often happens, in animated conversation, that the moment is gone by for firing off a joke before the Scotsman is at the "present." In proof of this, and in proof that the "fun" is there, take any one, or

the whole, of Sir Walter Scott's works. Why, any of them are like a ticklish child; you can't poke a finger at him, but he goes off in explosions of laughter. He is fairly "hotchin fain"! Or look at the hundreds of Scottish songs—the "pawkiest," drollest, mirth-provoking literature in the world.

Scottish literature is a subject by itself, and could not be brought in at the tail of an article. But it is at once a product and an indication of the national character. In theology, philosophy, art, political economy, and allied sciences, Scotland stands pre-eminent. In poetry she has never been

approached. People sometimes forget that James Thomson, Thomas Campbell, Adam Smith, Sir William Hamilton, Charles Mackay, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, Andrew Lang, George Macdonald, William Black, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Henry Drummond are all Scotsmen, though their writings are in English. And Gladstone said of himself in a speech at Glasgow only a few years ago, "My blood is entirely Scottish." It is good for that brave little land—and equally good for the world—that Scotland, on any field whatever, can "take care of herself."

INSECT MUSICIANS.

BY ANNA BOTSFORD COMSTOCK, B. S.

WE are wont to speak of "the silence of the night" or "the silence of the woods and fields." We find such silence restful and soothing when we are weary of the din of cities and the noise of crowded thoroughfares. Yet if the listener in summer meadows or summer darkness be analytic, if his ear be attuned to the harmonies of nature, he will discover that the air is filled with the soft music of a vast orchestra—music so continuous and so monotonous that it seems rather to belong to earth's silences than to earth's sounds. Few of us realize how oppressive would be utter silence; and few of us comprehend the debt of gratitude which we owe to the little fiddlers in the grass, the drummers in the trees, and the pipers in the air. There is cheer in their music, as well as restfulness. Their fugues afford companionship and at the same time inspire in us a comfortable sense of isolation and peace.

The subject of insect music should not be dealt with as a purely scientific study, for it has been closely connected with the poetry of all ages. A discussion of these little musicians would be incomplete without reference to the impression they have made upon the poet mind, which ever reflects, intensified, the experiences of humanity. It is surprising to discover how few of our great

poets have seen the world of nature as it is, or are able to portray graphically the minor portions of a scene which they attempt to describe. And even among those poets who really take us into the fields few have paid tribute to our insect friends. And among the vast hordes of insects only a few have been chosen as fit subjects for song. These favored ones are: butterflies, moths, flies, bees, fireflies, dragon-flies, cicadas, grasshoppers, crickets, katydids, and beetles. Of these twelve kinds of insects, it will be noticed, seven are musicians and are almost invariably mentioned in connection with the sounds they make, as "the buzzing fly," "the droning bee." All this proves that our literary people are better at listening than at seeing, for to the naturalist there are many other insects whose lives touch more deeply the realm of poetry than these.

It is true that the great majority of our species of insects are silent; and because they are silent, noises do not enter into the economy of their lives and they are as deaf as they are dumb. The few insects which make sounds do not have true voices. As insects do not breathe through their mouths, but through holes arranged along each side of the body, they naturally possess no such arrangement for making noises connected with breathing as we find in our larynx.

The sounds made by insects may be divided into three classes: first, sounds emitted to frighten the foe; second, sounds made in connection with flight; third, true love-songs. The insects making sounds of the first sort are few; they make clicking or grating noises and clearly do not belong to the musical tribes.

The buzzing and droning notes given off by insects when flying may be accidental or may be of some significance to the insects; we really know very little of the methods or reasons for these songs. When we hear a certain buzzing we are just as sure that a fly has been caught in a spider's web as we are after we see the remonstrating little victim. But whether or not this noise is of any use to the fly, we do not know. Those of us who have had experience with bees know very well by their buzzing whether they are happy, distressed, or angry; we know, too, that they are well aware of each other's emotions; but whether they gain their intelligence through hearing different sounds, as we do, is a matter not yet settled. We know, however, that the piping of a young queen in her cell just before a second swarm emerges excites the whole colony greatly; thus we have evidence that bees are sensitive to at least one sound.

The older naturalists made experiments to discover whether the sounds of the bees and flies were caused simply by the vibrations of the air made by rapid motions of the wings, or if the note given off was caused by air expelled from the spiracles against the vibrating wings, on the same plan as the note of the jews'-harp. The evidence seems to favor the latter theory, but as yet no conclusive experiments have been made. As for myself, I prefer to believe that the mellow hum which pervades the air of midsummer afternoons is a voluntary hymn of praise for sunshine and blue skies.

The poets have not been generally complimentary to flies. Tennyson in one of the most bitter stanzas of "Maud" says:

Far off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies

Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

Shakespeare alludes to them several times in much the same spirit.

Of all the members of the families of flies the mosquito has received most personal attention from the poets; perhaps because she has been lavish in personal attentions to them. Bryant has deemed her worthy of a separate poem in which he recognizes her as a fellow singer:

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?

Alas, the little blood I have is dear,

And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.

How much we might enjoy the song of the mosquito if it were not associated with the unwilling yielding of blood to the singer is problematical. Perhaps if Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony were always to be played in our hearing when we were occupying the dentist's chair, we should soon become averse to its exquisite harmonies. Therefore it is no wonder that we do not think of music at all when we hear the distant horn of the mosquito; instead, we listen with patient exasperation as the sound grows louder, and we wait nervously for the final sharp "zzzzz" which announces that the audacious singer has selected a place upon us which she judges will be a good site for a pumping station. We do not like her noise a whit better even though it be a love-song. The mosquito is an exception to all other insect minnesingers, for she is the only one among them all that belongs to the female sex. The lover for whom she sings is a quiet, gentlemanly fellow who never troubles us, as he has no taste for blood; he may be found upon the window-panes and may be recognized by his feathery antennæ, which stand out in front of his head like a pair of pompons. The physicist, Prof. A. M. Mayer, performed some interesting experiments which seem to prove beyond doubt that the antennæ of the male mosquito are organs of hearing. Fig. 1 shows one of these antennæ. It will be noted that each segment bears a whorl of hairs and that these whorls diminish in size toward the tip of the antennæ. The experiment was as follows: Professor Mayer cemented a mosquito to a glass slide with-

out injuring him, and observed him through a microscope while an assistant sounded tuning-forks, varying in pitch, in different parts of the room. The note from a fork of low pitch caused the basal whorl of hairs to vibrate; a note from a higher key caused a whorl of hairs nearer the tip to vibrate. Thus Professor Mayer found that the range of one of these antennæ extended over the middle and next higher octaves of a piano. From this it seems that this insect is equipped to enjoy the music of his lady; not only this, but, as was shown by further experiments, he is enabled to tell in what direction to find her. The large globular basal segment of the antenna has been found, on dissection, to be an auditory capsule (Fig. 1, *a*).

If poets have found little to enjoy in the buzzing of flies, they have been most appreciative of the other wing-singers, the bees; the allusions to their soothing strains are innumerable. The song of

The golden banded bees
Droning o'er the flowery leas

seems to have been comforting and dear to humanity for many centuries. The literature from the poets devoted to bees is much larger than that given to any other insect, and at the same time more casual. They are constantly alluded to as the companions of the flowers and are, in the poet mind, an essential part of bloom-decked meadows and hillsides. Their peaceful hum is the background against which clover and fruit blooms are painted.

The blossomed apple tree,
Among its flowery tufts, on every spray,
Offers the wandering bee
A fragrant chapel for his matin lay.

Thus Bryant finds in the bee a "Fellow Worshipper."

The bumblebee has ever been a favorite with American poets. Emerson has thought her worthy a separate poem, in which he pays this tribute to her music:

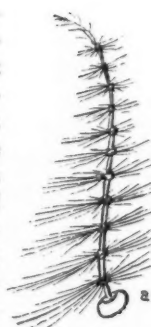


FIG. 1.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers.

We now come to the discussion of the insects which sing in order to facilitate their wooings. These are all of the masculine gender and are provided by nature with various sorts of instruments, upon which they play for the delectation of their ladies, who are mostly shy, silent creatures; however, they seem to have a very appreciative and at the same time a very discriminating taste for music. The first of the insect troubadours which we will study is the cicada.

This insect is no near relative of the other love-singers, as he belongs to another order of insects altogether. He is an interesting looking fellow, with a stout body and broad, transparent wings quite ornately veined. Probably because of his song, his name has become confused with that of the locust, which is always a true grasshopper. The so-called "seventeen-year locust" is not a locust at all, but is a cicada. The cicada whose song is the most familiar to us is the "dog-day harvest-fly" or "lyreman" (Fig. 2). It resembles the seventeen-year species, except that it is larger and requires only two years in the immature state, below ground, instead of seventeen. The lyreman when seen from above is black, with dull green, scroll ornamentation; below he is covered with a white powder. He lives in trees; hidden beneath the leaves this arboreal wooer sends forth in the heat of the day his high trill, which seems to steep the senses of the listener in the essence of summer noons. If you chance to find a lyreman fallen from



FIG. 2.

his perch and take him in your hand he will sing and you can feel his body vibrate with the sound. But it will remain a mystery

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where the musical instrument is situated, for it is nowhere visible to the uninitiated. But if you place him on his back you may see directly behind the base of each hind leg a circular plate, nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter; beneath each of these plates is a cavity across which is stretched a partition made up of three distinct kinds of membranes for the modulation of the tone; at the top of each cavity is a stiff, folded membrane which acts as a drum-head; but it is set in vibration by muscles instead of drumsticks; and these muscles move so rapidly that we cannot distinguish the separate vibrations. Thus, our lyreman is provided with a very complicated pair of kettle-drums, which he plays with so much skill that his music sounds more like the note of a mandolin than a drum.

The cicada was regarded as almost divine by the early Greeks. When Homer wished to compliment his best orators he compared them to cicadas. Anacreon, the most graceful of the lyric poets of Greece, addresses him thus:

Sweet prophet of summer, loved of the Muses,
Beloved of Phœbus, who gave thee thy shrill song,
Old age does not wear upon thee;
Thou art earth-born, musical, impassive, without
blood.
Thou art almost a god.

The Greeks were so much attached to these insects that they kept them in cages for the sake of their songs; they wore images of them in their hair. The song of the cicada was the name given to the sound of the harp; a cicada upon a harp was the emblem of the science of music. We all know the beautiful story of the rival musicians, Eunomus and Ariston, and how during a contest in harp-playing a cicada flew to the instrument of Eunomus, took the place of a broken string, and thus won for him the victory. The ancients also seem to have known something of the habits of these insects, for the cynical Xenarchus tells us:

Happy the cicadas' lives
Since they all have voiceless wives.

Virgil also pays tribute to the cicadas thus:

Et cantu querulæ rumpent arbusta Cicadæ.

The English poets have also paid the

cicadas some attention. Byron, who seldom mentions the smaller things in nature, writes:

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
Make their summer lives one ceaseless song.

The most graphic description of the song of our own cicada is given by Elizabeth Akers in the lines:

The shy cicada, whose noon voice rings
So piercing shrill that it almost stings
The sense of hearing.

James Whitcomb Riley also characterizes him in his own vivid way in the poem on "The Maybeetle":

The shrilling locust slowly sheathes
His dagger voice and creeps away
Beneath the brooding leaves, where breathes
The zephyr of the dying day.

It seems to me that a new interest attaches to this summer-day song when we realize that it has pleased the human ear since the dim age of Homer. The cicada's kettle-drums are perhaps the only musical instruments now in use that have remained unchanged through a thousand centuries since they were first mentioned.

The other of the insect love-singers belong to the order Orthoptera and are quite closely related to each other. We will examine first the short-horned grasshoppers. These are not so musical as some of the species to follow. However, we find in this group some veritable fiddlers. The long hind leg which is roughened with short spines is used as a fiddle-bow, and is drawn across the wing-cover, which acts the part of the fiddle, and gives off certain notes. These are our common grasshoppers and may be watched while fiddling if one has patience and wariness. These insects have found many admirers among the poets. Leigh Hunt apostrophizes the grasshopper thus:

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amid the lazy noon.

And Keats writes thus:

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's. He takes the lead
In summer luxury.

"Ka'-ty did', she did'," is nerve-lacerating when the listener is in close proximity to this bass viol of the insect orchestra. Mr. Riley describes the song well when he says:

The katydid is rasping at
The silence from the tangled broom.

The word "rasping" is particularly felicitous in this description; Elizabeth Akers used it also:

The katydid with its rasping dry
Made forever the same reply,
Which laughing voices would still deny.

The katydids are near relatives to the meadow grasshoppers; they live in trees and sing only in the evening and night. Despite his heavy voice the katydid is a very shy insect; the only

sure way to find him is to take a lantern and, guided by the sound, discover his retreat while his attention is distracted by his quite distracting song. When found he is well worth looking at; he is dressed in pea-green; his wing-covers are so leaf-like in form and color that it is no wonder he is invisible when perched among the leaves. His face wears a very solemn expression, but somewhere in it is a suggestion of drollery, as if he could appreciate a joke; he keeps his long silken antennæ waving in an inquiring way that suggests curiosity rather than fear. Fig. 4 is a picture of our common katydid; at *a* may be seen a triangular portion of the wing, which is the instrument with which the katydid plays. Fig. 5 shows the details of the triangular bases of the upper wings from beneath; *l* is the left wing triangle and *r* is that of the right wing; the left triangle bears the file (*f*) and the right triangle bears the scraper (*s*); in the central portion of each triangle is a translucent membrane (*m*), which is set into vibration when the scraper is drawn across the file and transmits the movement to the entire wing. The file is so large that it can be seen plainly with the naked eye. The song is so exactly like our own enunciation of the words

H—Sept.

"Katy did, Katy did, she did," that the singer seems almost uncanny, and attracts universal attention wherever he abounds.

Of the insect musicians the cricket is easily the most popular. Long associated with man, as a companion of the hearth and the field, his song touches ever the chords of human experience. Although we, in America, do not have the house-cricket which English poets praise, yet our field-crickets have a liking for warm corners, and will, if encouraged, take up their abode among our hearthstones. The greatest

tribute to the music of the cricket is the wide range of human emotion which it expresses. "As merry as a cricket" is a very old saying and is evidence that

the cricket's fiddling has ever chimed with the gay moods of dancers and merry-makers. Again, the cricket's song is made an emblem of peace; and again we hear that the cricket's "plaintive cry" is taken as the harbinger of the sere and dying year. From happiness to utter loneliness is the gamut covered by this sympathetic song. Leigh Hunt found him glad and thus addresses him:

And you, warm little housekeeper who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass.

With us the chirp of the cricket is, in literature, usually associated with the coming of autumn; but the careful listener may

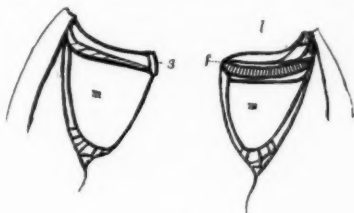


FIG. 5.

hear him in the early summer, although his song is not so insistent as later in the season. To me it is the most enticing of



FIG. 6.

der abroad to seek his lady-love, but stands sturdily at his own gates and plays his fiddle lustily, always doing his best; he knows the shy lady is not far away and that if she likes his song she will come to him when her heart is won. It is very easy to see the cricket making his "crink," as our British cousins call his cry. If you are careful you may observe him in his own doorway; or perhaps an easier method is to catch several and place them in a glass jar in which there is a little sod; they will, in such a cage, soon begin chirping and may be watched at your leisure.

Each wing of the male cricket is divided into membranous, disk-like spaces on top (Fig. 6). Across each wing extends a vein covered with transverse ridges, the "file" (*b*); on the inner edge, near the base, is a hardened portion called the "scraper" (*a*). When chirping the cricket lifts his wing-covers and draws the scraper of one across the file of the other, and thus sets both wing-covers in vibration. In order to play on this natural violin the little virtuoso is obliged to lift his upper wings in a way that gives him a fierce and bristling appearance, quite at variance with his amorous tune and frame of mind (Fig. 7). While the earlier songs of the cricket are for wooing, I have come to believe that the later songs



FIG. 8.

all the insect strains; there seems to be in it an invitation to "come and be cozy and happy while the summer and the sunshine last." I have also always been an admirer of the manly and self-respecting methods of this little troubadour. He does not wander



FIG. 7.

of the autumn are made for the love of music. Possibly he still plays on for the delectation

of his mate, although the time of youth and love has passed by. At all events, after the mating season is gone, you may hear these indefatigable serenaders from afternoon until late at night playing as steadily as if they thought music the most important of occupations.

The cricket has his ear placed most conveniently in the tibia of the front leg and literally hears with his elbows.

Fig. 8 (*e*) shows the ear of a cricket. The katydids have their ears placed similarly.

The snowy tree-cricket is unknown to most people except through his music. He lives mostly on trees and shrubs and is seldom seen; he is a pale green insect and looks more like the ghost of a cricket than the real insect. Fig. 9 represents a male of this species. His fiddle is in structure similar to that of the black cricket just described. The music is very loud in proportion to the size of the instrument; the chirp consists of three notes, the first and third being longer and accented. In fact it is a very much refined and softened imitation of the song "Ka'-ty did'."

So far as we know, the snowy tree-cricket is the only one of the insect musicians that seems conscious of the fact that he belongs to an orchestra. If you listen on a September evening you will hear the first player begin; soon another will join, but not in harmony at first. For some time there may be a seesaw of accented and unaccented notes; but after a while the two will be in unison; perhaps not, however, until many more players have joined the concert. When the rhythmical beat is once established it is in as perfect time as if governed by the baton of a Damrosch or a Seidl. The "throbbing of the cricket-heart of September" it has been fitly named. Sometimes an injudicious player joins the chorus at the wrong beat, but he soon discovers his error and rectifies



FIG. 9.

it. Sometimes also, late at night, one part of the orchestra in an orchard gets out of time with the majority, and discord may continue for some moments, as if the players were too sleepy to pay good attention. This wonderful concert begins usually early in the evening and continues without ceasing until just before dawn the next morning. Many times I have heard the close of the concert; with the "wee sma'" hours the rhythmic beat becomes slower; toward dawn there is a falling off in the number of

the players; the beat is still slower and the notes are hoarse, as if the fiddlers were tired; finally, when only two or three are left, the music stops abruptly. Fitly and fortunately the song of this cricket is the most soothing of all the songs of insects. To listen to it consciously would make the most unfortunate victim of insomnia drowsy. It is the incarnation in sound of the spirit of slumber; it broods over the care-tired world and with gentle insistence hushes it to sleep.

MILWAUKEE, THE GERMAN CITY OF AMERICA.

BY EDMUND GOES.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

IN the recent history of the western and northwestern states of North America, the exceedingly rapid development both of the entire country and of a single city forms an especially interesting chapter. In the vicinity of Chicago Milwaukee, the German city of America, may be mentioned. Sixty-five years ago an Indian village, to-day it is a city of 250,000 inhabitants, fitted out with all the comforts of modern times.

The name Milwaukee, or Milwaukii, is of Indian origin (Mahn-a-wau-kie, Millowau-kee) and means rich, beautiful land. According to a legend the name comes from a root, *mahn-wau*, found only here, which the Indians used in the preparation of medicines. The power of healing ascribed to it was so great that the Chippewa Indians on Lake Superior gave a beaver skin for a piece of the root the length of a finger.

The legend states that in the place where the market-place is now located there rose a forest-covered hill consecrated to the highest deities. Here the Indian tribes, those who had formerly been hostilely opposed to each other, came together in peace to devote themselves to their religious customs. Before the opening of the holy festivals they held the powwow, the great peace dance, and at the close of the same each took home with him a memento from

the holy hill to preserve and to worship as an amulet in the wigwam. To be buried at the foot of this hill, on the bank of the Mahn-a-wau-kie, was the most passionate wish of many Indians, and this accounts for the discovery of an unusually large number of Indian remains and the many Indian graves now existing. Recent investigators admit that the country about Milwaukee was inhabited by other tribes long before the time of the Indians. On a single one of these large hill graves there have been found oak-stumps five feet in diameter, on which from 250 to 310 rings were counted, and consequently they testify to the extraordinarily great age of these earthworks.

The state of Wisconsin was explored two hundred years ago by French missionaries and fur traders, but not till the end of the preceding century did the first white man make a permanent dwelling-place on the Mahn-a-wau-kie to carry on barter with the Indians; at the beginning of the present century others for a like reason followed him. At that time a chief of the Pottawatamies, named Onauyesa, lived there, who, in contrast to the wild Indians of Mahn-a-wau-kie, is delineated as a man friendly and well disposed toward the white people. He lived to a good old age, and many old settlers, for example old Mr. Stein, who

died the first of last year and to whom I will refer again, knew him well.

Up to the year 1818 white people very rarely came into this territory, until on September 14 of the same year Solomon Juneau, who is regarded as the real founder of Milwaukee and whose monument shines to-day in the lake-shore park of the city, rowed up the Milwaukee River with his family in a boat, to be greeted most heartily by the Indians. His father-in-law, Jacques Vieau, who for some years had held a trading-post in that place, and who descended from an Indian mother and a French father—for that reason he also could lay claim to a certain relation to the Indians—took him for an assistant in business, where he was at work several years. Vieau did not have his residence exactly on the place where Milwaukee now stands but from a mile and a half to two miles farther up on the Menomonee.

Later Solomon Juneau erected a trading-post of his own and, surrounded by Indian wigwams, established himself at the foot of the sacred hill, where he and his family remained till 1834, the only white people in the midst of the Indian village.

The bloody Black Hawk War of 1832 brought a whole army of Indians to Mahn-a-wau-kie, and as a result Solomon Juneau's barter flourished as never before. After the war most of the Indians were conveyed across the Mississippi. For a better explanation it may be well to state that the Mahn-a-wau-kie—now the Milwaukee—River disembogues into Lake Michigan as the Menomonee River not far from the settlement, just beyond the hill. The water, often driven back from the lake, must have kept the plain lying on both sides of the hill in a marshy condition; an evidence of the enormous difficulties with which Milwaukee had to struggle at its foundation. It is a matter of fact that the heart of the city was built on this marsh, and here and there it was necessary to fill it up to the depth of fourteen feet, as in the place where the highest and most massive building, the city hall, now stands.

In March, 1834, Mr. G. H. Walker, and

in May of the same year, Byron Kilbourn, of Connecticut, came to Milwaukee to share with Solomon Juneau in the territory, since in the spring of 1835 the land taken from the Indians was put on the market by the provincial court and most of it was purchased by those three men, in the greatest probability, for a trifling sum.

Now a boom developed, that is, a sudden increase of settlers, as occasionally occurs to-day at the opening of a new territory. Real estate rose fabulously in price in spite of the uncultivated land everywhere at hand, so that building lots could be sold at from \$1,000 to \$5,000, for those times and those circumstances an enormous sum. From every state in the East and in the South new reinforcements poured into old Mahn-a-wau-kie, and the name Milwaukee, as well as that of Wisconsin, was in every mouth. Provisions, which came by ship partly from the upper settlements and partly from the East, had in comparison with our time a very high price and products of the soil especially were very dear. Thus corn, which during the last year brought from twenty-five to forty cents a bushel, cost from two to two and one half dollars a bushel. A further conception of the rise in value of all necessary articles and, combined with it, of labor, is obtained when one hears that Mr. G. H. Walker had to pay \$75 per thousand for the boards he used in building a warehouse, a price which to-day is about fourfold lower, let alone the fact that at that time the raw material had almost no value.

The first German who settled in Milwaukee was a turner from Detroit by the name of Bleyer; his descendants are yet living in Milwaukee. Gradually a large number of Germans of the most varied professional rank settled in young Milwaukee, and to-day the Germans have a majority in the state as well as in the city.*

* Of the twenty-eight cities in the United States which in 1890 had a population of more than 100,000, Milwaukee had the largest percentage—86.36—of people who are of foreign parentage, and more than two thirds of these, about 120,000, are Germans. The only other city of the United States whose population is so largely composed of the German element is Cincinnati, the Germans constituting 69.20 per cent of the foreign population.—Ed.

The first newspaper, the *Milwaukee Advertiser*, appeared in the fall of 1835. In 1837, the previously mentioned Matthias Stein, a gunsmith, established himself on the old sacred hill of the Indians, where he, in a little house, plied his trade with the Indians. Highly colored and full of variety were his accounts of his younger days in Mahn-a-wau-kie, of his hunting-matches and excursions with the Indians, and often over a glass of beer have I listened to his words.

By 1836 the idea of founding a Milwaukee Academy of Sciences and Literature arose, and in 1844 the first German newspaper appeared. A second soon followed, and by 1851 Milwaukee possessed two daily German newspapers, one of which is now considered a leading paper in the state.

It is certainly to be noted as a grand achievement of American energy and German struggle when in almost sixty years a city of 250,000 inhabitants could rise from a wilderness, from marsh and morass. The state of Wisconsin has now under complete cultivation several hundred square miles, although the largest part of the area is composed of wild, primitive forests. Milwaukee has far outstripped the old settlements of Green Bay and Prairie du Chien and is the largest city in the state. It acquired a rapid development during the last fifteen years. In the places where a few years ago isolated oat fields were to be seen within the city limits and where hunters at harvest time could shoot wild animals and snipe on the numerous lakes and pools scattered about, to-day magnificent dwelling-houses rise, and through the streets, paved with blocks of cedar, the electric street-cars whiz. The traffic of the railroads in every direction, shared by five lines, is a colossal one, as the extensive construction of roads extending into the heart of the city shows.

Lake Michigan, as well as Lake Superior, is traversed by two steamship lines which supply the city with the rich treasures of the forest and the hills from northern Wisconsin and Michigan, as wood, coal, iron, and copper. Where the Indians formerly

pitched their wigwams on the banks of the Mahn-a-wau-kie, to-day is unloaded the immense cargo of the large vessels of Lake Michigan, which are in no way inferior to the ocean steamships. The Milwaukee River, which flows through the heart of the city from north to south and which has been broadened to a deep canal, permits the large steamers to enter the gigantic docks situated in the middle of the city; large swing-bridges managed by electricity permit the passage through. One can imagine a great seaport before him when the eyes light upon the forest of masts.

The theater, art, and science have found a home in the German city of America. Three English and one German theater offer to the public an abundance of varied pleasures and all eminent in intellect and art are accustomed to stop in Milwaukee on their American travels. A public library, as well as a picture gallery and a museum, offer gratuitous instruction to every one. In the fall there is an annual industrial and agricultural exhibition, which with each year receives a greater abundance of contributions. Dozens of German glee-clubs and athletic associations serve for social intercourse. As might be expected, the English language is used in the conduct of business, although at least from fifty to sixty, if not a greater per cent of the people have command of the German language, which is taught in the public schools. In almost every business, in nearly all the commercial houses, which are for the most part conducted by Germans, the German language is used along with the English and so ignorance of German is regarded as great a fault as ignorance of English, if not a greater one. Recently an attempt was made to remove the German language from the curriculum of the public schools, but the inquiry instituted for this purpose produced a result very vexatious to the investigators. The overwhelming majority of the non-German parents decided in favor of having their children taught the German language. Thus Milwaukee, in this case also, has made good her reputation as the German city of America.

THE SCIENCE OF KEEPING A HOUSE CLEAN.

BY S. MARIA ELLIOTT.

THE present is called a scientific age. The spirit of the times is shown in asking not only *how* to do, but also *why*. Reasons and principles are studied as well as, if not more than, methods. He who asks only "How?" must pack away in the memory a thousand and one facts, while he who asks "Why?" applies a few principles as tests and judges by them the worth of each new method, or finds for himself a method better than any.

Perhaps no one profession needs more to be founded upon a thorough knowledge of scientific principles than that of home-making. The real home-maker is the superintendent of so many and widely different departments that every science and every art is made to pay tribute to her progressive demands. Does she need inspiration to progress in her often unappreciated profession? Let her snatch a moment's converse with the great Milton. He will tell her—

Not to know
Of things remote from use,
Obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom.

With this motto she will need no excuse for her search into the "philosophy of cleanness"—philosophy being, as an old writer has said, "the science of sufficient reasons."

At the present stage of biological science, ideal, that is, sanitary cleanness, is found to be the preserver of both health and property. A clean soul, associated with a clean mind, living in a clean body, in the midst of a clean environment, would place no question-mark of doubt after the old adage, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Such cleanness would be purity itself. Morals, intellect, body, and surroundings, then, furnish the four roads along which philosophy and science must travel to reach the ideal.

In this discussion we must confine our-

selves to the narrow side-path of cleanness in the house. The arch-enemy of cleanness is dust. It is everywhere, a constant trouble, never entirely vanquished. The scientist looks upon the earth as dust deposited during indefinite ages. Ever since there was an earth, natural forces have been wearing it away, grinding down its mineral constituents, pulverizing its vegetable growths, and mingling them with the wastes of animal life. Each or all of these waste products of life may cause irritation in the sensitive membranes of the body, disturb their functions, and give rise to inflammation; while the mineral dust, by friction, mars or destroys property; yet all these results together do not equal the harm which may be caused by the other ingredient of dust—the real plant. These dust plants are invisible to the naked eye and can be studied only under a powerful microscope. They belong to the botanical group of Fungi, and are divided into three great divisions—bacteria, molds, and yeasts. Few yeasts are found in the dust of our houses, but the others are seldom absent.

The bacteria are the smallest, simplest, and most numerous of all known living things. Their natural home is the soil, from which, clinging to other dust particles, they are carried by the winds into the air. They are heavier than the air and, therefore, settle from the still air of the house and may lodge upon every inch of surface. Molds are lighter than the air. They, therefore, take longer to settle and the air of a room is seldom free from them.

Bacteria are nature's scavengers. They also act a large part among the world's manufacturers. To their action is due the maturing of fruit and the production of many flavors, as the "June flavor" of butter and the "ripening" of cheese. If, then, these dust plants are nature's appointed agents for the removal of dead and useless matter

on the one hand, and are among her chosen producers on the other, why should not their presence give satisfaction without anxiety?

There is no community so perfect in its laws and life that some disagreeable or disreputable person does not gain admittance; so among the bacterial communities, some individuals destroy our property and a certain few cause disease or even death. Such are the germs of tuberculosis, diphtheria, and others not so virulent in action. Here, then, is a sufficient reason for concerted action on the part of all persons, especially all housekeepers, toward keeping the person, clothes, and house as free from dust as possible. Visible dust is disagreeable, irritating, perhaps harmful; the invisible dust may destroy both property and life.

Were dust alone the cause of all uncleanness, it might be fought with comparative ease, but in our houses are many vapors—the products of heating, lighting, and cooking. These, if not quickly carried out of the house by sufficient ventilation, spread throughout it and condense upon all surfaces, carrying with them the dust in the air or holding firmly the dust already settled. This film of greasy, smoky, or other vapors, combined with dust, forms the cloudiness upon hard, smooth, or polished surfaces and the often odorous soil, visible or otherwise, on fabrics.

"Prevention is the watchword of modern sanitary science" a recent publication has impressed upon us. How can the home-maker prevent the enemy, whom, so long as the earth stands, she cannot hope to rout?

Bacteria must have moisture in order to grow and to reproduce. Most of the species found in dust, especially the disease germs, are retarded in growth, if not killed, by sunlight. Here, then, is a preventive measure. Let the house be built not only upon a dry, well-drained foundation, and of well-seasoned materials, but also where it will be bathed in sunlight, that it may be kept dry and subject to whatever disinfecting principle the sunlight may contain. Let the home-

maker not forget her watchword "prevention" when she furnishes her sunny, and, therefore, already dry and cheerful house.

Smooth and polished surfaces show dust and, therefore, are more likely to be cleaned. They may also be cleaned more easily and thoroughly. Surfaces that are most likely to be dust-laden and less likely to be kept clean should be finished in such a manner that there may be frequent renewal. Carved, embossed, or intricately molded surfaces, however beautiful when new, are not attractive when gray with dust and grime.

The floor being the lowest and largest horizontal surface in the room must collect the most dust. If covered with a woolen carpet, the dust shows less, but it is there just the same, and cannot be so thoroughly removed as from the smoothly finished wood. The carpet also absorbs odors which reach it in the form of gases from cellar, kitchen, or bathroom. The hard-finished floor, protected by rugs, which may be carried into the open air to be freed from dust and odors, requires perhaps a little more daily care, but that care results in a state of cleanness which the carpet can never have.

Heavy, upholstered furniture, "tufted and fringed to the floor," is a storehouse for dust, and, because of this, will soon become the home of destructive insects. The maternal moth-miller knows well the advantage to her future babies in the mixture of dust and grease such furniture affords. She always chooses dirty places in which to lay her eggs, knowing there will be a rich food supply.

Sweeping is a process for the removal of coarse dirt, not for dust, except that which clings to the dirt particles. Thus a broom used upon a carpet removes some dust, but because a quantity of the nap is taken off to which the dust clings. Sweeping is a dust-spreading, more than a dust-removing process.

Dusting should result in the removal of dust from the house, not in stirring it up from one place to settle elsewhere. The feather duster will sweep but cannot dust. Dust should be wiped up and carried away

on a cloth, not spread about or shaken again into the air. Less sweeping and more proper dusting will result in greater cleanliness.

The carpet which is often wiped with a dry or slightly dampened cloth is freed from dust without the sacrifice of its soft nap, and the dust is not driven by the broom among the fibers or through the meshes to the floor beneath, to be raised again into the room by every footfall. When the dust collected by sweeping has been burned and the cloths laden with the wiped-up dust have been washed in hot, soapy water and dried, when possible, out of doors in the sunshine, the housewife may rest assured she has vanquished two detachments of the dust-enemy's forces.

A well-ventilated kitchen and cellar mean less "cloudiness" and uncleanness upon the woodwork everywhere else in the house. This soil consists mostly of the condensed greasy or smoky gases of combustion and cooking, mingled with dust. The materials used to break up this greasy film, that it and the entangled dust may be removed, must be chosen with reference to the finish upon the wood. Strong alkalis, coarse friction, or standing water will soon destroy the beauty of any finish.

The uncleanness of fabrics is caused not only by dust and dust mixtures, but also by accidental spots and stains, and by other organic deposits—the dead cells and oily excretions from the body. The spots and stains are of varied character and each re-

quires special treatment, according to its composition. Some stains, like fruit juices, when fresh are soluble in boiling water, but when old need an acid or an alkali; some, like iron-rust, always require an acid, but this acid will dissolve silk; while others easily soluble in clear water are made indelible by soap.

The construction of the different fibers, too, must govern the methods of manipulation in the cleansing of fabrics. The cotton fiber, being a nearly smooth, flattened cylinder, may be rubbed or twisted with little injury. The flax or linen fiber has notched walls. If linen fabrics are hard twisted, these notches interlock, forming wrinkles, which are removed with difficulty and, when made in new linen, are often permanent. Wool fibers are jointed in sections and each section is crowned with teeth or blunt points, which are easily knotted, tangled, or hardened by rubbing, by sudden changes of temperature, or by strong alkalis. This causes shrinkage.

The principles underlying the science of cleanness are few, while the methods of applying these principles are numerous. So much depends upon judgment, upon manipulation, upon experience, that no one method can be called the best in every instance. When each worker applies the principles of prevention and cure according to her best judgment and experience, combining her reason with as much scientific knowledge as she can obtain, she will soon find that philosophy is two thirds discretion.

THE POLITICAL TEMPER OF VIRGINIA.

BY JAMES HOWE BABCOCK.

THE rise and fall of the political supremacy of the states of the American Union furnish very interesting problems for the study of statesmen. These problems have more than a curiosity value, for they involve all matters of leadership and penetrate to the very sources of the springs of political life. The history of this nation might be written from this point of view, as

a study of the relative political importance of half a dozen states in successive periods.

At the close of the Revolutionary War the states of Virginia, New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania were the foremost states, the leaders in influence and in policies; and Virginia was first of the four leaders. In 1898 the other three are still leading states, and they have been at the front dur-

ing the hundred and fifteen years of the republic; Virginia is not only bereft of leadership but is scarcely as influential as new states like Colorado. Why has the proud "Mother of Presidents" suffered so great a loss of prestige and power? Are the causes of this decline such as to exclude all hope of the restoration of Virginia to the rank of a leading state? These questions are worth the study required to answer them, and an imperfect answer may serve the useful purpose of stimulating inquiries which may yield more perfect answers.

A ready-made answer is that the states are influential according to the output of individual statesmen; in the first quarter of the history of the nation Virginia was rich in political genius; since then she has grown an inferior order of statesmen. So glibly runs the answer of thinkers who make all history a series of biographies of individuals highly endowed with the genius of leadership. The insufficiency of the answer appears when we remember that Pennsylvania has produced no statesmen of the first rank; that her best representatives have been Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland; that during the last sixty years the Virginian leaders have been quite the equal, on the whole, of the Pennsylvanian, excepting, as not properly to be included in the comparison, the special gifts of General Cameron and Senator Quay. No well-informed reader will attribute the commanding influence of Pennsylvania to the organizing ability of politicians whose genius in this work has been mainly employed within the state.

A partial explanation runs to the effect that Virginia has relatively lost in political quantity—the other states have grown in population and especially in wealth, and Virginia, as one result of the Civil War, has lost the large section now known as West Virginia. This explanation might be widened out so as to furnish valuable information for the general inquiry. The growth of urban populations and manufacturing centers, the creation of the capitalist and the working man in New York, Massa-

chusetts, and Virginia, have added immensely to the resources of the leaders of political action in these states. But why has not Virginia grown also in the same way? A hundred years ago Virginian "industries" were quite as well advanced as those of the other leading states. There was at that time every reason to believe that the state of George Washington would rank first as a manufacturing state. It may be doubted, too, that a state would lose so commanding a position as the "Mother of Presidents" once enjoyed merely because other states acquired more wealth or counted more ballots at each successive election.

A condensed explanation of this decline is a single word—slavery. But here, too, the explanation needs to be explained. Virginia is less influential as a free state than she was as a slave state, and before the war smaller slave states, like South Carolina, came to leadership at the expense of Virginia. Whatever slavery may have done to injure the prestige of the state was done through other agencies and not directly. From the beginning of the "sectional" controversies—say from 1830, to be more specific—the Virginian political mind suffered a great change, under the pressure of these controversies. The change came through the situation of Virginia as a border state. Political leaders instinctively threw themselves into compromise theories and legislation or meekly followed, in aggressive movements, the smaller southern states. When Virginia surrendered leadership South to such states as South Carolina and Mississippi, she began a career as a meek follower—a career extending in unbroken order all the way from John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, to William J. Bryan, of Nebraska. The old breeder of political ideas, the robust thinker of new and creative principles, the athletic and enterprising leader of the whole nation under Washington and Jefferson, passed into decadence as if struck by paralysis; and the cause of this fall from power was a geographical situation. Her statesmen ceased to frame policies and guide movements; they went abroad for ideas and employed their genius in shaping the

crude thinking of others into graceful and attractive forms, and became mechanical rhetoricians as servants of coarser but more vigorous thinkers. I cannot recall a political idea or policy supported by Virginia during the last sixty years which did not originate outside of the state. Only one politician has been during all that time aggressively original, and he failed—Gen. William Mahone. The doughty little general almost succeeded. To this hour he walks the state as a fearsome ghost and Mahonism is an effective charge against a political aspirant. Though his work was distinctively southern and he scarcely reached any national influence, his name is to-day more national than that of any other Virginia statesman of the *post-bellum* period.

The case of General Mahone illustrates the situation in its whole extent. Southern and Virginian in every respect, he conceived the audacious idea that Virginia would be most fortunate as a Republican state. He may have been altogether wrong in this thinking; no man can ever know whether he was right or wrong. The nation remembers him because he both conceived the idea and put his whole life into a belligerent effort to lead Virginia into the Republican column. It is by precisely such movements that South Carolina, Mississippi, Ohio, Illinois, and Nebraska have from time to time become political forces of the first order. Mr. Altgeld, ex-governor of Illinois, though he never so much as sat in Congress, has a larger political influence than any representative of Virginia in Congress has had for half a century. This influence is the fruit of individual aggressiveness as a thinker and an orator; but the state of Illinois profits by the iconoclastic originality of the eccentric thinker and audacious orator. Every reader of this article knows who Mr. Altgeld is; not one in a hundred of my readers could in a moment name a senator from Virginia. Wiser and abler every way than Altgeld, these senators employ themselves in peddling the ideas of politicians outside of Virginia.

Unfortunately, there has always been some adaptation of the imported idea to

Virginian conditions. The latest importation—the silver idea—illustrates this adaptation. Carefully refraining from approval or disapproval of this idea, one easily knows that it was conceived beyond the boundaries of Virginia and that it has attractions for Virginians. Virginia is poor and in debt; the transition from Confederate to gold currency was a longer journey than from greenbacks to gold; *ante-bellum* debts plague some farmers, and low prices, accompanied by higher wages for labor, plague them all. If somehow money could be made cheaper, the change would reduce some burdens and might make others easier to bear. A similar adaptation might be found in other imported notions and policies.

Nor can the individual statesman be blamed for this system of "following what other men begin." It has become the necessary condition of even a start in a political career. It is an atmosphere which all Virginians must breathe. And this brings me to the origin of this follower habit. Looking at its causes, one sees that the habit did not originate in discreditable desires and ambitions, but rather in very creditable self-abnegations on the part of Virginians. The impulse behind it is the organizing and combining instinct. Virginians desired, from the outset of the sectional conflict, two things—to preserve the Union and to preserve the solidarity of the South. If it had been possible to keep both these unities Virginia would have come out of the trouble a commanding leader. Other states made it impossible to secure both unities; the one closest to the Virginian heart prevailed—she was slowly converted into a strictly southern state. When the war was over Virginia had a new kind of Virginian—the negro voter. And from that hour to this the white instinct of union as against possible negro government has compelled the statesman to accept and follow any outside leadership under which the old ruling class can be held together. Against this instinct General Mahone dashed himself and was broken. One can see no contingency in which any other result may be expected.

If a Virginian had the audacity to propose something new in politics, if he endeavored to reorganize the politics of the state or to resist the order of Democratic "regularity," he would be broken fine—because he would be regarded as a danger, if not a menace, to white supremacy in the state. The present writer sets down the fact without praise or blame. The Virginian statesman is in mental and moral duress without his fault. As of old neither "this man nor his parents sinned that he was born blind," so in Virginia neither the people nor their leaders are blameworthy for having received an inheritance which reduces them to political servitude. Virginia lost leadership once for all through the sectional strife. Rhode Island is as likely as Virginia to become a leading state.

The stress of the pressure of this inheritance is partly measured by certain contrasts. Ohio has become a leading state through the freedom from traditional obligations which makes every election uncertain. In less measure, New York passes over political fences with careless ease; even in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, Democrats may become governors of these Republican commonwealths; but the Virginia election returns need not be waited for; the majority may be more or less, but the state will be Democratic. Political ideas so flimsy as to be mere fads will go in Ohio like a prairie fire from one end of the state to the other. In Virginia the fad could not even begin to blaze, and the best of ideas would share the same fate if not indorsed by a Democratic national convention.

A singular fatality has for many years marked the governorship of the state. However gifted or popular a governor may be at the beginning of his term of office, he is politically dead when his term ends. No satisfactory explanation is given by Virginians. The true account of the matter may be found in the general purpose of the ruling race to hold firmly together. Now, a governor is compelled to adopt policies and support them with earnestness. He cannot adopt a policy in which all his fol-

lowers will support him. A strong opposition grows up within the party. Furthermore, the governor of a state must take part in forming the national policy of the Democratic party. The late governor followed President Cleveland, and his party at Chicago repudiated the president's policy. As a result, Governor O'Farrell was more thoroughly dead politically in 1897 than any of his unfortunate predecessors. The peculiar conservatism which practically denies a public man in Virginia the right to a personal judgment in public affairs, which requires every leader to follow the leaders of other commonwealths, has no parallel in any other southern state. Not a few southern leaders have come to power by overthrowing a state cabal or a ruling caste. Nothing of the kind is possible in Virginia. The impress of the period of sectional controversy and conflict remains as a habit of the ruling minds, as an inflexible decree against individualism in politics. A defeated aspirant for the legislature may revolt and secure an election as a result. But the independent Democrat so elected will have no voice in legislation, will be of less importance in law-making than a Republican member, and he will have no political future.

In a very general way the fear of negro government confirms this conservative habit; but no intelligent Virginian has any fear of negro government. The negro is almost as conservative as his white neighbor. He does not want negro representatives; he does not wish to be tried before negro juries. He is a Republican, as a rule, from habit rather than conviction, and only under strong persuasion does he take interest in politics. In the towns he is active and intense in election seasons; but Virginia is a rural state, and only the plantation vote has importance. But on the plantation the negro is a very conservative voter, and it would be impossible to organize the plantation vote into a negro-rule party. The fear of negro domination, which is a very strong feeling in some other southern states, has become a mere pretext in Virginia. The real political force is a habit of defer-

ring to other states, of sacrificing any interest or any man on the altar of Democratic unity.

The only ground for anticipating any change in Virginian political life is that Virginians are intelligent Americans. Everywhere else in this country the love of change, the restiveness under Chinese inflexibility, the political epidemic of local origin, the headlong rush to the support of a new leader or a new opinion, are marked features of public life. One cannot help believing that these things will some day break out in the warm bosom of the old "Mother of Presidents." It is possible, too, that the growth of industries and the towns may facilitate the work of some daring rebel in the ranks of the majority. It is possible that the unbroken peace of the races extending over a long period may facilitate new political departures. And there might be two regular national Democratic parties, and the necessity of choosing between them might force the ruling class to tolerate individual judgments. But for 1900 A.D., and 1904 A.D., and perhaps for a decade longer, it will be safest to count Virginia in the Democratic column and to distrust the ante-election report that "Virginia will change her vote this time." This has been prophesied at every election since 1876, but no one conversant with the actual facts will credit such a prophecy until it has been fulfilled at least once.

The conservative habit deprives this noble commonwealth of great statesmen and of commanding influence in national life. A Texan or a Coloradan has a fair chance to make his state conspicuous, and therefore the great leader grows up to power and makes his state powerful. Such a leader has no chance even of being born in Virginia. I must repeat that, unlovely as the fact may seem to more adventurous and intrepid communities, the conservative habit sits very gracefully upon Virginians. One can hardly help admiring their political repose or doing homage to the skill with which a large majority is handled and factions stifled at their birth, and revolting

leaders electrocuted before they have organized revolt.

The latest evolutionary development of the Democratic party—the platform of 1896—illustrates the peculiar character of Virginia conservatism. That platform was praised by its friends and reproached by its enemies as a very radical declaration. The agreement on this point was perfect on all sides of all political lines. Virginians are really and deeply conservative, and yet the Virginian Democracy has less trouble about the radical platform than the Democrats of other states. It was enough in this old commonwealth to know that the platform was the work of a regular Democratic convention. But the thing which was breezy and jocund radicalism in other states was refined into harmony with conservatism by the rhetorical genius of the campaign orators and the political press, and few Virginians recognize the radicalism of their professions as set forth at Chicago. Behind all the rhetorical drapery of the press article or popular harangue stood the unshakable purpose to follow the national Democracy whatever be the flag it flings to the breeze. No sign is discoverable of the smallest tendency to a change of sentiment. The Virginian heart is fixed, and no allurements of pride or bitterness of enforced inferiority, nor yet the exclusion of her sons from exalted places in national life, will alter the fixed purpose.

It may be suggested that Virginia Republicans share in the bias toward a conservatism which declines to fight for an opinion of one's own. The common atmosphere makes it difficult to distinguish a Republican from a Democrat except by the ticket either may vote or the political meeting he may attend. Pensions and post-offices furnish the party with adherents in all sections; but General Mahone's ghost is the only leadership worthy of mention; and if by some chance wind the state were blown into the Republican column, the accession would be only a certain number of electoral votes or votes in Congress. No ideas or forces would come with the votes. Virginia follows what other states begin.

OUR NEW ISLAND, PUERTO RICO.

BY EUGENE DELAND.

FOR years praise has been lavished upon Cuba, the "gem of the Antilles," to the neglect of near-by Puerto Rico; but at last the fair sister island is receiving her share of attention. Americans especially cannot help turning with welcoming arms toward a land whose people hail with joy the advance of the liberating army.

Yet Puerto Rico has slight reason in comparison with Cuba to hate the rule of Spain, for she has been treated less harshly than most Spanish colonies; her rulers have been less oppressive, a portion of her revenue has been used for local improvements, and in 1870 she was made a department of the mother country. The fact that there has not been an insurrection here since 1820-23 is perhaps due in part to her milder government, though also influenced largely by the character of the country, which affords no hiding-places for guerrilla bands, and by the smallness of the island.

The island is, in fact, when compared with Cuba, of rather diminutive proportions, its length of 100 miles and breadth of about 36 giving it a superficial area of about 3,600 square miles, as opposed to Cuba's 42,000. (It is a trifle larger than Rhode Island and Delaware together and a little smaller than Connecticut.) But only in size can it be considered inferior to the sister country.

The outline of the Puerto Rican coast is generally regular, but affords ten or twelve excellent harbors and safe roadsteads. Guanica, where the first detachment of troops under General Miles landed, is one of the best of these ports. Back from the coast extends a level strip of country, five to ten miles wide, and terminating in the foothills of the mountain range which traverses the island from end to end, a little south of its center. This range has a general height of about 1,500 feet, with its

highest peak, El Yunque, the anvil, in the northeastern part of the island, about 3,700 feet high.

Many streams rise in the mountains, flowing to the north and south. There are said to be about 1,300 in the entire island, of which as many as forty are worthy the name of rivers, and a number of these are navigable for small vessels several miles from their mouths. As the prevailing winds during the rainy season are from the northeast, the rainfall is heavier on the north slope of the mountains and the rivers are consequently larger there, in addition to being longer. In the southern part of the country droughts not infrequently occur and during the dry season much of the land is watered by irrigation.

The mountain slopes are covered with valuable timbers, cabinet and dye-woods, including mahogany, walnut, *lignum vitæ*, ebony, and logwood, and various medicinal plants. Here, too, is the favorite zone of the coffee tree, which thrives best one thousand feet above sea level. The valleys and plains produce rich harvests of sugarcane and tobacco. The amount of sugar yielded by a given area is said to be greater than in any other West Indian island. Rice, of the mountain variety and grown without flooding, flourishes almost any place and is a staple food of the laboring classes. In addition to these products cotton and maize are commonly cultivated, and yams, plantains, oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, pineapples, and almost every other tropical fruit are grown in abundance. Among indigenous plants are several noted for their beautiful blossoms. Among these are the *Coccoloba*, which grows mainly along the coasts and is distinguished by its large, yard-long purple spikes, and a *talauma*, with magnificent, odorous, white flowers.

Of wild animal life Puerto Rico has little. No poisonous serpents are found, but pestif-

erous insects, such as tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, ticks, fleas, and mosquitoes, supply this deficiency in a measure. All sorts of domestic animals are raised and the excellent pasture-lands support large herds of cattle for export and home consumption, and ponies whose superiority is recognized throughout the West Indies.

The mineral wealth of the island is undeveloped, but traces of gold, copper, iron, lead, and coal are found. Salt is procured in considerable quantities from the lakes.

Puerto Rico carries on an extensive commerce, chiefly with Spain, the United States, Cuba, Germany, Great Britain, and France. In 1895 the volume of its trade was one half greater than that of the larger British colony—Jamaica. The United States ranks second in amount of trade with the island. During the four years from 1893–96 Spain's trade with the colony averaged \$11,402,888 annually, and the United States', \$5,028,544. The total value of Puerto Rican exports for 1896 was \$18,341,430 and of imports, \$18,282,690, making a total of \$36,624,120, which was an excess over any previous year. The exports consist almost entirely of agricultural products. In 1895 coffee comprised about sixty per cent and sugar about twenty-eight per cent of their value; leaf tobacco, molasses, and honey came next. Maize, hides, fruits, nuts, and distilled spirits are also sent out in considerable quantities. Over one half of the coffee exported goes to Spain and Cuba, as does most of the tobacco, which is said to be used in making the finest Havana cigars; the sugar and molasses are, for the most part, sent to the United States. Among imports, manufactured articles do not greatly exceed agricultural. Rice, fish, meat and lard, flour, and manufactured tobacco are the principal ones. Customs duties furnish about two thirds of the Puerto Rican revenue, which has for several years yielded greater returns to Spain than that of Cuba.

The climate of Puerto Rico is considered the healthiest in the Antilles. The heat is considerably less than at Santiago de Cuba, a degree and a half farther north. The thermometer seldom goes above ninety de-

grees. Pure water is readily obtained in most of the island. Yellow fever seldom occurs and never away from the coast. The rainy season begins the first of June and ends the last of December, but the heavy downpours do not come on until about August 1st.

In density of population also this island ranks first among the West Indies, having half as many inhabitants as Cuba, more than eleven times as large. Of its 807,000 people, 326,000 are colored and many of the others of mixed blood. They differ little from other Spanish-Americans, being fond of ease, courteous, and hospitable, and, as in other Spanish countries, the common people are illiterate, public education having been grievously neglected. The natives are the agriculturists of the country and are a majority in the interior, while the Spaniards, who control business and commerce, are found mainly in the towns and cities.

The numerous good harbors have naturally dotted the seaboard with cities and towns of greater or less commercial importance. San Juan, Ponce, Mayaguez, Aguadilla, Arecibo, and Fajardo all carry on extensive trade. Intercourse between coast-towns is readily had by water, but is to be facilitated by a railroad around the island, of which 137 miles have been built and 170 miles more projected.

The public highways of the island are in better condition than one might expect. According to a recent report of United States Consul Stewart, of San Juan, there are about one hundred and fifty miles of good road. The best of this is the military highway connecting Ponce on the southern coast with San Juan on the northern. This is a macadamized road, so excellently built and so well kept up that a recent traveler in the island says a bicycle corps could go over it without dismounting. Whether it is solid enough to stand the transportation of artillery and heavy army trains we shall soon know. Of telegraph lines Puerto Rico has four hundred and seventy miles, and two cables connect it with the outside world, one running from Ponce and the other from San Juan.

Ponce, the landing-place of a large part of the American army, is the second city of Puerto Rico commercially, but the first in population, having about 37,000 inhabitants. It is well built, its central portion being brick. It has a good water supply, a well-equipped fire department, gas-works, an ice machine, two hospitals, a bank, a theater, three first-class hotels, and two churches, one of which is Protestant and is said to be the only such church in the West Indies. The port, two miles away, is spacious and accommodates vessels of twenty-five feet draft. Sea breezes by day and land breezes by night moderate the tropic heat. The town is considered the healthiest in the island.

San Juan, the capital and only fortified city of Puerto Rico, is distant from Ponce about fifty miles by air-line or eighty-five by road. It lies on an island about two and one fourth miles long by one fourth mile broad, and is separated by a shallow arm of the sea from a narrow sand spit about nine miles long, which runs out from the mainland in a northwesterly direction. The island ends in a rugged bluff some hundred feet high, crowned by Morro Castle, the principal fortification of the city. This castle dates back to the time of Ponce de Leon, but was completed in its present form in 1584. At this end of the island is the entrance to the harbor, which lies west of the city, between the island and the mainland. The entrance is narrow, and when a north wind is blowing difficult, but the harbor itself is broad and fairly deep, the best in Puerto Rico. The city is surrounded on all but the harbor side by a wall from fifty to a hundred feet high, which, with its fortresses, bastions, and ravelins, makes a formidable defense. On the east is the strong citadel San Cristobal, completed in 1771. Still farther east are two lines of batteries, protected by a moat, and forts defend the bridges leading from the island. The Spaniards declare that the town is impregnable and boast of its having repulsed an attack of the Dutch in 1615, and of the English in 1678, and of having forced Admiral Abercrombie to retire after

a three days' seige in 1798. They forget, however, to speak of the "sack" by Drake in 1595.

The town itself is regularly laid out and compactly built. Six streets run parallel in the direction of the length of the island and seven at right angles. Most of them are wide enough for two carriages to drive abreast and are paved with an English composition of slag excellent for light traffic but easily broken under heavy wear. For a wonder they are swept daily and kept quite clean, but with this effort the city's zeal for cleanliness is exhausted. The houses are usually of brick, stuccoed on the outside and painted in various colors. Few are as high as three stories and many not over one, and all are chimneyless. The better classes occupy the upper stories, while the negroes and poor whites are crowded together on the ground floors in the midst of unsanitary conditions which breed disease for the entire community. The whole population depends for its water supply upon rain water caught on the flat roofs of the houses. There is no sewerage system and the town is filthy beyond description. As a result epidemics are frequent and yellow fever not a stranger. Yet from its topographical situation the place should be extremely healthy. Good natural drainage is furnished by the underlying clayey bed, a current of three miles an hour flows through the harbor, and the city is fanned by breezes from the bay on one side and the ocean trade-wind on the other. Yet even with such natural conditions it barely escapes being a plague center.

The principal public buildings here are the governor's palace, city hall, two colleges, three hospitals, and the cathedral. There are two plazas, and the suburb Marina has a cock-pit where the Spaniards find a substitute for the national sport. Just outside the city is the cemetery, where for centuries all classes have been laid to rest, the rich until the judgment, the poor until their lease expires and a new tenant claims the sepulcher for a season.

San Juan, and in fact the whole of Puerto Rico, is rich in sacred relics of the days of Spanish glory. Here is the quaint old

house where Ponce de Leon is supposed to have made his home on his first residence in San Juan, and here stands Casa Blanca, the castle he built early in 1500, and here in the old Dominican cathedral is an old leaden casket said to contain his bones. Way across the island, at Pueblo Vieja, is still to be seen the spring which gladdened Columbus' heart and the port which led him to name the island Puerto Rico, a rich port.

A rich port it has always been and no small indemnity does the United States obtain in acquiring this wealthy island. A few years ago we were all but ready to pay \$7,000,000 for St. Thomas, an islet of 358

square miles, with only one harbor. Now we gain a fertile, prosperous land, with many harbors and all the advantages of position of the smaller island sixty miles away. Distant about 1,000 miles from Key West, 1,500 from New York, 2,400 from the Cape Verdes, 2,600 from the Canaries, 1,200 from Greytown, and 1,000 from Colon, and commanding as it does both the Mona and Virgin Passages, it will be invaluable as a coaling station and a strategic point for controlling the Isthmian Canal, whatever the location of that may be. Fortunately the eagerness of its people to become Americans removes the last shadow of a reasonable objection to its annexation.

THE HOME OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

BY S. L. HETTERSON.

THE youth of such a life as Clara Barton's has been is brilliant.

Carried on in middle life her work was glorious; but now when the middle age is passing and the Sabbath of her career might seem to claim her, when she shows in many ways that when the season of rest shall come to her it will be welcome, there is something sublime in the spectacle presented. But Clara Barton will never say, "I have done enough," while she can say anything. As long as she grasps life itself her grasp of the Red Cross work will not weaken. She is the Red Cross. Some of the branches of the organization occasionally have been restless, ready to rebel from the masterfulness of her solitary authority, but no case has ever been known where the effect of her personal presence was not miraculous in restoring a condition of loyalty and in bringing about a state of reconciliation to the absolute monarchy system by which the relief work is carried on.

It seems impossible that Miss Barton should ever have a successor. The stupendous constancy of purpose of which she is possessed surely could not belong in the same field to two human creatures in the

course of one or two generations. She seems to be a woman absolutely without weakness and she is almost relentless in the single-minded directness with which she sets out to attain an object. The word compromise has no significance in the operations in which she is engaged. Everything is of value that has something to do with her work; nothing is of value that is outside that work's channel. She knows positively what she wants and what she likes and whom she likes, and the opinions of others have no influence in modifying her opinions. She does not spare herself and she does not spare others when it is necessary to make use of their services in carrying out a project connected with the Red Cross work.

Petty affectations and complaints about the small ills and worries of every-day life fly to cover under fire of Clara Barton's stern, courageous glance. Some Washington women received a lesson from her on the morning that she left her Glen Echo home for the shores of Cuba. An accident happened to the trolley car in which she was going to Washington, and it stopped in a gully filled with mud. The conductor requested the passengers to alight, but he



CLARA BARTON.

President of the American Red Cross Society.

was answered by a storm of complaints and protests from the women passengers, who could not be persuaded to soil their boots by stepping into the mud. Clara Barton was the oldest and the feeblest woman in the car and her arms were filled with bundles, but she walked to the platform with firm erectness, looked back toward the other women and said: "This seems but a little thing to complain of. Follow me!" Of course the women followed; no one ever resists her compelling power.

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She refuses to be hampered by rules of punctuality. She does not always keep appointments. But the reason for it is that something may arise to interfere with plans that she may have made, and if the interruption is important everything must give way to it. If "everything" happens to be other people and their plans it is quite the same to her. From her view-point to be inconvenienced for the cause of the Red Cross is a matter for rejoicing, and her attitude is so absolutely impersonal that

her right, within her sphere, to make new rules of conduct for herself and for others is never questioned. Although she is absolutely independent of public opinion she has a sincere and hearty dislike for notoriety. She is not in sympathy with the aims and methods of modern journalism and she is one of the most baffling persons the professional interviewer has to encounter. No more discrete person ever lived. She can talk for a longer period

without telling anything that she does not want her hearer to know than any celebrated person known.

The headquarters of the Red Cross, which Clara Barton has established as her private residence, is in Glen Echo, a suburb of Washington. When she is in her home she insists upon being "at home." She does not make friends readily; strangers are troublesome to her; she wants to live her life quietly and apart from crowds and press notices. She looks upon her home as a place of rest for her old age—"a place to die in," she has said. It is not a hospital nor an almshouse for the poor of the neighborhood. Miss Barton's motives in emphatically refusing to assist local cases of want have been misunderstood, and for this reason she does not enjoy universal popularity among the inhabitants of the Glen Echo country. But the more fair-minded of her neighbors understand that the supplies which are stored away in the house ready for use when an emergency arises have been sent to her solely for the purpose for which she uses them and that she has no right to disburse them in private charities.

In her home life Miss Barton is systematic. Her working days are longer than those of other people. The working men in the neighborhood say that she is the

first one up in the morning in all Glen Echo, and that some mornings long before sunrise she may be seen out in the garden feeding her chickens. The chickens fed, she is ready to begin one of the most arduous tasks of the day, the task of attending to her correspondence. Letters

come to her from all parts of the world. With a task once begun Miss Barton does not think of sleep or rest until it is finished, and she is impatient of interruption when work is pressing.

She overlooks personally all the business details of her household affairs, even to the selling of the milk of her two thoroughbred Jerseys, and she knows how to make a good bargain. But she is always just. The uncompromising stand that she takes in regard to business dealings is another trait in her character that is sometimes misunderstood, and the word "parsimonious" is sometimes heard in descriptions of her character. But no parsimonious woman could ever have inspired the loyalty and respect in which Miss Barton is held by her servants and the friends nearest her. Her servants have been with her many years and with them a wish of hers is more than the order of any other person. The secret of her power with them seems to be that having once proved them she trusts them. They are human beings to her and not machines, and this very trust of hers has a healthy effect in arousing a healthy conscience.



ORIGINAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY.

The home of Clara Barton is about six miles from Washington. The spot where the house stands is not remarkably pretty, but between it and the Potomac River there is a stretch of real country, hilly and picturesque, with fine trees and pretty walks, where Clara Barton likes to wander. The canal runs through the grounds, with willows growing on each side of the tow-path. The Red Cross headquarters building as it stands now is one of the most unusual looking structures imaginable. Formerly the façade was of imposing appearance, built of gray stone, a mammoth red cross shining above the arched doors, the whole cathedral-like in effect. But finding that the stone walls were damp and cold in winter Miss Barton had them torn down and a light frame structure erected in their place—a decided increase in comfort but a loss in picturesque effect. "She is more for comfort than for looks," is what her neighbors say of her and the house itself, and the appearance of the interior proves their words. What is necessary and comfortable pleases Miss Barton; what is merely artistic or beautiful without any

other value has no place in her scheme of living. She owns many beautiful things, but they are prized on account of association and not on account of their intrinsic worth.

Two small crosses of red glass are fashioned in the windows in the front of the house over a small balcony and a flagstaff rising from the pointed peak in the center floats the Red Cross banner. These are the only indications of the significance of the building. Just now the flag is much faded and tattered and weather-beaten. Miss Barton has not had the leisure moment lately in which to buy a new flag. But the effect of this dilapidated and drooping standard is not as weak as its colors have become. Hundreds of soldiers from Camp Alger pass through Glen Echo every day; sometimes they are drunken and boisterous; but whatever they are, one glance at the Red Cross flag waving on the home of Clara Barton is enough to transform them, and, quiet, sober, and respectful, they stand and salute.

Miss Barton's home is not yet completed. The architecture is curious. The building



HEADQUARTERS OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY AS REBUILT.

is as many-windowed as a conservatory. The roof is crowded with square towers and round towers of different sizes, and it has innumerable chimneys. The house is deep and the rear end is constructed from the portable frame structures used as hospitals by Miss Barton at the time of the Johnstown flood. The foundations of the house are of rough stone and two tower-like peaks in front are also of stone, the solidity of which does not harmonize with the fragile look of the rest of the house, which is of wood with a coat of yellow paint. A barbed-wire fence encloses the one and one half acre lot in which the house stands, and there is a chicken house to the right and a flower garden to the left. The interior of the house is constructed after the plan of a steamboat saloon. The hall in the center is large enough to serve as a lecture room; it has a skylight above and balconies around the second story, on which open numberless rooms and mysterious spaces. Very characteristic of Miss Barton's originality and her independence of the rules of decoration is the treatment of the partition which separates the hall from the vestibule. It is covered with sheets of bedticking. The wall covering in the drawing-room is unbleached muslin.

Miss Barton has something of a man's love for light and air; nearly all the wall space in the different rooms is taken up with windows and the sunshine is allowed to pour in as it wills. Open fireplaces by the score have been built in the house and their presence accounts for the large number of chimneys which mystify strangers when they first look at the house. The drawing-room is interesting. The Turkish rugs are of extraordinary richness and there are fur rugs of great value. The chairs and lounges are cushioned in the softest manner and books are everywhere. In fact, the number has increased so of late that they have outgrown the drawing-room and Miss Barton is having a library built for them over the vestibule. The objects

of interest in the room are arranged without regard to artistic effect, but they have been given their places according to their significance to Miss Barton. Testimonials of gratitude in many languages, Persian portières, silk flags of many nations, old cabinets and other pieces of antique furniture, paintings, afghans, embroidered table-covers, all are arranged in inharmonious but interesting confusion.

The house is unusual, but no one would change it. Clara Barton has won the right to be unusual, and it is good to know that her old age will be passed in an environment which she has chosen and with which she is content.

All the energy of youth has returned to Miss Barton since the war agitation began. In her work in Cuba among the *reconcentrados* and later among the sick and wounded soldiers of our invading armies she has risked contagion from yellow fever; she has endured hardships almost equal to those of the soldier on the field of battle; she has encountered dangers on land and sea; but she has pursued her course with the straightforward vigor that has made her in executive ability the foremost woman of the age.

But the work that Miss Barton is doing personally, great as it is, is not the crowning wonder of her life. Her real glory is in the sweep of her influence. In New York alone there are more than a quarter of a hundred branches of the Red Cross Society and the members of these auxiliaries number at least 3,000; everywhere there are Nurse Maintenance Societies, Ice Fund Auxiliaries, auxiliaries to provide cots and bandages and equipments of all sorts for the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors. In summer resorts in almost every part of the country women have been working to supply funds for the Red Cross work, and for every one of these women in every one of these societies the unquestioned source of inspiration and stimulus has been Clara Barton.

HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.

Peace Negotiations.

The opening of negotiations for peace on July 26 gave a basis for hoping that the war with Spain would be speedily terminated. In a little more than three months of hostilities there had been nothing but defeat for Spanish arms on sea and land, and international opinion concurred in judgment that the earlier the Spanish government sued for peace the better.

M. Jules Cambon, French ambassador to the United States, acting representative for the Spanish government since diplomatic relations were broken, was authorized to inquire of the president if peace negotiations could be opened. The nature of the reply by this government is shown by the following official statement issued by the president August 2 :

In order to remove any misapprehension in regard to the negotiations as to peace between the United States and Spain, it is deemed proper to say that the terms offered by the United States to Spain in the note tendered the French ambassador on Saturday last [July 30] are in substance as follows :

The president does not now put forward any claim for pecuniary indemnity, but requires the relinquishment of all claim of sovereignty over or title to the island of Cuba, as well as the immediate evacuation by Spain of the island; the cession to the United States and immediate evacuation of Puerto Rico and other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and the like cession of an island in the Ladrões. The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbor of Manila,

pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace, which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines. If these are accepted by Spain in their entirety, it is stated that commissioners will be named by the United States to meet commissioners on the part of Spain for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace on the basis above indicated.

The definite demands so stated met with uniform approval in the American press, as being an adequate and sufficiently generous ultimatum. The proposed method of dealing

with the Philippine problem renewed a discussion concerning the best policy for the United States to pursue in the far East, which, since Admiral Dewey's startling victory, had divided public opinion quite regardless of party lines. As a matter of fact, the president's policy apparently left something to further development of events in that quarter, news of which reaches us slowly. The Spanish captain-general, Don Basilio Augustin, is admittedly in most serious straits; the attitude of the successful insurgent com-

mander, Aguinaldo, self-proclaimed dictator of a Philippine republic, and his armed followers, has been a source of doubt. General Merritt has arrived and assumed command of United States forces numbering from 11,000 to 15,000, and he has informed the War Department that 50,000 troops will be needed for garrison duty after Manila is taken. Admiral Dewey reports no change in his command of the situation in Manila Bay.



M. JULES CAMBON.
French Ambassador to the United States.

Spain's attitude on the disposition of the Philippines, as well as the questions of the Cuban debt, evacuation by troops, and other cessions of territory, cannot be stated at this writing. Spain has always claimed that her constitution forbids the alienation of any territory except by consent of the Cortes, or Spanish Parliament. That body was dissolved after war broke out, and the monarchy has practically placed the country under martial law. By so doing, it is supposed that the government protected itself from internal uprisings even in the event of suing for peace. Delay in negotiations may ensue if a new Cortes is to be consulted, but the important fact of the government's taking the initiative for peace is already of record.



GEN. JOSÉ TORAL.
Spanish Commander at Santiago.

Surrender of Santiago. The surrender of Santiago proved the turning-point of the war. Formal possession of the city was taken by Major-General Shafter on July 17, General Toral having met him outside the city, and both riding with suitable military escort to the governor's palace, over which the American flag was raised. The terms of capitulation agreed upon covered the military division of Santiago de

Cuba, comprising about 5,000 miles of territory at the extreme eastern end of Cuba, with garrisons aggregating about 24,000 men. Officers were permitted to retain side-arms and soldiers their private property. Curiously enough, a Spanish steamship line, the Spanish Transatlantic Company, underbid a combination of other foreign steamship lines, and received the contract for transporting the Spanish troops to Spain.

The apparently insurmountable difficulties under which the United States troops won their victories in this campaign have been noticed in all official reports, newspaper correspondence, and observations of foreign military *attachés*. The facilities for transporting supplies, the meager proportion of artillery, the disadvantages of black powder and Springfield rifles against smokeless powder and Mauser rifles, the handicap of tropical heat, rains, and topography, and the inadequate hospital service, together with the illness of several chief commanding officers, including General Shafter, were overcome by fighting qualities which are historic. The inspector-general says that what the books would account impossible was nevertheless accomplished. It was essentially a victory of infantry—and infantry made up of dismounted cavalry, regulars, and three regiments of volunteers—against apparently impregnable fortifications and intrenchments.



DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN.
Captain-General of the Philippine Islands.

Major-General Miles arrived at Santiago to participate in the capitulation, and a telegram of congratulation from President McKinley to General Shafter and his men was read to the army as a part of the ceremonies of surrender.

Government of Conquered Territory. Possession of the city of Santiago being taken by our forces, President McKinley issued instructions (through the War Department) concerning the method of government during military occupation. He thus outlined a general policy for governing territory occupied as a result of the war. Briefly, the military occupant is entitled to absolute, supreme, and immediate authority over the political condition of the inhabitants, and to take whatever measures may be indispensable to the maintenance of law and order, but it is the duty of the commander of the army

to announce and proclaim in the most public manner that we come not to make war upon the inhabitants of Cuba, nor upon any party or faction among them, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights. . . . Occupation should be as free from severity as possible. . . . The judges and the other officials connected with the administration of justice may, if they accept the supremacy of the United States, continue to administer the ordinary law of the land, as between man and man, under the supervision of the American commander-in-chief. The native constabulary will, so far as may be practicable, be preserved. The freedom of the people to pursue their accustomed occupations will be abridged only when it may be necessary to do so.

Public funds, securities, and government property become those of the military occupant. Public means of transportation and communication may be appropriated. Private property is to be respected, to be paid for if taken for the use of the army, with reserved powers of confiscation if military necessity requires it. Taxes may be levied to defray expenses of the war, so far as they do not savor of confiscation, and the former rates are to

be collected for the support of the government unless others be substituted for them. Cuban ports and towns in our possession are opened to the commerce of all neutral nations as well as our own upon payment of prescribed duties.

These duties, according to Treasury Department regulations, not yet wholly completed, are the minimum rates of the Spanish tariff minus discriminations in favor of Spain, and other modifications of dutiable and prohibited lists.

Brig.-Gen. Leonard Wood is in command at Santiago and is popularly designated military governor. His professional knowledge of sanitation is considered of peculiar value at this juncture.

Cuban Disaffection. Our occupation of Santiago was not accomplished without an unfortunate defection by General Garcia and several thousand Cuban allies. They took no part in the ceremonies of surrender. General Garcia is



WILLIAM K. VAN RYPEN.
Surgeon-General of the United States Navy.

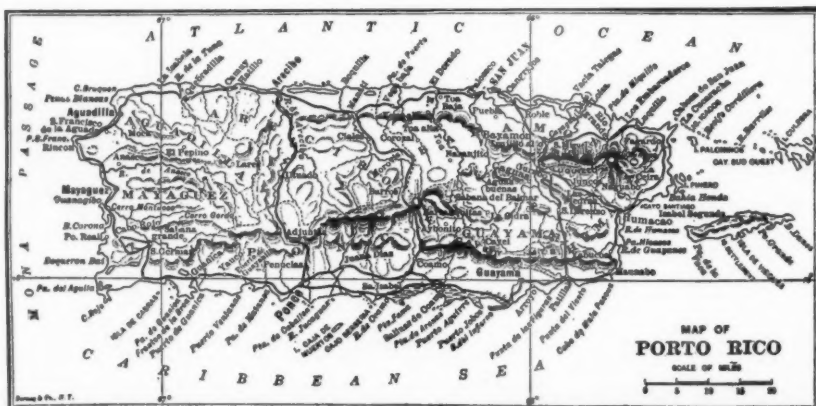
represented as saying that he was not invited to take part, General Shafter reporting that General Garcia refused to take part because the Spaniards in local office were to be retained during military occupation. General Garcia withdrew his troops to the interior. On the other hand, General Gomez, Cuban commander-in-chief, and members of the Cuban junta in the United States protest their full faith that the United States will do the Cubans justice when Spain has been expelled from the island.

Sick Troops Ordered Home. Meantime the condition of our own troops in Cuba became pitiful. Several cases of yellow fever developed while they were investing the city of Santiago, and other low fevers of malarial type became epidemic. It will be remembered that from 18,000 to 20,000 refugees came out of Santiago into the neighborhood of our lines when bombardment of the city was threatened. Care of these in some sort developed upon our forces, although provisions for our own men, well, sick, and wounded, were limited. When General Miles reached the front he burned the town of Siboney, where a general hospital had been established, as a sanitary measure, but our troops remained in the tropical camps until Colonel Roosevelt took it upon himself to inform General Shafter that not ten per cent of the troops were fit for service, and all the division and brigade officers united in saying that the army must



BRIG.-GEN. LEONARD WOOD.
Military Commander at Santiago.

be moved at once or perish. This information was given to the press while peace preliminaries were under consideration. Secretary Alger immediately instructed General Shafter to make public no reports hereafter until authorized by the War Department. Plans under consideration for a camp of recuperation at Montauk, L. I., were hastened, and transports were ordered to begin the transportation of troops, except regiments of immunes assigned to garrison duty, to that point.



The Puerto Rican Campaign.

The fall of Santiago was followed by a campaign for the conquest of the island of Puerto Rico. Troops began to embark from southern ports on July 19. General Miles, who commanded the entire expedition, sailed on July 21 from Santiago with about 3,400 men under convoy of the battle-ship *Massachusetts* and eight other ships detached from the Atlantic squadron. A landing was effected July 25 at the port of Guanica, about fifteen miles from the city of Ponce, on the southern coast of Puerto Rico. The converted yacht *Gloucester* first entered the harbor and fired a few shots, but there was little show of resistance and the American flag was raised in the place of the Spanish flag before noon. General Miles issued a proclamation announcing the humanitarian purposes of this invasion, and the mayor of the town of Yauco, on the road to Ponce, was the first to receive the invaders, with an extravagantly phrased proclamation, which he dated "Yauco, Puerto Rico, U. S. A." Three days later the port and city of Ponce, the largest on the island, were evacuated by the Spanish troops upon a demand for surrender from ships sent thither. When General Miles arrived there his troops were enthusiastically received by the populace and 2,000 offered to enlist!

From Ponce to the capital, San Juan, runs an eighty-mile military road, along which our troops advanced by easy stages. Additional detachments of troops were despatched from the United States from time to time. An expedition under Major-General Brooke, which left Newport News July 28, took the port Arroyo and the city of Guayama, five miles inland, on August 5. There was desultory resistance and three Americans were wounded in the occupation of the city; the Spanish loss was said to be one killed and two wounded. The inhabitants demonstratively welcomed the American flag. Thus the occupation of the southern coast of the island was accomplished and the advance continued from two directions toward San Juan.

The number of Spanish regulars under Captain-General Macias for defense of the

island is estimated at about 10,000. The United States forces early in August were double that number, well equipped compared to those in the Santiago campaign, with a good proportion of light and heavy artillery, mounted cavalry, pack trains, medical corps, etc. The War Department also contemplated further reinforcement by some eighteen regiments from southern camps.

Minor Engagements.

Two minor engagements by our navy were of considerable importance in parts of Cuba near the surrendered territory. On July 18 seven auxiliary vessels of the Atlantic fleet, under Commander C. C. Todd, destroyed ten Spanish vessels at Manzanillo (Southwest Santiago de Cuba); and four vessels, under Commander W. S. Cowles, seized the important port of Nipe (North Santiago de Cuba) and destroyed the Spanish cruiser *Jorge Juan* on July 21.



MAJ.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES.
Commanding the United States Army in Puerto Rico.



SAN JUAN, FROM THE SEA WALL.

The Flag in Hawaii.

The Hawaiian Islands by annexation became a part of the military department of the Pacific, and, pending the report of the commissioners appointed to formulate a plan of government, Rear-Admiral Joseph N. Miller has been sent to Honolulu to formally raise the United States flag and take command of our new territory. Admiral Miller is senior officer of the navy, in command of the Pacific squadron, and was stationed at Honolulu for eight months prior to the breaking out of the war. The honor conferred upon him will round out a naval service of thirty-four years, including participation in the attacks on Fort Sumter and Fort Fisher in the Civil War, command of the navy yards at Boston and New York, and command of the cruiser *Chicago* on its tour of the world.

Evidences of a Reunited Country.

In the obliteration of lingering bitterness between the North and the South the effect of the war with Spain has been notable. Congress supported President McKinley's policy of conferring military commands upon ex-Confederates by unanimously removing the last of the civil and military disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment on those who took part in the rebellion. The occasion was taken by

congressmen to express sentiments appropriate to this evidence of a reunited people, and at the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Atlanta, July 20-22, speakers were enthusiastically cheered in their references to southern heroes in the present war and to the demonstration of patriotism the country over. The Con-



MANUEL MACIAS.
Captain-General of Puerto Rico.

federate Association passed resolutions pledging the life and treasures of the Confederacy to a reunited country and thanking the president of the United States for appointing General Wheeler and General Lee, gallant Confederate soldiers, to commands in the army of the United States. To the latter President McKinley gracefully responded by telegraph. The association reelected Gen. John B. Gordon, ex-governor of Georgia, as president.

Unparalleled Foreign Trade. The fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, recorded the most remarkable export trade the United States has ever known. The figures given out by the Treasury Department show that merchandise exports amounted to \$1,231,311,868, while imports were \$616,052,844; leaving a balance of trade in our favor of \$615,259,024. The significance of these figures is best realized by comparative statements. The fiscal year 1897 had broken all previous records, but the exports of 1898 excelled those of its predecessor by \$180,000,000. Exports for the year were double the imports. The trade balance for the year was more than double that of any previous year and nearly equal to that of the last five years combined.

Our trade situation is further shown to be phenomenal from the fact that gold imports exceeded those of any previous year by about \$5,000,000, and, if the movement of silver bullion be added to the merchandise figures, the balance in our favor amounts to \$639,448,000. Financial journals, estimating the offset to these figures for gold imports, return of securities, interest payments, foreign travel accounts, etc., conclude that on July 1 we were in position to draw at least \$150,000,000 in gold from other countries.

Our exports of manufactures during the year were about \$300,000,000, or three times the amount twenty years ago. Seventy-one per cent of the exports were

products of agriculture, against eighty-three per cent in 1880. The exports of breadstuffs were valued at \$324,706,060, larger by \$126,849,000 than in 1897, more than twice the value of those of 1896, nearly three times the value of those of 1895, and exceeding by more than \$25,000,000 the heaviest previous total, that of the record year 1892.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOSEPH N. MILLER.
Commanding the United States Army at Honolulu.

Foreign Topics. In the never-ending play for dominance in the far East, Great Britain and Russia appear to have directly clashed again, with the possibility of a war to test their strength. The Chinese government was about to sign a contract with British financiers for a railway extension to New-chwang, a seaport in Manchuria, when Russia peremptorily protested.

Lord Salisbury announced in the House of Lords that Great Britain would support the Chinese government in resisting any power which commits any act of aggression on China, on account of China having granted permission to British subjects to make any railroad or public works, and China was so notified. But Russia repeated her veto, and China is given choice between the two. Emphasis to the gravity of the situation, which has given rise to reports of elaborate military and naval preparations by both governments, is afforded by the news that Russia has forbidden the shah of Persia to accept a British loan, and has also assumed the protectorate of Raheita in order to divide with Great Britain the control of the southern entrance to the Red Sea.

A rebellion is reported to have assumed formidable proportions in southeastern China, owing chiefly to crop conditions, which are causing a famine. It is added that the cost of bad government has much to do with current troubles.

Signs of the times of a different nature appear in the conclusion of a general treaty of arbitration between Italy and the Argentine Republic, while Great Britain has consented to act as arbitrator in the boundary dispute between Chili and Argentine.

Delegates from Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, in convention, voted down a proposed form of centralized government and favored a confederation of the states named under the name of "United States of Central America." If a form of government be eventually agreed upon its features will be of peculiar interest to this country as a next-door neighbor.

Death of Bismarck. Of three chief European personages living when the year began, Prince Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck-Schönhausen is the second to die. Gladstone passed away in May; Bismarck died July 30; Pope Leo XIII. survives both, in health seriously impaired. Bismarck's career of forty years is familiar to every student of European topics, for he created the German Empire by his genius, his will power, and his forceful sway. The



GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

consummation of his conception for "the Fatherland" came in 1871, when France was defeated in the Franco-Prussian War, Emperor William I. was enthroned, and Bismarck himself was made chancellor of the German Empire and a prince. He brought into this position his experience in the Prussian Landtag, ambassadorship to Russia and France, and the premiership of Prussia, combined with the ministry of foreign affairs. From the vantage of the offices last named he began to build the empire, in 1862, handling a collection of discordant kingdoms, duchies, and principalities, as a German-American paper points out, much as the manager of a great department store controls its various branches. The means adopted at times to secure the end in view have been criticized, but he succeeded, as all the world knows. Yet from the American point of observation he was a political reactionary, and the strength of his own creation in the hands of the present emperor, William II., recoiled on him, so that he resigned the chancellorship in 1890. Dying at the age of eighty-three, he had written his own epitaph: "Here lies Prince Otto von Bismarck, a Faithful German Servant of the Kaiser, Wilhelm I."

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The C. L. S. C. Books
for 1898-99.

The C. L. S. C. books for 1898-99 offer their readers an unusually good opportunity to specialize in historical study. They deal almost exclusively with England, her history, her literature, her people, and her customs, and a careful study of them will help the student to understand the causes which led to our own national development. The book which, from its theme, should naturally have precedence in order of reading is "Twenty Centuries of English History."* In this the author, James Richard Joy, has employed a vivacious, attractive style for presenting the important events which have happened in the mother country since Rome's great general first landed on her coast. After showing the influence of peculiar physical conditions upon England's national development, the author gives a short description of the position, present size, configuration, climatic conditions, and political divisions of the empire so the reader may know the present country, whose past he is to investigate. England in 55 B. C. is the point from which the student is started in his study, and by means of a clear, comprehensive outline he is able to obtain a realistic picture of England's development. There are many interesting annotations in the form of foot-notes, and for those who wish to continue the study of the subjects presented there are suggested topics for reading and special study, among which are the titles of important historical and fictional works. Subsidiary to the text are numerous interesting and appropriate pictures.

Since England has wielded her share of influence in the political and social evolutions of the continent, "Europe in the Nineteenth Century"† very appropriately forms one of this series of books. The great deeds and achievements of this century Prof. H. P. Judson has delineated with a skilful pen, and the causes underlying the revolutionary and reconstructive movements are indicated with subtlety and clearness. The first revolution to which the author invites the reader's attention is that which occurred in France. Then he turns to the political disturbances of Central Europe and the governmental reorganization which grew out of them. Just in what way England's development in this century has been marked and how it has differed from that of continental countries is clearly set forth in several interesting chapters. Influential people as well as

momentous events are given their share of attention in this history, and among the numerous pictorial representations are portraits of those best known through their public services. A brief summary follows each chapter and the book closes with a very complete bibliography on the subjects treated.

The literature which the members of the C. L. S. C. are to study during the coming year is "From Chaucer to Tennyson,"* by Prof. Henry A. Beers, of Yale University. A short preface explains why the author has given so little space to historical, philosophical, and scientific works, in which the literature of England abounds. Even omitting these, the task of choosing from the wealth of *belles-lettres* representative authors for a short history of English literature is a Herculean task, but so skilfully has Professor Beers performed it that a most delightful work is the result. That the student may fully comprehend the influences from which the literature of Chaucer's time is the outgrowth, the author has given a brief outline of England's literary development during the period from the Norman Conquest to 1400. The account then continues the history through the different epochs down to Tennyson's time, and the author's keen, discriminating criticisms, expressed in clear, dignified English, are a pleasant feature of the book. The author has suggested topics for an extensive course of reading which will be very helpful guides, and in the appendix are selections from the works of eminent writers. Seven full-page plates containing the portraits of twenty-eight of England's most illustrious authors form the illustrations.

After a general survey of English literature the reader is prepared to follow the leadership of Miss Susan Hale, who conducts her followers through the maze of English literature in the last century, stopping here and there to designate the peculiarities of diction and thought which reveal to us something of the manners and customs of the eighteenth century.† Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Addison and Gay, Goldsmith, Fielding, Horace Walpole, Gray, and Dr. Johnson are some of the authors from whose voluminous writings Miss Hale has selected extracts which are most entertaining and which admirably serve the purpose for which the book has been constructed. These excerpts the author has skilfully united by passages of her own composition, in which historical and literary

* Twenty Centuries of English History. By James Richard Joy. 318 pp. \$1.00.—† Europe in the Nineteenth Century. By Harry Pratt Judson, LL.D. 342 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

* From Chaucer to Tennyson. By Henry A. Beers. 325 pp. \$1.00.—† Men and Manners of the Eighteenth Century. By Susan Hale. 326 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

facts and fancies are stated in a graceful, pleasing manner. It is a charming book and one to whet the appetite for more of the literary curios of the eighteenth century.

In "Walks and Talks in the Geological Field"* we meet with an old friend in a new dress, and it still possesses all the charm of its first appearance. It is written in language which is simple and non-technical, and those who study its pages will find that acquaintance with the composition of our planet and with the laws and forces of nature which have produced its present condition will more than double the pleasure of excursions into the different parts of the country. Illustrations, side-notes, and occasional foot-notes are some of the helps of the volume.

Nature Books. Much pleasure that might be ours is lost because we do not know how to observe the objects about us and because we do not take note of the various phenomena which every day add to the beauty of the world. We may therefore well take lessons of Mr. John C. Van Dyke, who is a skilled guide in nature observations. In a little book, "Nature for Its Own Sake,"† his reflections on light and shadows, clouds and precipitated moisture, hills and valleys, trees and other vegetable life are explanations of causes and effects with very little science, but many happy phrases and similes, which give us an idea of the possibilities of enjoyment to be obtained by the proper use of the eyes and the reasoning powers.

An author of delightful works on nature is F. Schuyler Mathews, a popular contributor to THE CHAUTAUQUAN. A new work by him is "Familiar Life in Field and Forest."‡ With the skill of a literary artist he tells us what he has to say in clear, lucid language, and though all the facts he tells may not be new, the manner of stating them is so entirely fresh, original, and fascinating that one is glad to accompany this writer as he penetrates into nature's secrets. The present work tells about the peepers and other early spring musicians, batrachians, ophidians, birds and animals more or less familiar to every one. The characteristics of each animal are described and their vocal accomplishments are expressed in terms of musical notation. The book is copiously illustrated with pictures which are artistic and pleasing.

"The Animal World, Its Romances and Re-

* Walks and Talks in the Geological Field. By Alexander Winchell, L.L.D. Revised and edited by Frederick Starr. 353 pp. \$1.00. Meadville, Penna.: Flood and Vincent.

† Nature for Its Own Sake. First Studies in Natural Appearances. By John C. Van Dyke. 312 pp. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ Familiar Life in Field and Forest. By F. Schuyler Mathews. With numerous illustrations by the author, and photographs from nature by W. Lyman Underwood. 295 pp. \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

alities"* is the title of one of Appletons' Home Reading Books. It is a compilation of poetry and prose in which are told many curious facts about queer animals from various parts of the world. It is an interesting little book and the illustrations are attractive.

The instructor in nature study in the public schools of St. Paul has prepared a book designed to assist teachers in the preparation of lessons in natural science.† The subject matter includes facts which any keen, indefatigable observer can find out for himself by a study of the plant and animal life, both of land and water, which can be found in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains and north of southern Kentucky. The contents of the book are systematically arranged, and there are hints about field work, with lists of the materials needed for school-room study.

Few things can add so much to a child's pleasure in school work as a study of mythological tales in connection with his studies of natural objects. A little book of such stories‡ for children of the second primary grades has been prepared by Mrs. Lucy L. Wilson. It consists of entertaining stories and poems for each season, written in the simplest possible language, and illustrated with attractive and instructive pictures.

Clarence Moores Weed is the author of a little book entitled "Seed-Travellers,"|| which explains how different seeds are scattered throughout the country. The book contains about fifty pages and the subject matter is arranged under the three self-explanatory heads, "The Wind as a Seed Distributer," "Seed Dissemination by Birds," and "Seed Dispersed by Spines and Hooks." The illustrations are excellent and such as might be looked for in a work of this character.

Fiction. The atmosphere of reality in which the reader of "The General Manager's Story"§ plunges impresses him with the truthfulness of the recital. The *raconteur*, a general manager, tells his experiences in the railroad business, in which he began his career as a brakeman, working his way slowly up to his present position. Every incident he relates is entertaining, and the simplicity with which he speaks, and his adherence

* The Animal World, Its Romances and Realities. Compiled and edited by Frank Vincent, M. A. 253 pp. 60 cts. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† Handbook of Nature Study. For Teachers and Pupils in Elementary Schools. By D. Lange. 344 pp. \$1.00.—‡ Nature Study in Elementary Schools. By Mrs. Lucy Langdon Williams Wilson, Ph.D. 196 pp. 35 cts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

|| Seed-Travellers. By Clarence Moores Weed. 57 pp. Boston: Ginn & Company.

§ The General Manager's Story. Old-Time Reminiscences of Railroadng in the United States. By Herbert Elliott Hamblen. 311 pp. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company

to the railroader's forms of speech, help to make this a truthful representation of life in railroad circles.

The author of "The Forest Lovers"* is Maurice Hewlett, and in the opening chapter he tells us what the reader may expect. "My story," he says, "will take you into times and spaces alike rude and uncivil. Blood will be spilt, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland glades; dogs, wolves, deer, and men, Beauty and Beasts, will tumble each other, seeking life or death with proper tools. There should be mad work, not devoid of entertainment." There is mad work and there is entertainment in which knights and ladies, nuns and abbots, barons, lords, and countesses, and men and women of low degree play an energetic part. It is a thrilling romance, written in a style terse, vigorous, and forceful, and the reader is sure to follow the adventures of Prosper le Gai to the end to learn the fate of Isoult la Desirous, if for nothing more.

Few writers wield a more realistic pen than Émile Zola. This fact is especially evident in "Paris,"† the last of the trilogy of which "Lourdes" and "Rome" are the other parts. In the present work he gives to the world a view of almost every phase of Parisian life. The black horrible pictures he paints are most appalling, and in them we see the still-struggling Abbé Froment, with a great number of personages more or less revolting in character. The author has deftly combined the descriptive with the analytic, a method which serves to heighten the effect of the scenes he paints.

The genius portrayed in "The Duenna of a Genius"‡ is a musician, and her petulance, intractability, and selfishness make her very disagreeable. The duenna, in this case the sister of the genius, has traits of character entirely at variance with those of the genius. The other important personage is an interesting fellow, and his well-meaning acts create all the complications of the plot, which is quite simple. The story is pleasantly told, with occasional flights of fancy, and, barring one or two unique situations, it is not without the bounds of possibility.

The events of the latter half of the sixteenth century have been skilfully used as the basis of a story called "The King's Henchman."§ The king is Henry of Navarre, and the henchman is Jean Fourcade. The latter left a record of his own struggles to gain the object of his devotions, and this record,

we are told, has been discovered and edited by William Henry Johnson. However this may be, it is a stirring story, full of the strife between Protestant and Catholic, and between individuals, told in a simple, straightforward way. While telling his own troubles the henchman has given a picture of court life in the sixteenth century, with his estimate of the character of Henry of Navarre.

The romance called "Hassan: a Fellah"* bears evidence of a careful study of the country and the customs of the people about whom the author, Henry Gillman, writes. Palestine as it is to-day, the hill-country, and Jerusalem are vividly described, and in the "Thar," a feud existing between two Syrian villages, the author obtains material for a plot in which the characteristics peculiar to the orientals are clearly portrayed. The story, although it contains several digressions, which show the author's ability to produce rhetorical effects, has in it numerous effective dramatic scenes, and as a whole it produces a strong impression on the mind of the reader.

There is no biography more inspiring than that which tells the life story of U. S. Grant.† Every book written about him makes him dearer to the people. The history of his life as told by Elbridge S. Brooks for boys and girls is no exception. In a bright style, especially appropriate to a book for young people, Mr. Brooks has portrayed Grant not only as a great soldier and a military genius; he has pictured him in his boyhood home, as a West Point cadet, a western farmer, president of the United States, a traveler, and a man broken down in health, "fighting off death" to complete his literary task. The story of Grant's life is one continuous lesson in determination and perseverance which every youth ought to learn. The volume is copiously illustrated, printed in large type on good paper, and bound in blue stamped in appropriate design.

In the last few years educational reform has received a great impetus from the agitations set on foot by leading educators. One of them, Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, has written essays and delivered addresses of importance, seven of which have been collected in a volume bearing the title "The Meaning of Education."‡ This is also the title of the first address, in which the author defines education as "a gradual adjustment to the spiritual

* The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. 384 pp. \$1.50.

† Paris. By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Two vols. 734 pp. \$2.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ The Duenna of a Genius. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). 368 pp. — The King's Henchman. A Chronicle of the Sixteenth Century. Brought to light and edited by William Henry Johnson. 293 pp. \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

* Hassan: a Fellah. By Henry Gillman. 597 pp. \$2.00. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

† The True Story of U. S. Grant. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. 234 pp. \$1.50. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company.

‡ The Meaning of Education and Other Essays and Addresses. By Nicholas Murray Butler. 241 pp. \$1.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

possessions of the race," and according to his classification the spiritual possessions are scientific, literary, esthetic, institutional, and religious. The arguments he produces to prove his statements are clear and cogent. The remaining six articles, especially those treating of the function of the graded school and of educational reform, are of general interest, both for the valuable thoughts they contain and the able manner in which the author has handled his subjects.

It is now generally conceded that the permanent elevation of the human race is to be brought about only by training and educating the children, and the many books on correct methods leave no excuse for the unsystematic, haphazard work of former years. One of these publications is by Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, and the theme is child development.* A child, he tells us, is unlike an adult in physical, mental, and moral equipment, and he brings forth incontrovertible facts to prove his statements. But more important than these are the author's theories in regard to parental influence, the importance of environment, and the place of the primary school in a child's development. His arguments are clear and convincing, and they express truths which the parent and educator should know.

Those who do not know how to conduct a scientific study of the mental and physical conditions of a child should read "The Study of Children and Their School Training,"† by Dr. Francis Warner, who assisted in the examination of 100,000 children in the London schools. The book is a valuable guide to observation, and in it the author, after explaining the physical structure and normal growth of a child, tells the observer what physical points he is to observe, what he is to watch for, what he may expect to see, and how to record what he learns. A study of its pages must result in better educational methods for individual children.

"Children's Ways"‡ is the title of an exceedingly interesting volume by James Sully containing selections from his "Studies of Childhood" shorn of the technicalities which make a psychological work unattractive. He gives us a study of the child at play and at work, and tells the results of his observations in a plain, straightforward manner, giving many entertaining stories to elucidate his theories.

The last of a series of French books by Louise C. Boname is intended for the use of advanced pupils and "it purposes," the author tells us, "to meet

the requirements for entrance examination at college."* The systematic arrangement of the contents, which consist of irregular verbs, idioms, practice exercises, and selections for reading, greatly simplify the difficulties of learning French.

For additional information of a literary and educational character see pages 561 to 570 of this issue.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND CHICAGO.

Clarke, M. Story of Caesar. Eclectic School Readings. 45 cts. Murray, Daniel Alexander, Ph.D. An Elementary Course in the Integral Calculus.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Parker, Francis W., and Helm, Nellie Lathrop. Uncle Robert's Geography. II. On the Farm. 42 cts.

BATON & MAINS, NEW YORK.

CURTIS & JENNINGS, CINCINNATI.

Hamill, S. S., A.M. Easy Lessons in Vocal Culture and Vocal Expression. 60 cts.

Gerome. Christ and the Critics. 50 cts.

The Topical Psalter. An Arrangement of the Book of Psalms by Topics for Responsive Reading. Arranged by Sylvanus B. Warner, D.D. 25 cts.

Roads, Charles, D.D. The Fifth Gospel or the Gospel According to Paul. Revised Version. 50 cts.

The Chorus of Praise. For Use in Sunday Schools, Young People's Meetings, Revivals, Prayer Meetings, etc. Edited by J. M. Black. Board, 20 cts. Per dozen, \$1.80.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

With Dewey at Manila. The Plain Story of the Victory as related in the Notes and Correspondence of an Officer on Board the Olympia. Edited by Thomas J. Vivian. Paper.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK.

Fox, Norman, D.D. Christ in the Daily Meal: or, The Ordinance of the Breaking of Bread. 50 cts.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

Ebner-Eschenbach, Marie von. Die Freiherren von Gemünden und Krambambuli. Edited with an Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix by A. K. Hofffeld. 30 cts.

About, Edmond. Le Roi des Montagnes. With Introduction and Notes by Thomas Logie, Ph.D. (Johns Hopkins). 40 cts. Colton, Buel P., A.M. Physiology: Experimental and Descriptive.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Pugh, Edwin. King Circumstance. \$1.25.

J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 57 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK. Sienkiewicz, Henryk. The Third Woman. Translated from the Original Polish by Nathan M. Babad. Paper, 25 cts.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK, TORONTO. Sell, Rev. Henry T., A.M. Bible Study by Doctrines. Twenty-four Studies of Great Doctrines. 50 cts.

White, Professor Wilbert W. Thirty Studies in the Revelation of Jesus Christ to John. 35 cts.

Leach, Rev. Chas., D.D. Is My Bible True? Where did we get it? 50 cts.

Kennedy, Rev. John, M.A., D.D. Old Testament Criticism and the Rights of the Unlearned. 40 cts.

Hillis, Newell Dwight. Foretokens of Immortality. Studies "for the hour when the immortal hope burns low in the heart." 50 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Odysseus the Hero of Ithaca. Adapted from the Third Book of the Primary Schools of Athens, Greece, by Mary E. Fort and Zenaide A. Ragozin. 60 cts.

SHELDON & COMPANY, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, BOSTON.

Choice Literature. Compiled and arranged by Sherman Williams. Book one for primary grades. Books one and two for intermediate grades. Books one and two for grammar grades.

The Sight Reader. Supplemental Reading for Beginners. Prepared by expert primary teachers.

* The Study and Practice of French in School. For advanced classes. Part Third. By Louise C. Boname. 298 pp. \$1.00. Philadelphia: Louise C. Boname.

* The Development of the Child. By Nathan Oppenheim. 296 pp. \$1.25.—† The Study of Children and Their School Training. By Francis Warner, M.D. (Lond.), F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S. (Eng.). 283 pp. \$1.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡ Children's Ways. By James Sully, M.A., LL.D. 193 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

"THE BARRYS," A brilliant story of Irish life and character, by Shan Bullock, the greatest Irish novelist of the day, begins in the November Number.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

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SEPTEMBER, 1898.

NO. 6

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Major-General William R. Shafter.....Frontispiece.

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DR. THEODORE L. FLOOD, Editor,
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NEW YORK, Bible House.
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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A Monthly Illustrated Magazine.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES FOR 1898-99.

REQUIRED READING FOR THE C. L. S. C.

As part of the regular C. L. S. C. course for the English year the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will deal largely with English topics, though enough American and scientific subjects have been included to make the readings of thorough popular interest.

Illustrated Series.

In arranging for this series great care has been taken to obtain new and unhackneyed material. Two papers on English Cathedrals and Cathedral Towns by S. Parkes Cadman will give sketches of the most famous English cathedrals and the adjacent country and towns, touching upon their historic and literary associations. The great English cities—their government, business, social life, clubs, etc.—will be treated in a series of three papers. Mr. John Gennings, of the Central News Staff, will discuss London, and Manchester and Liverpool will be treated by writers equally competent. English education will be the theme of two papers, one by Miss Mary A. de Morgan on The Education of Englishmen, the other by Miss Ruthelia B. Mory on Women at the Great English Universities. These and the other articles will be illustrated from original photographs.

American Industries.

The great manufacturing interests of America and kindred topics will be given place in this group of subjects. Electrical manufacturing interests will be taken care of by Thomas C. Martin, editor of *The Electrical Engineer*. Mr. Edward S. Judge, secretary of the National Association of Canned Food Packers, will consider the Canning Industry. Charles Barnard will treat of Telegraphs and Telephones. Other subjects to be discussed are: The Hotels of America, American Lumber, American Textile Mills and Carpets, The Hardware Trade, etc.

English Biography.

The social and political history of England as written in the lives of its great men will be given elaborate treatment in a number of articles—broadly descriptive of the political and social influence of the great English leaders. Among the writers, Prof. John W. Perrin, of Adelbert College, will treat of William Pitt, Prof. H. Morse Stephens, of Cornell University, will discuss Sir Robert Peel and Lord Salisbury, and Prof. T. Raleigh, of All Souls' College, Oxford, England, will write of Viscount Melbourne and the Earl of Derby.

Popular Science.

Prof. L. H. Batchelder, of Hamline University, is engaged to prepare a series of six papers on Chemistry. These will not be technical discussions, but practical popular articles of interest to the general reader. The Science of Chemistry, The Chemistry of To-day, Chemistry as a Factor in Modern Civilization, are among the topics to be treated. Among articles on popular science will also appear three papers on Birds, written by a well-known writer on nature studies.

Other Topics.

In addition to those already enumerated there are engaged a great variety of articles on religious, philanthropic, historical, and social subjects.

GENERAL READING.

In this field only a brief outline of prospective topics can be given. History, literature, science, politics, art, and the vital questions of the day will each contribute to the interest of this department. The following are among the articles soon to appear:

American Women in Science.

A series of papers by Mrs. M. Burton Williamson on American women prominent in various scientific lines. Illustrated by portraits most of which are now reproduced for the first time.

Our New Colonial Possessions.

Mr. Cyrus C. Adams, of the *New York Sun*, will contribute this article, which will deal broadly with the problems thrust upon us by our new colonial policy.

The Barrys: A Story of Irish Life.

This delightful serial, which will open in the November number and run through most of the year, is by Shan Bullock, the rising young Irish novelist who has been called the Barrie of Ireland. The story is laid partly in London and partly in rural Ireland, and the rustic characters are genuine children of the soil, untrammelled by city customs and unspiced by social insincerity. As a delineator of Irish character Mr. Bullock has no superior. He excels also in descriptions of sunset and home life, while his analyses of mental states and actions give him high rank among psychological novelists. The Barrys is one of the notable stories of the time.

These are but a few of the excellent features of the coming volume of THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Additional information concerning which is given on the next page.

The price of a year's subscription to "The Chautauquan" is \$2.00 and \$1.50 each for clubs of five or more to the postoffice. Address

DR. T. L. FLOOD, Editor and Proprietor, Meadville, Pa.

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By

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from an American press. It has been read with interest by millions of Americans in six generations. It first made its appearance when North America had less of an English-speaking population than the city of Philadelphia has to-day; when that city was proud of its 18,000 inhabitants; when there were not more than twenty newspapers throughout the Colonies; when William Penn had been but twelve years in his grave; when George II sat upon the throne of England; when the great Samuel Johnson was still struggling as a Grub Street hack, and when Benjamin Franklin was determined to make his way as editor of the best journal of his time—even if he had only a bowl of porridge for his meal.

In nearly one hundred and seventy years there has been hardly a week—save only while a British Army held Philadelphia, and patriotic printers were in exile—when the paper has not been put to press regularly.

To-day it is published, as it has been for upward of a century and a half, within almost a stone's throw of Franklin's old printery, his home and his haunts; and across the way its editors and printers now look down daily on the ancient churchyard which holds his grave.

When Franklin, at the age of twenty-two, sought employment as a printer, he fell in with a very eccentric character, one Samuel Keimer, who, during Christmas week, 1728, began the publication of a weekly paper under the most pretentious name of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences, and Pennsylvania Gazette. Keimer printed thirty-nine numbers, was unable to obtain more than ninety subscribers for it, and finally sold it for a trifle to Franklin, who, in the meantime, had set up in business for himself. The first number under his direction made its

appearance on October 2, 1729. All of Keimer's elaborate title was dropped except "Pennsylvania Gazette," and under that name it immediately began to interest people by reason of its better type and better press work, and also by what its editor called his "spirited remarks."

Franklin promised to make the paper "as agreeable and useful an entertainment as the nature of the thing would allow," and he more especially looked upon the paper as "a means of communicating instruction." The only other paper in the city was old William Bradford's Mercury. But Bradford was the postmaster, and Franklin—who thus had difficulty in using the post

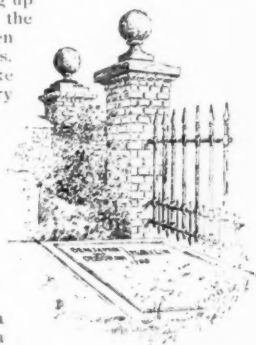
for his papers—had to bribe the riders to take them privately on their routes. He had no hesitation to wheel his white paper through the streets on a wheelbarrow.

Franklin was the foremost of American publishers. No other man who, in his time, wrote for an American newspaper, understood so well the American taste and American homes. His journal was the most enterprising periodical of its day; it was a strong power throughout the Colonies, and his Poor Richard's



IN THE REAR OF
53 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA

Almanack was hung up every year over the chimney-piece of ten thousand households. He was quick to take advantage of every advance in typography, or every improvement in the mails, and of every new facility for distributing his paper. His capacity for hard work was prodigious, even until he had passed into old age. As a printer, an editor, a

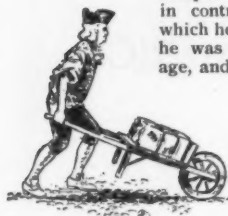


publisher, a politician, a scientist, an inventor, a philanthropist and an educator, the amount of work he performed is astonishing, even to this

busy century, and all was accomplished while he was still in control of his newspaper, which he did not give up until he was nearly sixty years of age, and was about to enter on

his extraordinary career abroad as a philosopher and diplomatist.

Franklin continued to edit the paper until 1765, when it passed into other hands.



The title was changed to The Saturday Evening Post in 1821, while it still occupied the old office of The Pennsylvania Gazette—in the rear of 53 Market Street, Philadelphia.

It was printed from the same presses, and the "old Franklin type," as it was called, was preserved. In the Patent Office at Washington may now be found the old hand-press on which Franklin had labored many a day and night, and which was in the press-room of The Saturday Evening Post.

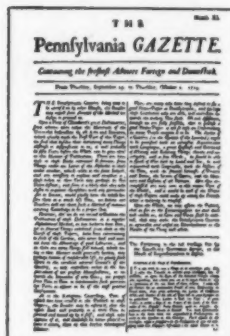
From that time on it gradually brought about a revolution in the weekly journalism of the country. For several years, however, it was still largely local in its character.

Among the early contributors to the Post were Edgar Allan Poe, Mrs. Henry Wood, Edwin Forrest, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Sigourney, N. P.

Willis, James Parton, G. P. R. James, Harriet Beecher Stowe, James Fenimore Cooper; and indeed there were few American authors in the

past two generations that were not represented in its home-like columns. It became an influence which helped strongly to lift up the standard of home life so that it became the Post's tradition that it should never offend Mother, Teacher or Minister.

From 1821 it passed through several ownerships, and in 1897 became the property of the present publishers—The Curtis Publishing Company.



THE FIRST NUMBER PRINTED BY FRANKLIN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AS IT IS TO-DAY

A good magazine is a good newspaper in a dress suit. It should have all the brightness, interest, enterprise and variety of the newspaper, with the dignity, refinement and poise of the magazine.

The Saturday Evening Post, the oldest periodical in America, is a high-grade illustrated weekly magazine, equal in tone and character to the best of the monthlies. It will give the best stories and general literature, and keep its readers thoroughly abreast of the times. In addition to the best original matter obtainable, the Post will present each week the best in the newspapers, periodicals and books of the world. It will aim to be to contemporary literature what a Salon exhibit is to art, bringing together the choicest bits of literature from all modern sources, and giving them a deserved place together, "on the line."

The program planned for readers of the Post cannot here be more than suggested. It will be progressively revealed in its issues from week to week. Besides its fiction and a strong editorial page, and novel and interesting special articles, some of the regular features may be here commented on, in passing.

Short Stories Nearly one-half of each issue of the Post will be given to fiction. The stories will be selected wholly for their interest, variety and literary value, and not because of the name or fame of the author. Most of them will be written expressly for the Post, while those that are reprinted will be the most fascinating of the tales from all sources. Every story will be fully illustrated by the Post's artists.



THE PRESENT PUBLICATION OFFICE

The Professor's Daughter

—a story of life in a Rhode Island village—will undoubtedly prove to be the strongest novel of the year. It is written by Miss Anna Farquhar, whose "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife," published recently in The Ladies' Home Journal, caused the sensation of the season by its vivid picturing of life behind the scenes at Washington. The characters are drawn from life, with a wonderful strength and simplicity, and the romance itself is a new one of the sort that holds the interest from beginning to climax.

The illustrations will be unique in character, profuse, and will add immensely to the interest in this great story. They have been drawn by Mr. Henry Hutt, for the most part from life, for the characters are real. It will begin in an early number of the Post.

The Best Poems in the World

The poems in this series will be admirably illustrated, and, wherever possible, there will be given a sketch of the life of the poet, with a portrait, and the story of how each poem came to be written. The poems will be selected, not from the standpoint of the ultra-literary man or woman, but for their appeal to lovers of sentiment. They will be poems of the emotions, those that appeal to the heart; poems that tell a story, those that are filled with human interest. They belong to what may be called the "Pocket-book School of Poetry"—those poems that one cuts from a newspaper and carries in the pocket-book till they are worn through at the creases.

American Kings and Their Kingdoms

Will tell the stories of the several greatest money-monarchs of our country—how they acquired and how they retain their power—written by their close acquaintances and personal friends.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons

By the great preachers of the world; it gives real, personal, non-sectarian help toward better

living and better thinking in every-day life.

Men and Women of the Hour

Is the title of a weekly page that displays at a glance the panorama of people prominently before the public—portraits and paragraphs that tell the week's history among the notables.



MINIATURE OF ILLUSTRATION IN "BEST POEMS" SERIES—"POE'S RAVEN," BY LEYENDECKER

The Romance of the Seacoast A series of thrilling articles of little-known phases of life along the Atlantic coast.

I. THE LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE will describe the loneliness and isolation of our lighthouse keepers; will tell of the wondrous changes in lighting, and of the perfect system by which our Government takes charge of the thousand and more lighthouses of the nation.

II. WHEN THE FISHER FLEET GOES OUT TO SEA. The thrilling dangers of a class seldom heard of—the Nova Scotia fishermen in their daily lives, their hardships and

suffering. A graphic story of a brave and hardy class of men who seem to have no fear of the perils of the sea.

III. WITH THE LIFE-SAVERS ALONG THE COAST will tell of the every-day lives of those brave men who dare death and darkness in their angriest forms—showing the workings of a system that saves thousands of lives yearly.

IV. THE MEN WHO WRECK SHIPS. It is popularly supposed that wreckers no longer exist; this article will tell of well-organized bands of wreckers who lure on to rocks, by means of false signals, rich vessels for the sake of their treasures.

V. PERILS OF THE SMUGGLER'S LIFE. The risks that are taken nightly to circumvent the Customs officials—a business that is much larger to-day than it is supposed to be.

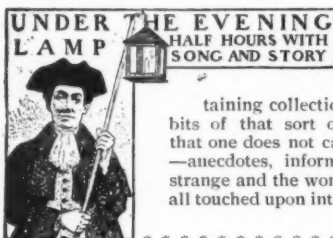
The illustrations in this series will be the most striking that have ever appeared in the Post.

The Passing of the Old Navy Two charming articles on the romance, antique customs and duties of the old trading-vessels, the progress of modern naval science, and how invention has killed much of the poetry of sea life. One of the best American illustrators of marine life is now painting pictures that will accompany this series.

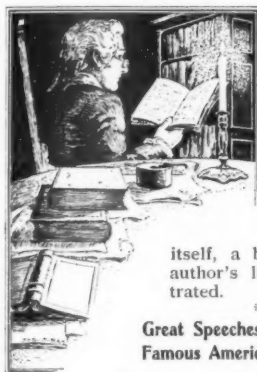
The Personal Side of America's Greatest Actors A series of articles portraying our best-known actors in their home life, and showing its relation to their struggles and successes. The series will open in an early number with the "Personal Side of Sol. Smith Russell," to be followed by four others, profusely illustrated by photographs and original drawings.

A Strong Editorial Page Good, strong editorial writers are rare. There are not many of them in the country—men who can be relied on for clever, vigorous, striking editorials from an individual point of view. The best of these writers have been secured to write regularly for the Post editorial page, which will be made one of its strongest features.

The New Books Under which head is given, not a book-review in the ordinary sense, but a clear summary of the volumes under discussion, often with readings, and not infrequently with original drawings by the Post's artists.



A page bearing this title gives an entertaining collection of short bits of that sort of reading that one does not care to miss—anecdotes, information, the strange and the wonderful are all touched upon interestingly.



The Book of the Week

Will deal with the week's foremost offering from American publishers—an extensive review will be given in many cases, a reading from the book

itself, a brief story of the author's life—all fully illustrated.

Great Speeches of Famous Americans—a series comprehending the most

stirring of the spoken thoughts of such men as William McKinley, Benjamin Harrison, Bishop Potter, Grover Cleveland, and many other of America's orators.

"Public Occurrences" That Are Making History The aim of this department will be twofold. First, it will

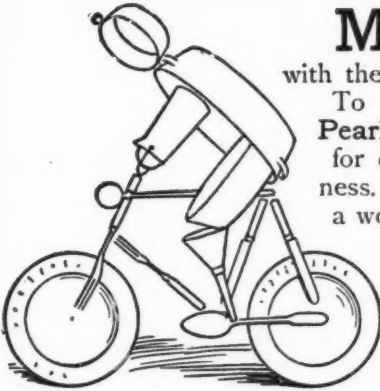
give the story of important current events the world over in a condensed form. Second, it will explain and interpret; it will throw light on many puzzling questions, on the meaning and relations of events that come to the general reader. The newspapers do not usually tell the beginnings of national and international troubles—there are usually "missing links" in their story. These lapses the Post will fill out.

Popular Biographies The Post will give, in the course of the year, thousands of brief biographies and sketches of men and women prominently before the public, illustrated wherever possible with the writers' photographs.

For 25 Cents (in silver or stamps) we will mail to any address THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for the balance of the year, commencing with the October number, and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, from now until January 1, 1899.

The regular subscription price of the POST is \$2.50 per year. It is offered on trial in combination with our other publication for so small a sum simply to introduce it. There are sixteen pages every week, the same size as THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and as handsomely illustrated and printed.

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THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

In Mr. Richard Grant White's delightful volume entitled "England Without and Within," he tells of his solitary visit one quiet afternoon to the venerable old cathedral of Canterbury. "The day was dark, and notwithstanding the pale color of the walls the vast space was filled with the dusk of twilight. I did not people this grand gloom with figures, but I did think of all the much good and the little ill to me and mine of which that noble church was a sign and witness. Here Chaucer's pilgrims came; but what was their pilgrimage to mine? They made a three or four days' journey to do reverence for their own profit to the tomb of a crafty, ambitious churchman. I had come three thousand miles to stand upon the spot where my people were born to civilization and baptized into Christianity. But for what happened here and hard by there might for me have been no Alfred, no Chaucer, no Wicliffe, no Sidney, no Bacon, no Shakespeare, no Milton, no English Bible, no Bunyan, no *habeas corpus*, no Bill of Rights, no English law; and what a man is depends hardly more upon the nature that he has inherited from his forefathers than upon what they did for him. A man is a result—a result of forces which were tending toward him centuries before he appeared; a result over which his own will and his own work have but a modifying influence. And thus sitting alone in Christ's Church at Canterbury I felt that I was near what was for me, except as a mere animal, the beginning of all things—certainly the beginning of all things good."

The English Year in the C. L. S. C.

needs no recommendation to American readers. No one of the four years possesses greater charm for the average student, and the course outlined for the present year is one which will appeal to thousands of busy people who would renew their acquaintance with the splendid past of the venerable mother country. The course for 1898-9 relates so largely to England in its various aspects that it will meet the desire on the part of many clubs and circles for specializing.

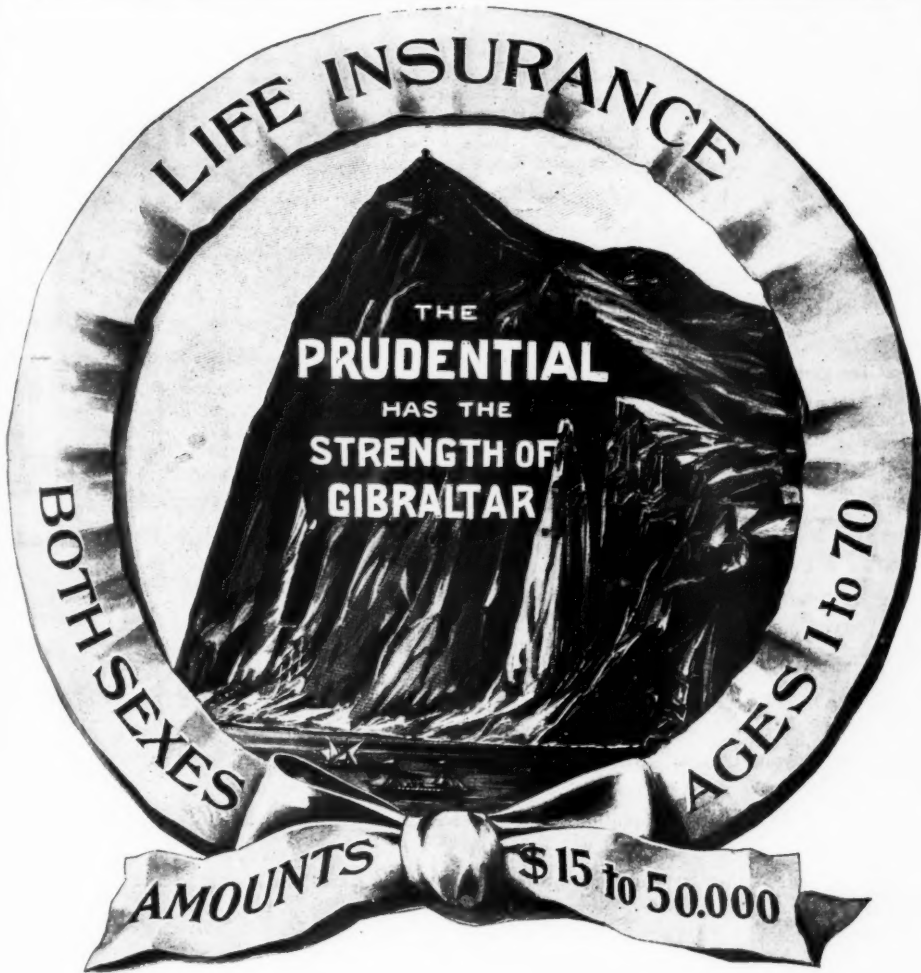
One advantage of the C. L. S. C. plan is that the student is steadily adding valuable books to his library—books which he will not only read once but will use for reference repeatedly.

Seventy-five cents a month does not seem a large amount to spend for books when one considers how many other things of much less permanent help to us absorb larger sums.

The new Membership Book for 1898-9 will be sent to every member who is enrolled at the Buffalo Office. The Membership Book contains a review outline of English History which will be found most helpful to the student for review and reference. The blank on the following page may be filled out and forwarded with the annual fee of fifty cents.

It is wise to interest a few friends and form a circle if possible. Interchange of ideas is a great help and pleasure in such a course as the C. L. S. C. Thousands of circles are at work all over the country.

Address for full details, John H. Vincent, Buffalo, N. Y.



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When you reply to any advertisement please state you saw it in The Chautauquan.

The Class of 1902 in the C. L. S. C. is rapidly becoming a large one. Join early, take up the reading promptly the first of October, and enjoy the course to the utmost.

The C. L. S. C. Class of 1902.

NOTE.—This blank is only for new members joining the Class of 1902.

Give your name in full. [In future correspondence with this office be careful to sign your name as here given.]

Post-office address _____

County _____ State _____

Are you married or single? _____

What is your age? { Between 20 and 30, or 30 }
and 40, 40 and 50, etc. }

What is your occupation? _____

With what religious denomination connected? _____

How large is the town or village in which you live? _____

Are you a graduate of a High School or College? If so, what one? _____

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Fill out this blank and send with fee of fifty cents to John H. Vincent, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The changes in general character and design of manufactured wares are nowhere more noticeable than in these spoons. About the year 1847 the making of spoons, forks etc. was commenced in a small way by Rogers Bros. The plain patterns shown below were their first attempts, and a little later the first fancy pattern ever made in America—the Olive—was produced. Its success was phenomenal. From that time the fame and reputation of

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goods rapidly increased, until at the present their sale is world-wide and amounts to hundreds of thousands of dozens yearly.

Scan the older patterns here shown. Your grandparents used them in their earlier days. When the old people died the spoons were preserved, for associations' sake, if nothing else, and to-day many of you still have them. Many styles are out of date and, like their original owners, no longer in existence, but the good old quality—

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The newer patterns can be procured of your local dealer, if you are careful to see that every piece is stamped "1847 Rogers Bros." Remember the "1847," as there are other "Rogers" which, like all imitations, lack the merit and value of the genuine.

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LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF CHAUTAUQUA COLLEGE.

To the Professor of Mathematics:

Enclosed please find MSS. on Chap. VIII. Bowser's "Analytical Mechanics." I am ready for examination at any time. I am very, very sorry to reach the end of our work together. Nothing in all my studies has given me either such pleasure or such profit as our correspondence work. Thanking you for all your kindness both in and outside of our work, and with best wishes for your continued success and happiness, I remain ———.

My experience with the Chautauqua College I regard as successful in every way. Anything that can bring the student into closer and more personal relations with his instructor will, I think, be of advantage, although I realize how difficult this is. The feeling of competent guidance has kept me reading hard at times when my time was very much occupied, and I have realized the consideration and sympathy extended by Professor Ely and his assistant, Professor Strong.

I have enjoyed very much, and feel that I have been greatly benefited by, my work with the Chautauqua College. In my work in Biology I have always found Professor Conn a very helpful and kind instructor, though I am sure that it would be a much finer thing to be able to listen to his oral instructions.

I consider your system of study as perfect as a system conducted by correspondence can be. I have not made the progress in the several studies that I expected, on account of being able to devote only a few hours each week to the different branches of study. I will register for the coming term.

Every moment I have spent in the Chautauqua College work has been profitable and I try constantly to get more time to devote to it. The statement of the disadvan-

tages and advantages of the correspondence system, which you sent, is encouraging to one who has tried it, and I thank you for it.

I think your system is admirable in every respect, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to continue my course if I were not otherwise employed. Hoping that I may be able at some future time to renew my connection with the Chautauqua College, I am, ———.

When one works alone many subordinate but related topics are suggested which the student should investigate. A stimulus is thus given to research which, with its attendant possibilities, I consider of great value. Confidence in one's own work and ideas follows, as does also independence of thought. The satisfaction resulting in the mastery of a difficulty alone is considerable. A further benefit is the development of will. Having committed one's self to the work, there is no thought of abandoning it, as might follow when one works alone. Often amid temptations which lure one to more pleasurable occupation the work is pursued. In these respects I consider the conditions equal to those attending resident schools. Every advance to higher ground is the student's own. I am inclined to think that the disadvantages of the system are largely balanced by results which, in my experience, follow. The same work done alone is less satisfactory. Having missed the advantages of resident work, I cannot, of course, know what they are. I have found in Chautauqua a year of enlarged mental activity and a fuller appreciation of the value of knowledge. You are doing a valuable work which is fast quickening the mental life of those to whom you minister.

For full information regarding the College and a copy of the Calendar address John H. Daniels, Executive Secretary, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y. Always enclose stamp.



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but intrinsic merit could have
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You are missing something
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THE CHAUTAUQUA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE.

Chautauqua, through the Correspondence College, undertakes to provide specific aid for men and women who have the ambition to do serious mental work along the lines of the regular college curriculum but are unable to attend the established institutions. Chautauqua does not pretend that there is any easy way to acquire an education, but insists that a liberal education requires earnest, thorough, and persistent work. This is true in the ordinary colleges, but is especially true in the case of an individual student who is deprived of association with professors and other students.

The Chautauqua College was established to guide the studies and to prevent or correct the errors of individual self-educators. The students must do the work, but the professors guide, supervise, and criticize it. In this way the student is enabled to work to the greatest advantage, and is sure of the results he accomplishes.

The Chautauqua College has no separate faculty of its own. The professors are chosen from the faculties of some of the leading American colleges and universities; and they send out their instruction sheets, criticisms, suggestions, and personal letters from the several institutions in which they conduct their daily classes. The very fact that the professors are connected with good institutions is evidence that they are authorities in their special departments, and that they are qualified to teach according to the best methods.

Much better results can be accomplished by a student of mathematics, for instance, who receives all needed helps from a conscientious teacher than by one who must depend solely upon a text-book. And what is true of mathematics is no less true of English, history, political economy, the sciences, the languages, and all other subjects of the college curriculum.

The courses offered in Chautauqua College are practically identical with those offered in any first-class college. They are genuine collegiate courses, and are not to

be regarded as a substitute or as superficial courses of reading.

For the benefit of those who are not prepared to do the regular work of the College, a number of preparatory courses have been arranged. These are conducted by the regular professors and lead up naturally to the collegiate courses. These preparatory courses are frequently taken for the purpose of a thorough review, and by teachers who feel the need of special helps in their work.

In the department of History the purpose is to master thoroughly definite epochs and departments of history, rather than to pass hurriedly over all history. The courses offered are as follows: English History from 449 to 1885, The American Revolution, The Development of the Nation, Europe Since Napoleon, and A Comparative Study of the French, American, and Puritan Revolutions. The courses are conducted by Prof. C. W. Hodgkin, of Earlham College.

The School of Biology, conducted by Prof. H. W. Conn, of Wesleyan University, offers three independent courses. These include elementary biology and botany, anatomy and physiology, and philosophical biology. In the third course is included a study of evolution, theories of heredity, etc.

The School of Physical Sciences, conducted by Prof. L. H. Batchelder, of Hamline University, offers elementary and advanced courses in physics and chemistry. An advanced course is offered in organic chemistry. In all the courses the students are required to perform experiments.

Students are received at any time. The ground may be covered as rapidly or slowly as may be advantageous for each student. A calendar year is allowed for the completion of each course.

The catalogue of the College contains an outline of all the courses offered and a brief statement of the professional record of each of the instructors. This will be sent on application to John H. Daniels, Executive Secretary, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y. Always enclose postage for reply.

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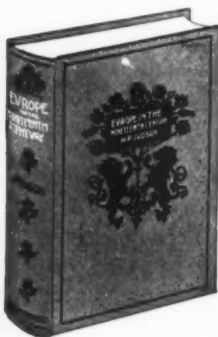
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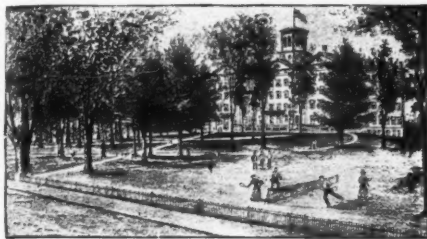
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